THE

Divine Companion;

OR,

David's HARP New Tun'd.

BEING

A Choice Collection of New and Eaſy Pſalms, Hymns, and Anthems. The Words of the Pſalms being Collected from the Neweſt Verſions.

Compos'd by the beſt Maſters and fitted for the Uſe of thoſe, who already underſtand Mr. *John Playford's* Pſalms in Three Parts.

To be uſed in Churches or Private Families, for their greater Advancement of *Divine Muſic*.

Pſalm CXLVI. 1. *Praiſe the Lord, Oh my Soul; while I live will I Praiſe the Lord, yea, ſo long as I have any Being I will ſing Praiſes unto my God.*

And that above, we may be ſure to know
Our Parts, theſe Hymns, we Practice here below:
And while we Sing, we Conſecrate our Art,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.

The Fourth Edition, with large Additions.

LONDON: Printed by *W. Pearſon*, and Sold by *John Young*, Muſical-Inſtrument Maker, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1722. Price Bound 3 *s.*

To the Reverend

William Wickins, A. M.

Rector of *Eaſtling* in *Kent*.

SIR,

DEdications ſhould always be the Reſult of extraordinary Merit or Obligations; and as you ſtand ſo fully poſſeſs'd of the former, and have laid upon me ſuch a vaſt Number of the latter; I ſhould be guilty of the higheſt Breach of Gratitude and good Manners, ſhould I look out for any other Patron for the *Divine Companion* than You. You had indeed all imaginable Reaſon to expect ſomething New, but ſuch is the Dignity of the Subject; the Uſefulneſs of the Deſign, and the kind Reception it has met with, from all Favourers of Piety and Learning, that I perſwade my ſelf it cannot but meet with the Approbation of a Gentleman of your Candour, the Greatneſs of which is not to be expreſt, by Sir,

Your moſt Obedient Servant

Henry Playford.

THE PREFACE.

THE repeated Desires of several Eminent Masters and their Scholars in the Country, joyn'd with the Approbation of those who are most Famous here in Town carry'd such a Weight with 'em, that I could no longer forbear going forward with a work so conducive towards the Service of God, and Instrumental towards the Welfare of the Souls of Men. And tho' nothing can be Collected from the Psalms of David, which does not carry its own Recommendation with it, yet it may not seem improper if I endeavour to lead the Reader into a particular Esteem of the Anthems, which are now submitted to his Censure, from the Choice of the Words which are Adapted to the use they are intended for; and the Excellency of the several Composures who have oblig'd me with the Music to them.

We have, 'tis true, had Anthems long since Sung, and continued in our Cathedrals and Chappels, which have rendred our Divine Music not Inferiour to that of Italy, and made it honourably receiv'd among those that have been Enemies to the design of it, whilst the Vatican has distinguish'd our English Composures with Golden Letters, and Rome shew'd a particular Veneration for Te Deums, that were Sung in places which had shook off Her Idolatrous Wor-

Worſhip. But our Parochial Churches, which are equally dedicated to God's Glory, and innumerable, in reſpect of thoſe before mention'd, have been altogether deſtitute of ſuch neceſſory Aſſiſtances to praiſe their Maker by; and when they have the ſame Claim as Chriſtians to the Halle-lujahs *above after this life, have not been made Partakers of the* Hoſannahs *below in it. This has made me be importunate with my Friends to compile ſuch a ſet of ſhort and eaſy* Anthems *as may be proper for the Places they are deſign'd for, and from ſuch little beginnings in the practice of Muſic, endeavour to perſwade them into the Knowledge of things of a Higher Nature, as* Harmonia Sacra, *&c. and make 'em Maſters of a Perfection, which none but Perſons who are well grounded in the Rudiments of ſo Noble a Science can arrive at. My Father (Mr.* John Playford) *who is now among thoſe* whoſe Names are had in Everlaſting Remembrance, *has oblig'd the World with ſuch an* Introduction *to the Skill of* Muſic, *as is likely to laſt as long as it ſhall have any to practice it; and been ſo ſucceſsful in His Attempts for God's Glory, in his Book of* Pſalms, *that all, or moſt Pariſh Churches have received it with deſerved Eſteem, and are grown perfect in the uſe of it: Therefore leaſt I ſhould incur the Name of one that wholly degenerates from the ſteps of ſo good a Father, have now attempted to do ſomething in Imitation of Him; and tho' I can never reach up to his Perfections, I ſhall think it my Glory to fall ſhort of 'em, while I am endeavouring after the Practice of them. And as this Collection has been generally deſir'd, ſo I queſtion not but it will be generally receiv'd, nothing being needful to be mention'd in Praiſe of the Uſe and excellence of* Church-Muſic, *after what has been ſaid in the* Preface *to the* Pſalms. *All that I have to ſay farther, is, I have Printed 'em in the ſame Volume to be bound up with* PLAYFORDS's PSALMS

The PREFACE.

PSALMS, *as the next Step towards the Practice* Divine MUSIC; *and if they are ſubſervient to* Country-mens *eternal Proſperity hereafter, or their A*vancement *now, I ſhall ſit down with the Conſolation having done the utmoſt I could for the Glory of God, a*the Service *of my Fellow Creatures.*

H. P.

Upon the Publication of Mr. Playford's *Divi* Hymns *and* Anthems.

HOW long alas! has Muſic (Art Divine)
In worſe than *Ægypt*'s Bondage been?
She has been damn'd to Luſt and Wine,
Profan'd with Vice, Debauchery and Sin.
But now that Muſic and Devotion joyn,
The way to *Canaan* pleaſant is,
We Travel on with Songs Divine,
Raviſh'd with Sacred Extaſis,
No longer do we paſs
Thro' a Dry barren Wilderneſs;
But thro' a Land where Milk and Honey flow;
The Paths to Heav'n above lead thro' an Heav'n belo

To all the *Maſters* of *Muſic*, who have Honour'd me with their Compoſitions of theſe Divine *Hymns* and *Anthems*, *Henry Playford* humbly gives his Thanks in the following Lines.

THO' 'tis enough that Church Devotions rais'd,
And Souls are extaſy'd while God is Prais'd,
Yet ſince my juſt Endeavours ſhare your Smiles,
And your good Wiſhes ſtill reward my Toils,
Permit me, Sirs, to bring a grateful Heart,
Not to diſcharge the Debt, but pay in Part;
For oh! What Pen, or what exalted Strains,
Can anſwer the Succeſs of endleſs Pains.
Muſic appears again with Secred Rays,
And *David*'s what he was in Antient Days,
When with his Harp the *Pſalmiſt* could aſſwage
Saul's *Helliſh* Fury with a *Heav'nly* Rage,
And calm the Storms of a Tempeſtuous Mind,
Which none but Tunes like yours could wholly bind.
Go on, and Cultivate the willing Age,
And reſcue from rude Notes the Sacred Page,
Till every Church gives God what Churches owe,
And ſends up *Hallelujahs* from below,
Whilſt for his Praiſe my Labours I purſue,
And if I *Pleaſe*, ſtill own I Pleaſe from *You*.

TO

TO

Mr. *HENRY PLAYFORD*

ON THE

Publication of his 2*d* Edition

OF THE

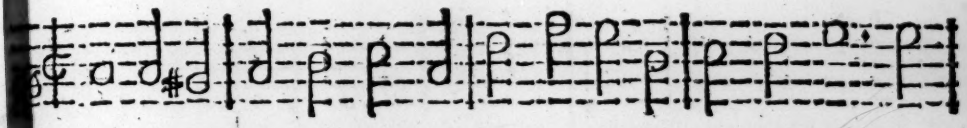
DIVINE COMPANION.

WHen Verſe and Muſic with Devotion joyn,
And make the Praiſe of God their whole deſign
Thanks are a Debt for the Collection due,
And every Breaſt its Gratitude ſhould ſhew,
As every Muſe ſhould Sing its Authors Name,
And hand it to Poſterity and Fame.
But you, my Friend, whoſe modeſty I know,
Strive to avoid the Praiſe you make us owe,
And ſtudying our Officious Zeal to ſhun,
Think there's Reward enough in what you've done.
Yet ſhall my Verſe your juſt Succeſs attend,
And Praiſe the *WORK*, tho' I diſpleaſe the *Friend*.
Honours are due, ſince you have Honours won,
And ſhew the Father living in the Son,
While in his ſteps you Righteouſly proceed,
And *Re inthrone* the Monarch whom he *Freed*.
As the good King no longer takes Offence,
But gives the Pſalmiſt's *Muſic* with his *Sence*,
Whoſe Worth (as now) excels the Poets Lays,
And none (but whom it Sings) can duly Praiſe.

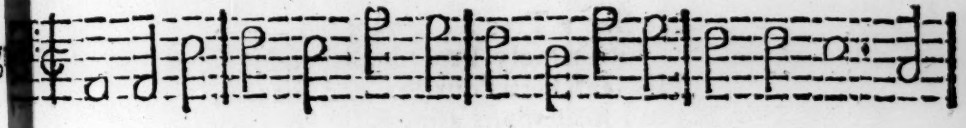
TH

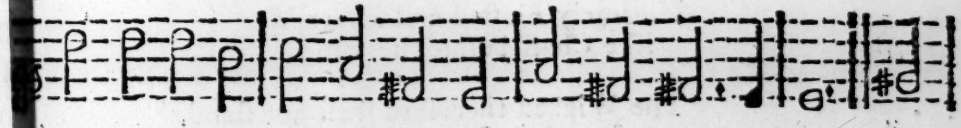
The Six following New Pſalm Tunes, Sett by Mr. John Church.

Cantus & Baſſus. PSALM. I. *A. 2. Voc.*

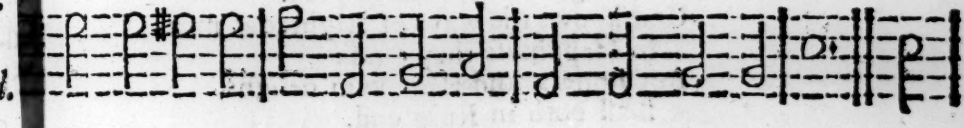


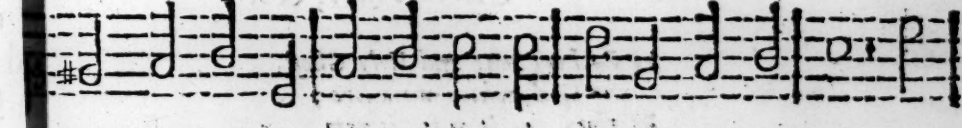
B Leſt is the Man that walks not where ungodly counſels guide, Nor



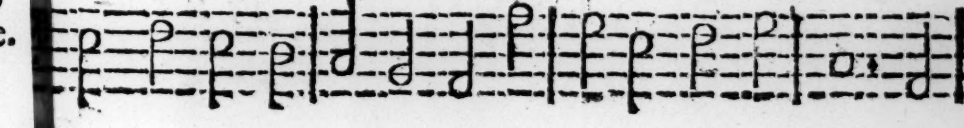


ſtands in ſinful ways, nor ſits with thoſe who God deride: But

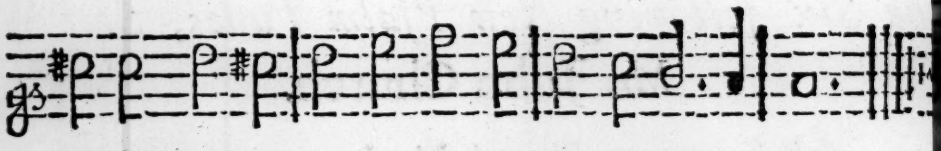




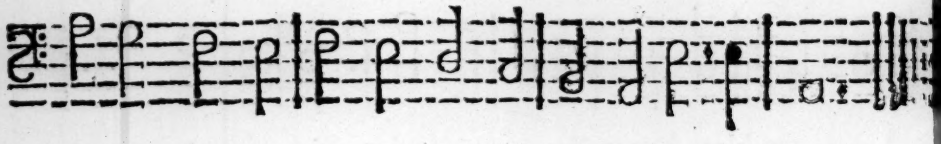
makes the perfect Law of God his buſineſs and delight; De—



Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM I.** *A. 2. Vo*



—voutly reads therein by day, and me--ditates by night.



He like a Tree by Rivers fed,
with timely Fruit ſhall bend;
His leaf ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs,
all his deſigns attend.
Ungodly men and their attempts,
no laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely Blaſted and diſpers'd,
like Chaff before the wind.

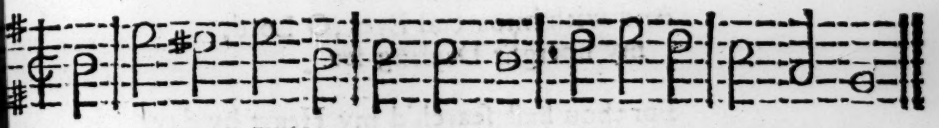
The Wicked therefore ſhall not ſtand,
before their Judge's face;
Nor Hypocrites, who paſs'd for Saints,
amongſt the Juſt have place.
God knows the ways of Righteous men,
to Happineſs they tend:
But ſinners, and their vain deſigns,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

Gloria Patri, &c.

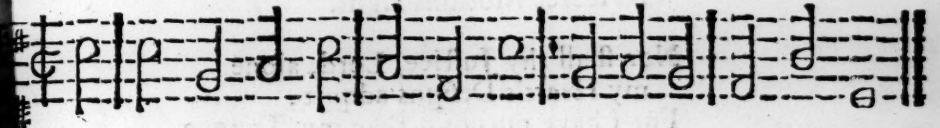
So Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

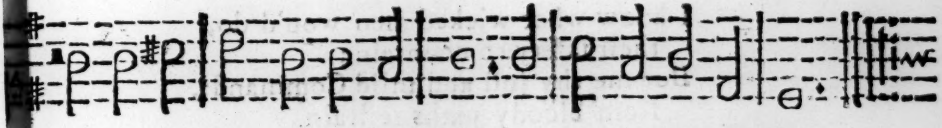
By *M. S.*

Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM XVII.** *A. 3. Voc.*



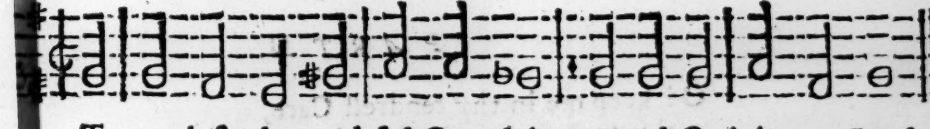
TO my juſt plea and ſad complaint, attend O righteous Lord:



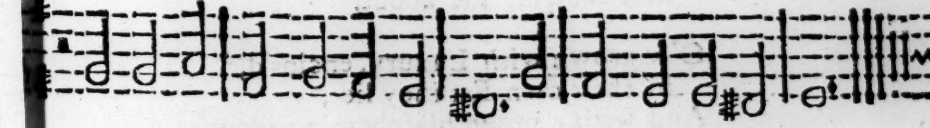


and to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious Ear afford.

Medius. **Pſalm 17.** *A. 3. Voc.*



To my juſt plea, and ſad Complaint, attend O righteous Lord;



And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious Ear afford.

As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by day,
and viſited by night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found
its ſecret Motions right.

Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns adquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
ſhall no offence commit.

I know what wicked men wou'd do,
their ſafety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands,
from bloody paths reſtrain.

That I may ſtill, in ſpight of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure;
O! guide me in thy righteous ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

Since heretofore I ne'er in vain,
to thee my pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear,
to this my juſt requeſt.

The Wonders of thy Truth and Love,
in my Defence ingage;
Thou whoſe Right hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

O! keep me in thy tendreſt Care,
thy ſheltring wing ſtretch out;
To guard me ſafe from ſavage foes.
that compaſs me about.

O'er grown with Luxury, enclos'd,
in their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaſpheming mouth,
both God and man defie.

Well may they boaſt; for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round;
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the ground.

In poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks,
within a covert way.

Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul;
From wicked Men who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul.

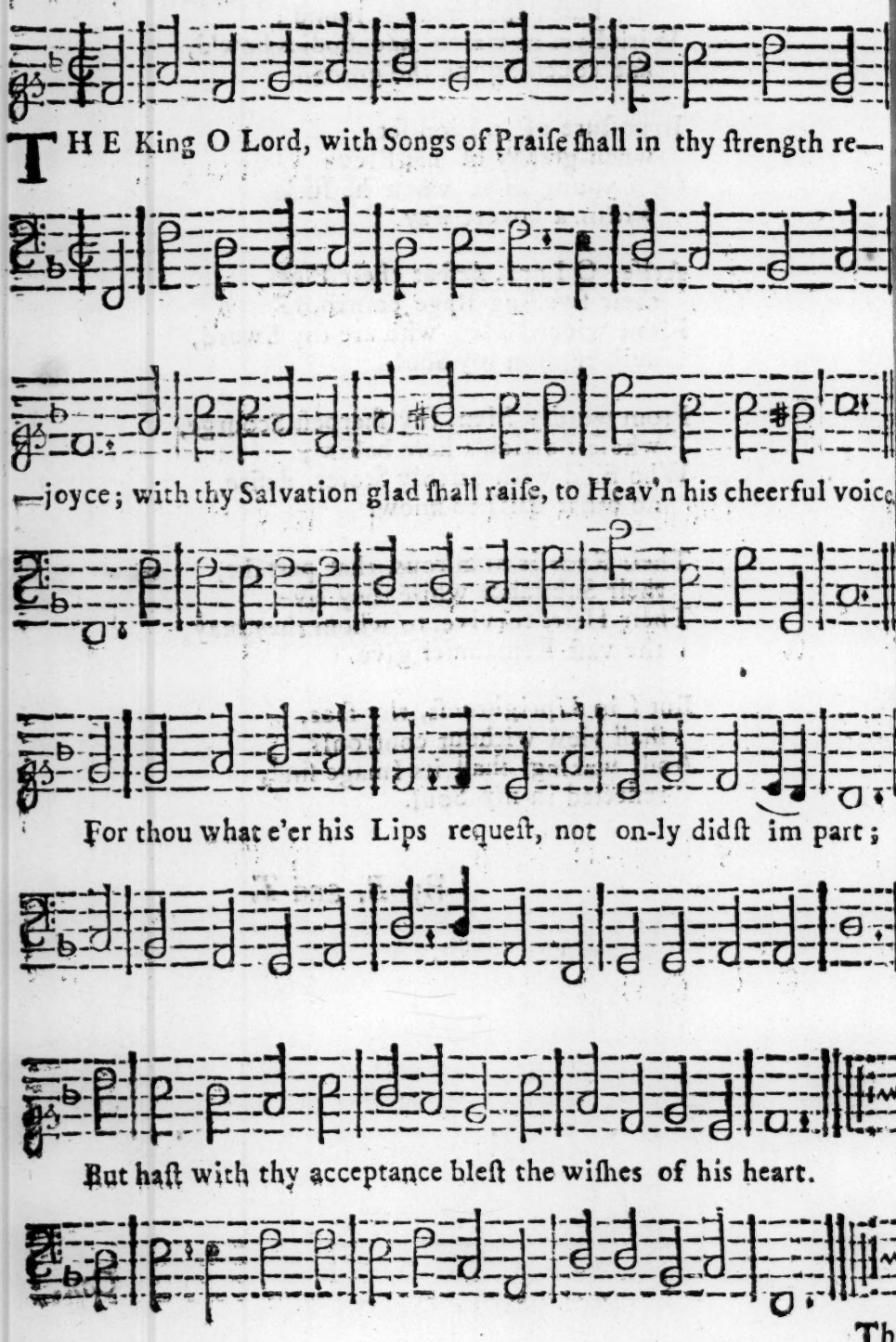
From wordly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, deſire,
no other Bliſs to know.

Their Race is num'rous, that partake,
their Subſtance while they live:
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may,
the vaſt Remainder give.

But I in Uprightneſs, thy face,
ſhall view without controul?
And, waking, ſhall its Image find,
reflected in my Soul.

By *B.* and *T.*

Cantus & Baſſus. PSALM XXI. *A. 2. Voc.*



Thy Goodneſs and thy tender care,
have ev'n his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mak'ſt him wear,
and fett'ſt it firmly on:
He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend;
And graciouſly to him afford,
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

Thy ſure Defence to Nations round,
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd,
with Majeſty and Fame:
Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his joy encreaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt,
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

Becauſe the King on God alone.
for timely aid relies;
His mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his needs ſupplies:
But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes,
ſhall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy Vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe,
that hate thy mild command.

When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful Doom;
Shall like a glowing Oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.
Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But ravage all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed deſcend.

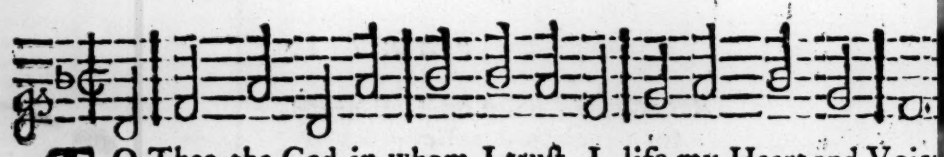
For all their thoughts were ſet on ill,
their hearts on Malice bent;
(Tho' Thou with watchful care didſt ſtill,
the ill effects prevent.
In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try,
to eſcape thy dreaded Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gaul them in their Flight.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous ſtrength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Name;
Whilſt we loud Songs of Joy compoſe,
and make thy pow'r the Theme.

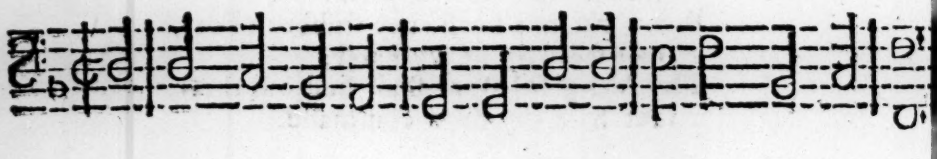
So Father Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be ever more.

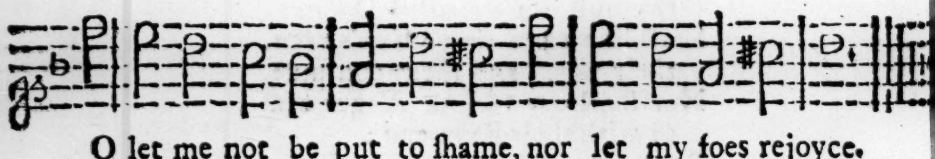
By *B.* and *T.*

Cantus & Baſſus. PSALM XIV. *A. 2. Vo*

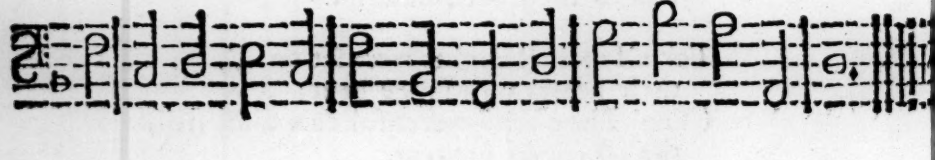


TO Thee, the God in whom I truſt, I life my Heart and Voice





O let me not be put to ſhame, nor let my foes rejoyce.



Thoſe who on thee for Succour wait,
let no diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch,
as wilfully offend.

T

Thy Paths diſcloſe, thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy way;
For thou art He that brings me Help,
on Thee I wait all day.

Thy Mercies and thy tender Love,
O Lord recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as Thou wert ever kind.

Let all my early youthful Crimes,
be blotted out by Thee;
And for thy wond'rous, Goodneſs ſake,
in mercy think on me.

His Mercy and his Juſtice both,
the righteous Lord diſplays;
In bringing wond'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

All thoſe in Judgment ſhall he guide,
who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead,
the Humble and the Meek.

Thro' all the equal ways of God,
both Truth and Mercy ſhine;
Tow'rds them that with religious hearts,
to his bleſt will incline.

PART II.

Since Mercy is thy darling Grace,
and moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.

Who e're to God with holy Fear,
his humble duty pays;
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous ways.

His quiet Soul with inward Peace,
ſhall be for ever bleſt;
And by his num'rous Race the Land,
ſucceſſively poſſeſt,

For God to ſuch as fear his Name,
his ſecret Will imparts;

And does his gracious Cov'nant write,
in their obedient Hearts.

To him I ſtill will lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare,
which for my Feet was laid.

O turn again, and all my Griefs,
in mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep diſtreſs.

The Sorrows of my penſive Heart,
to mighty Sums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal ſtate,
my troubled Soul releaſe.

With tender Eyes and pitying Looks,
my ſad Afflictions ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt,
entirely ſet me free.

Conſider, Lord, my cruel Foes,
how faſt their numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!

O guard my Life, and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me, Lord, be ſham'd, who place
my ſteadfaſt Truſt in Thee.

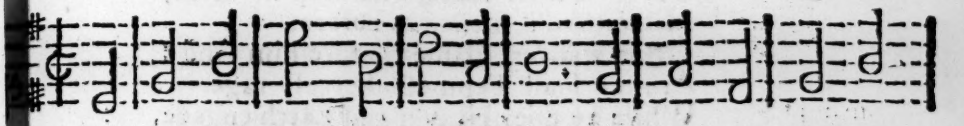
Let all my juſt and righteous Acts,
to full perfection riſe;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope,
on Thee alone relies.

To *Iſrael*, Lord thy choſen Race,
continue ever kind;
And in the midſt of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

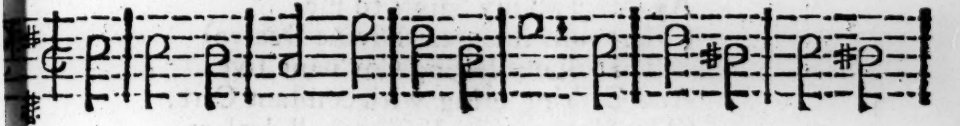
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

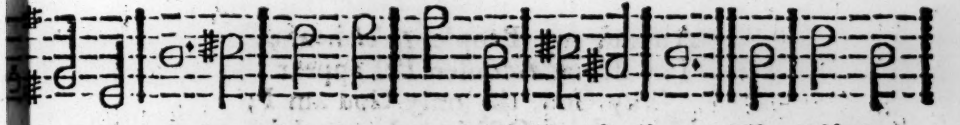
By *M. S.*

Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM I.** *A. 2. Voc.*

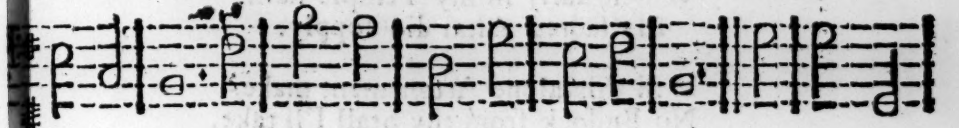


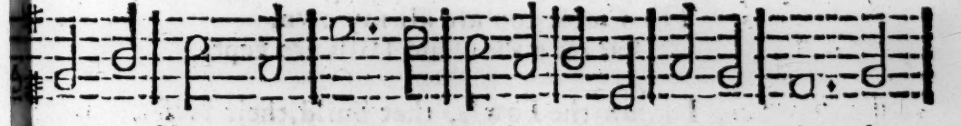
THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God hath ſent his Summons



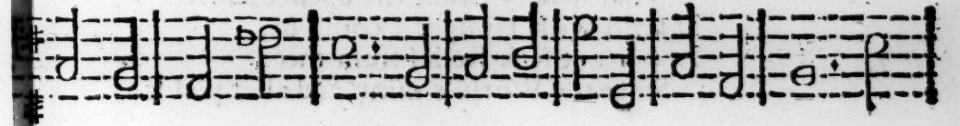


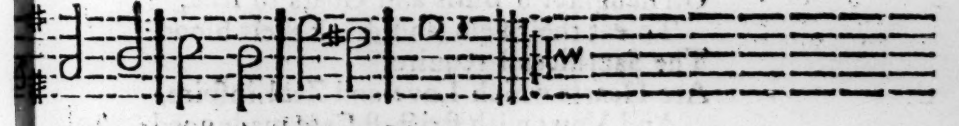
All abroad, from dawning Light till day declines: The liſt'ning





Earth his Voice hath heard, and he from *Sion* hath appear'd, where





Beauty in perfection ſhines,

Our

Our God ſhall come, and keep no more,
Miſconſtru'd ſilence as before,
  But waſting Flames before him ſend:
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage,
  His juſt Tribunal to attend.

Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
  That in my laſting Cov'nant live,
And Off'ring bring with conſtant Care,
(The Heavens his Juſtice ſhall declare,
  For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.)

Attend, my People *Iſr'el* hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;
  Thy God, thy only God am I;
'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which daily in my Temple ſlain,
  My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

Will this alone Attonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
  Nor He Goat from thy Fold accept:
The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
  That on a thouſand Hills are kept.

I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts,
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
  That looſely haunt the open Fields:
If ſez'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
  Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

Think'ſt thou that I have any need,
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
  To eat their fleſh, and drink their blood:
The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
  And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;

And thou returns of Praiſe ſhalt make;
But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou, teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth My Cov'nant take?

For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt proof againſt Inſtruction been;
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.

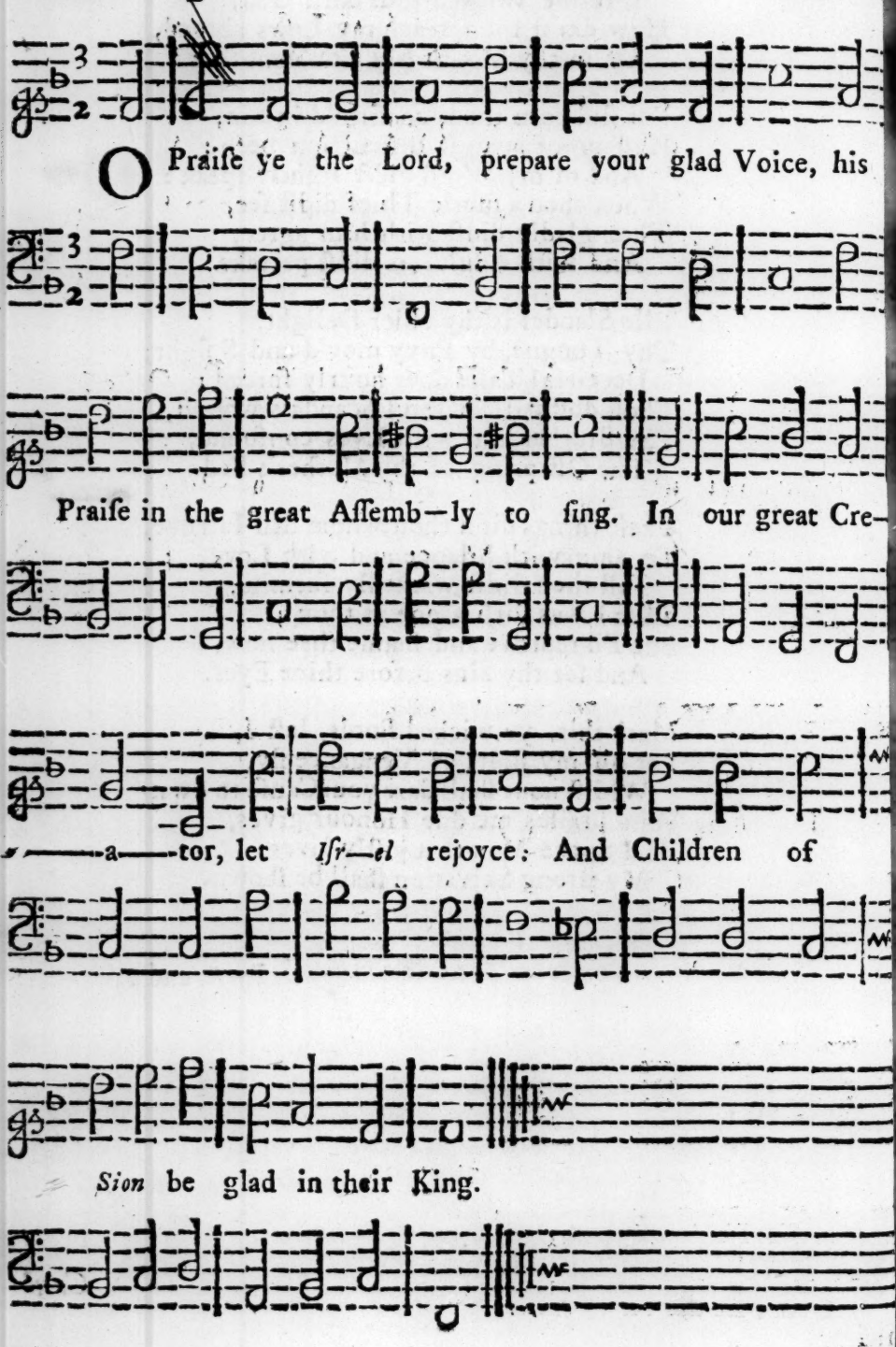
Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd and Spight,
Deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound,
Thy Brother and with Lyes confound,
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.

Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove,
To gain with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.

Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I,
Let all my Bolts of Vengance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
Who praiſes me due Honour gives,
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

By B. and T.

Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXLIX.** *A. 2. Vo*



Let

Let them his great Name,
extol in the Dance ;
With Timbrel and Harp,
his Praiſes expreſs ;
Who always takes pleaſure,
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation,
the Humble to bleſs.

With Glory adorn'd,
his People ſhall ſing,
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does ſhield ;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes
of him their great King ;
Whilſt a two-edged Sword,
their Right-hand ſhall weild.

Juſt Vengeance to take,
for Injuries paſt ;
To puniſh thoſe Lands
for Ruin deſign'd ;
With Chains as their Captives,
to tie their Kings, faſt,
With Fetters of Iron,
their Nobles to bind,

Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree,
which God does proclaim :
Such Honour and Triumph,
His Saints ſhall enjoy.
O therefore for ever,
exalt his great Name.

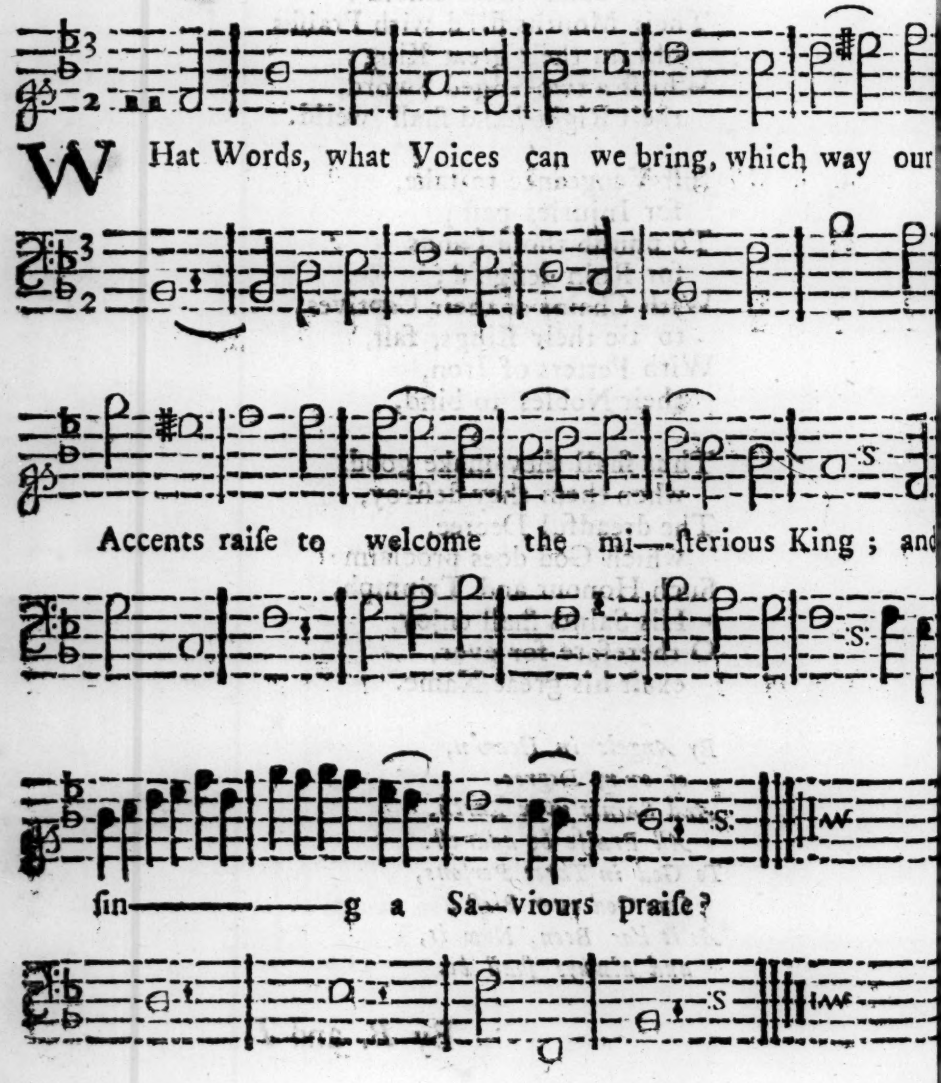
By Angels in Heav'n,
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All Praiſe be addreſt.
To God in Three Perſons,
One God ever Bleſt ;
As it has Been, Now is,
and always ſhall be.

By *B.* and *T.*

The Four following HYMN *Tunes Se*
By Mr. Jer. Clarke.

An HYMN for Chriſtmaſs-Day.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN I. *A. 2. V*



W

II.

What Earthly Harmony can Reach,
Up to a Theme ſo High?
When Angels ne'er cou'd ſoar that Pitch
Who dwell above the Sky.

III.

Lo! Heav'n this day! deſcends to Earth,
Th' Immortal mortal grows,
Made Man by this Stupendious Birth
To quell our deadly Foes.

IV.

In ſwadling Bands the God-head lies,
To Human Fleſh debas'd;
That we his dearly ranſom'd pris'd.
Might be to Glory rais'd.

V.

Long let the Univerſal Frame,
The great Redeemer Sing;
And men and Angels at the Name,
Bow to the Miſtick King.

VI.

Redemption be the General ſound,
This Day no Grief appear;
From Earth to Heaven the Notes rebound,
And mercy Smil'd to hear!

VII.

O 'tis too little, all we can,
For this unbounded Love;
All that was ever Writ by Man,
Or ſung in Hymns above!

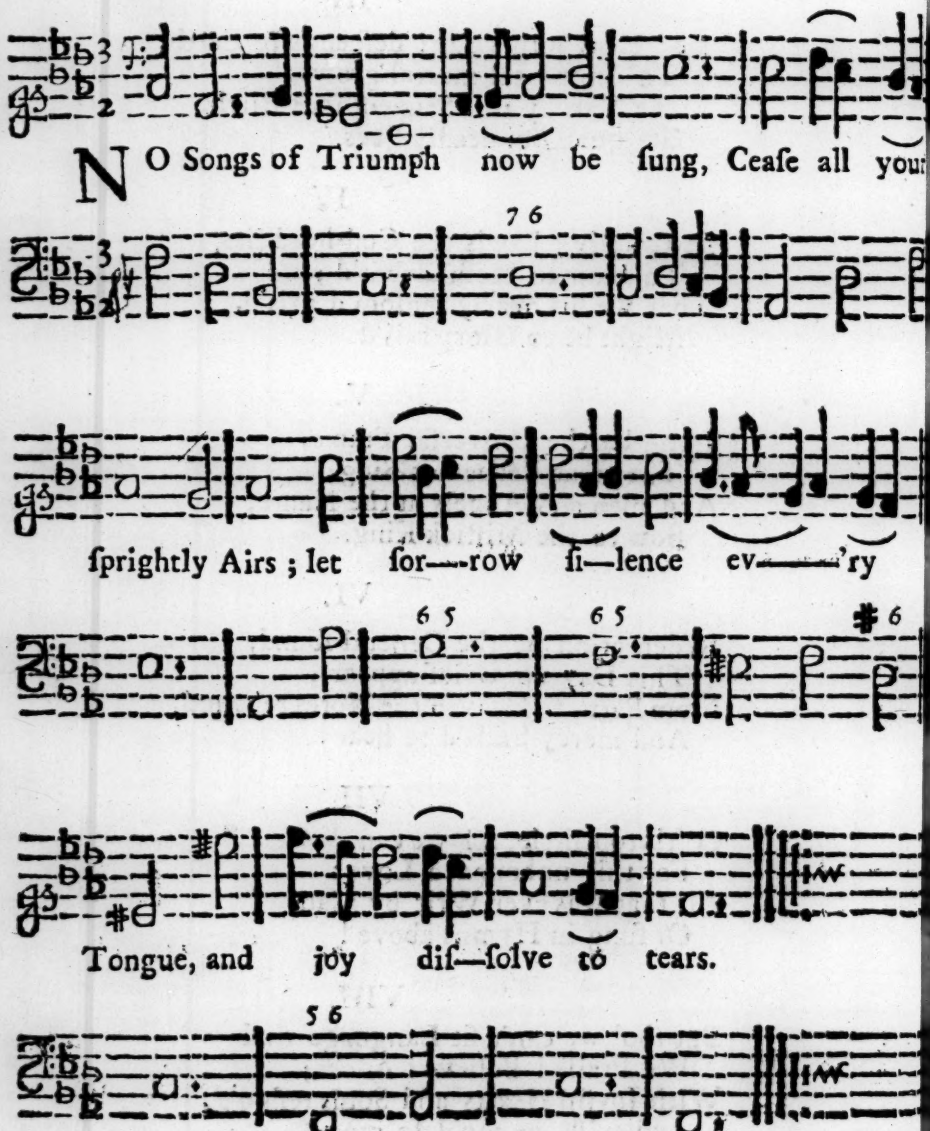
VIII.

But tho' we can't fit Language find
We Praiſe! Believe! Adore;
With Joyful Hearts and Souls reſign'd,
And wiſh we cou'd do more!

An HYMM for Good-Fryday.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN II. *A. 2. V*

Slow.



II.

See were opprobiouſly for us,
Our Bleeding Saviour's nail'd!
Ah ſee! while Death he ſuffers thus,
How much our Sins prevail'd!

III.

We were devoted to the ſtroke,
At us the Bolt was thrown;
He ſtept between, the Torture took,
And made our Guilt his own.

IV.

Ah! think what Agonies he felt,
How vaſt the weight he bore!
And let your Souls in weeping melt,
And Bleed at ev'ry Pore!

V.

Deſponding—Let all Heads decline,
All Arms be hung acroſs;
Let Angels in our ſorrows joyn;
And nature groan his loſs

VI.

The op'ning Graves, the Temple Torn,
Our ſtony Hearts ſhou'd rend;
Should make us melt, Shou'd make us Mourn
Not only Mourn, but Mend.

VII.

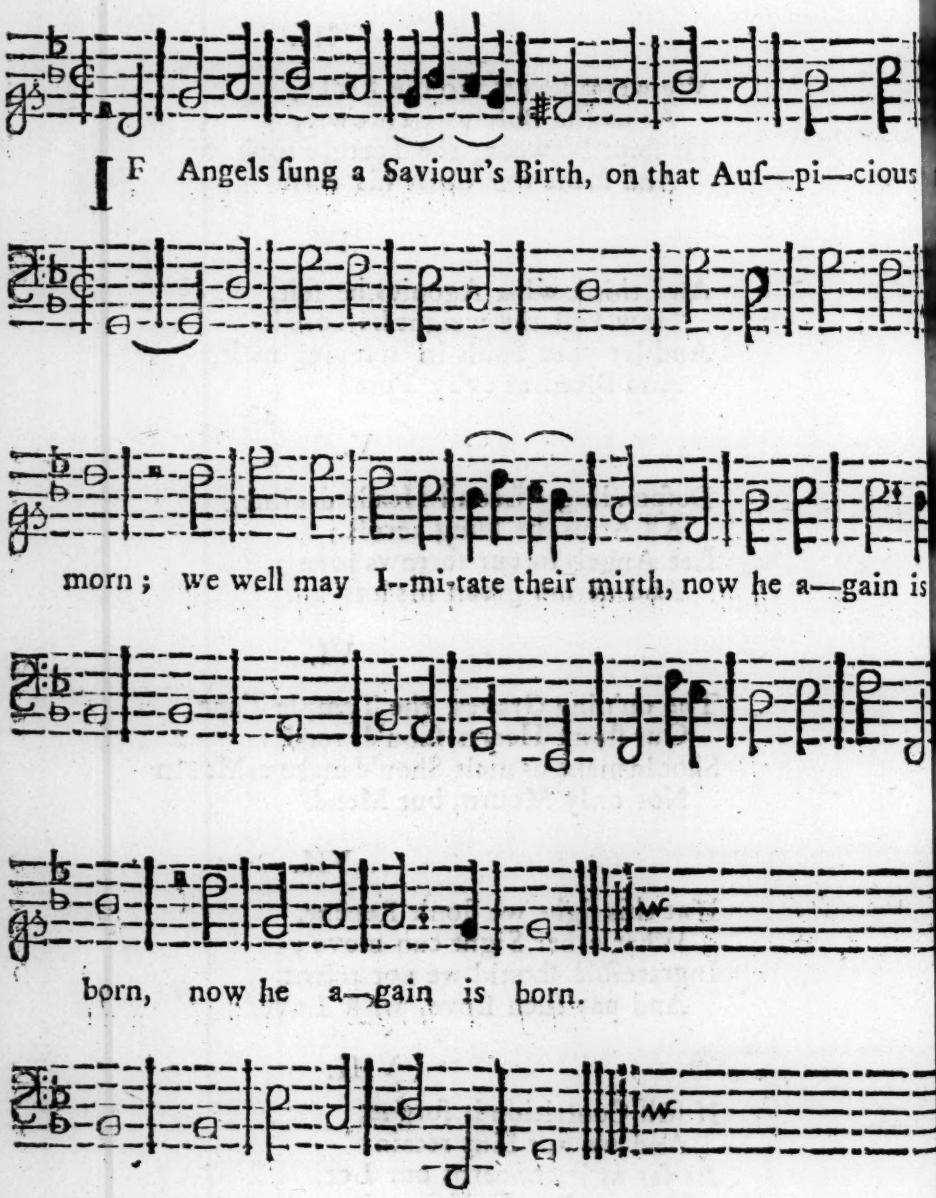
If at this ſight we don't Repent,
What other Sight can move;
Ingrateful! ſhould we not relent,
And pay ſuch Love, with Love,

VIII.

If ſtill Contrition is forgot,
And we our Sins retain;
As far as it concerns our Lot,
He yet, But Dy'd in vain.

An HYMN for Eaſter-Day.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN III. *A 2. V*



II.

He frail mortality ſhook off,
Puts Incorruption on;
And he that late was crown'd in Scoff,
Now fills th' eternal Throne.

III.

Grieve not vain Man, who mortal art,
That thou to Earth muſt fall;
It was his Portion; 'twas the Part,
Of him that Sav'd us all.

IV.

Himſelf he humbl'd to the Grave,
Made Fleſh like us, to ſhew:
That we as certainly ſhall have,
A Reſurrection too.

V.

Let Heav'n and Earth in Contract joyn'd,
His Boundleſs mercies Sing;
Ev'n Hell does now a Conq'ror find,
And Death has loſt his ſting.

VI.

If when in *Eden Adam* fell,
The whole Creation groan'd;
The whole Creation, ſure ſhou'd ſmile
Now juſtice is atton'd.

VII.

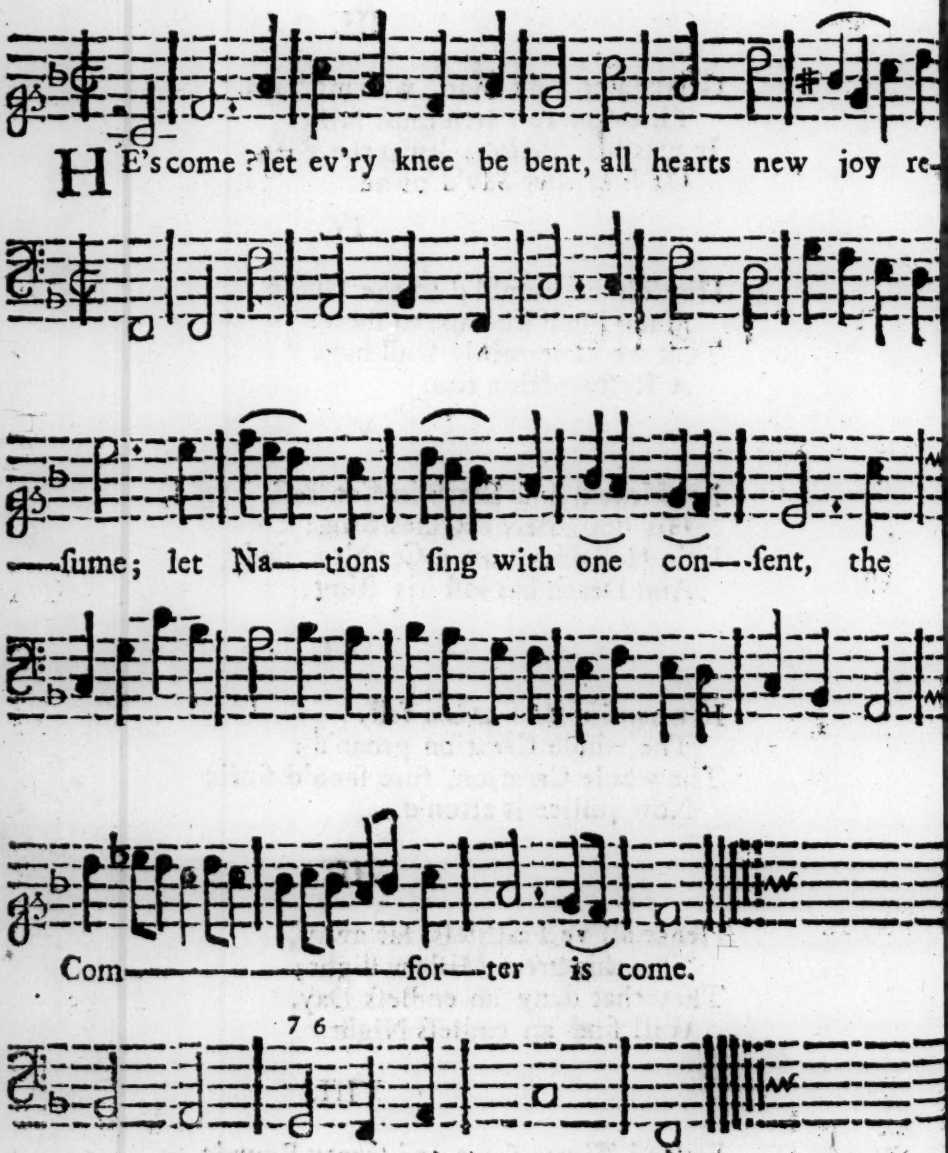
Hence all ye Faithleſs, far away,
That this great Miſtery ſlight;
They that deny an endleſs Day,
Will find an endleſs Night.

VIII.

Beyond Times ſhort and ſcanty Bounds.
The Soul ſhall ſurely live;
But when the laſt loud Trumpet ſounds,
You'll then too late believe.

An HYMN for Whit-Sunday.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN IV. *A. 2. V6*



II.

No Anxious thought moleſt our Peace,
This Day all grief retire;
Let ev'ry Fear for ever ceaſe,
And ev'ry Doubt expire.

III.

There is no end of the Content.
And Joy the Spirit brings!
Happy the man to whom 'tis lent!
That man ſees wond'rous things!

IV.

What greater Gift, what greater Love,
Can God on Man beſtow?
'Tis half the Angels, Heav'n above,
And all our Heav'n below.

V.

Hail Bleſſed Spirit? not a Soul,
But does thy Influence feel;
Thou doſt our Darling Sins controul,
Aud fix our wavering Zeal.

VI.

Thou to thy Couſcience doſt convey,
The Cheeks that all muſt know;
Thy Motions firſt does point the way,
Then give us ſtrength to go.

VII.

As Pilots by the Compaſs ſteer,
Till they their Harbour find;
So do thy ſacred Breathings here,
Guide ev'ry wandring Mind.

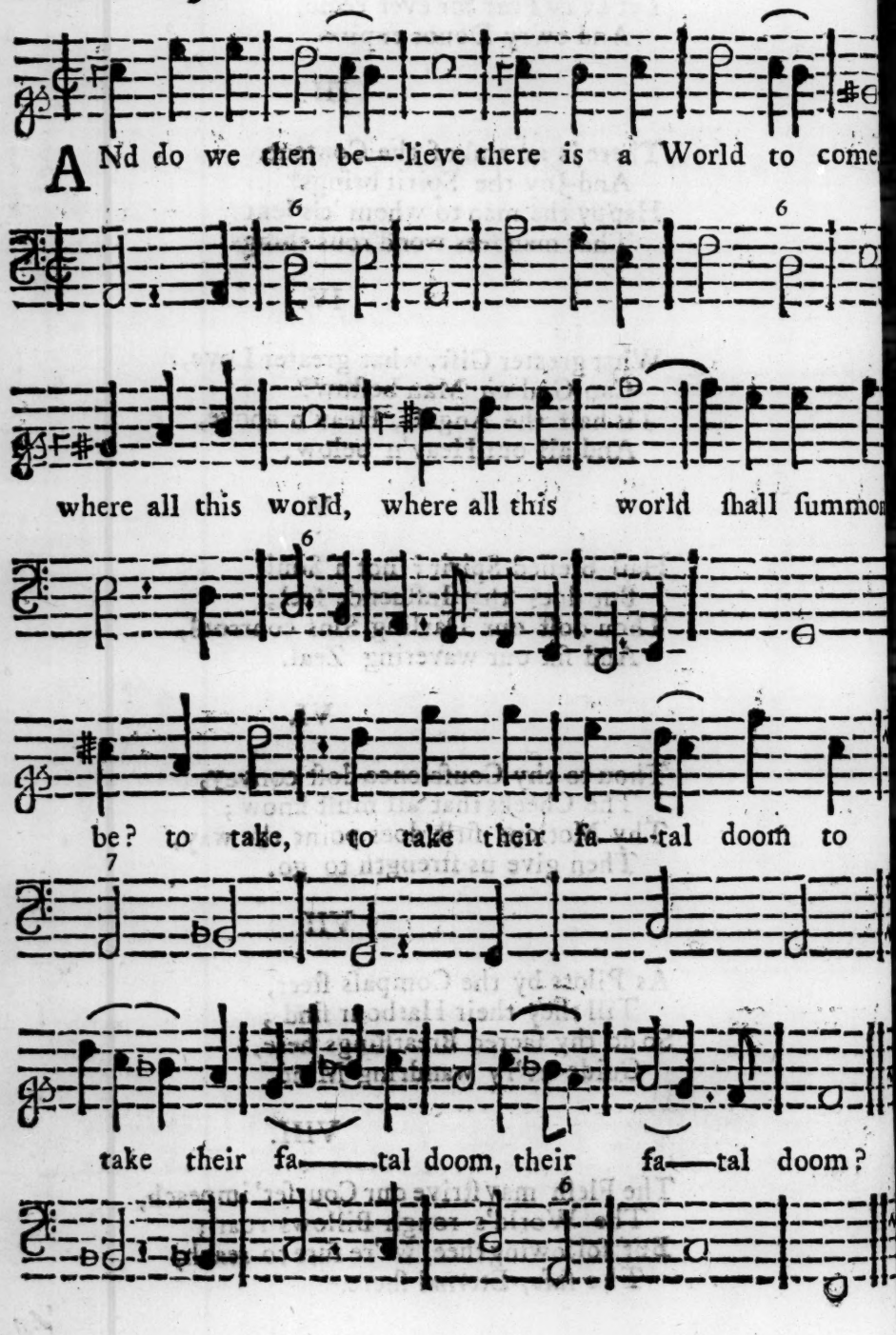
VIII.

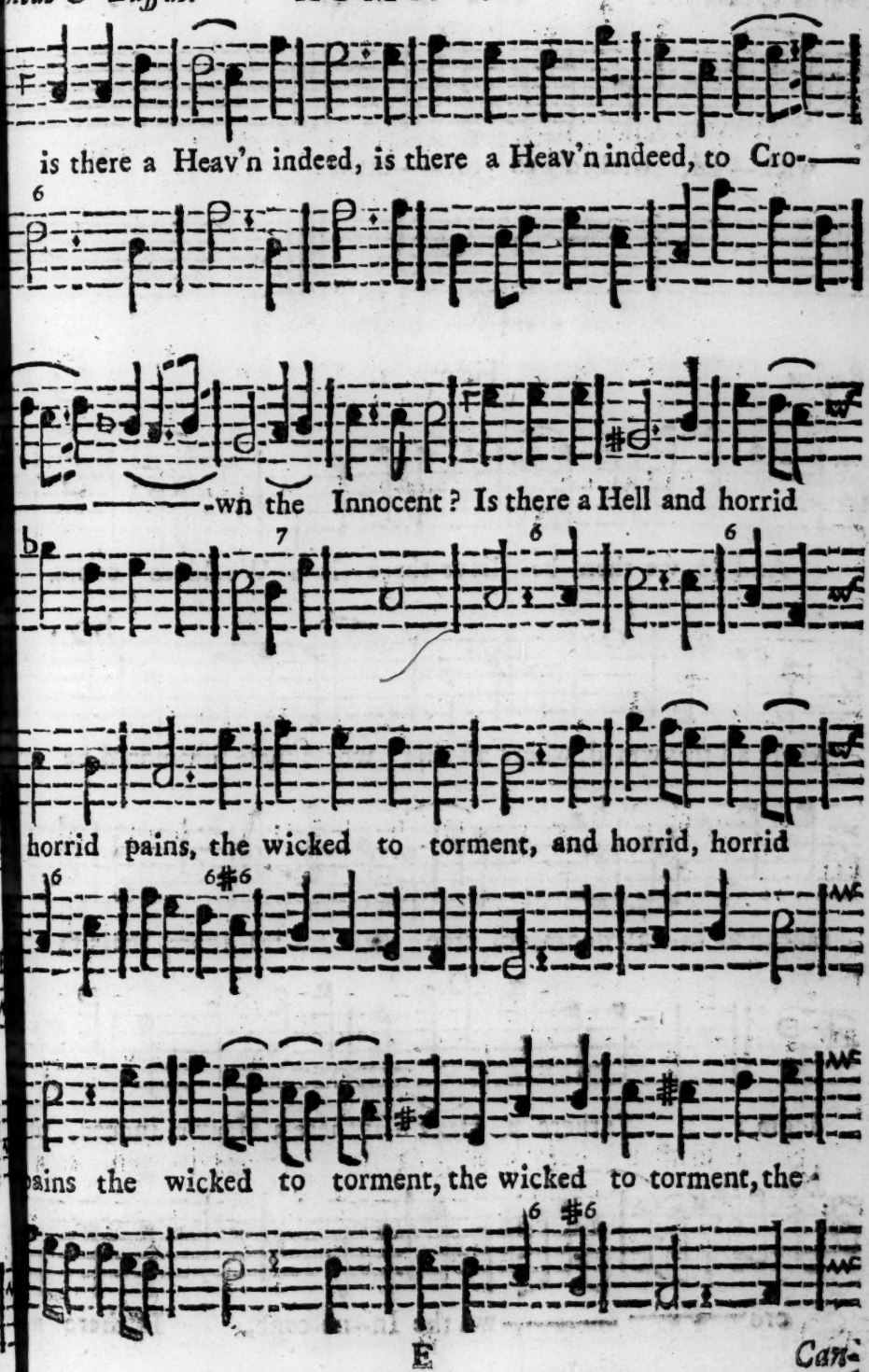
The Fleſh may ſtrive our Courſet' impeach,
The World's rough Billows roar;
But following thee, we're ſure to reach,
The ſafe, Eternal ſhore.

An

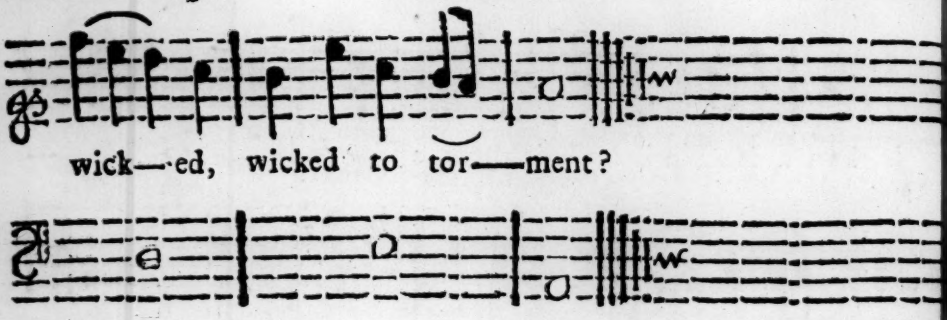
An HYMN *Sett by Dr.* Turner, *for two Voices.*

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN I. *A. 2. V*

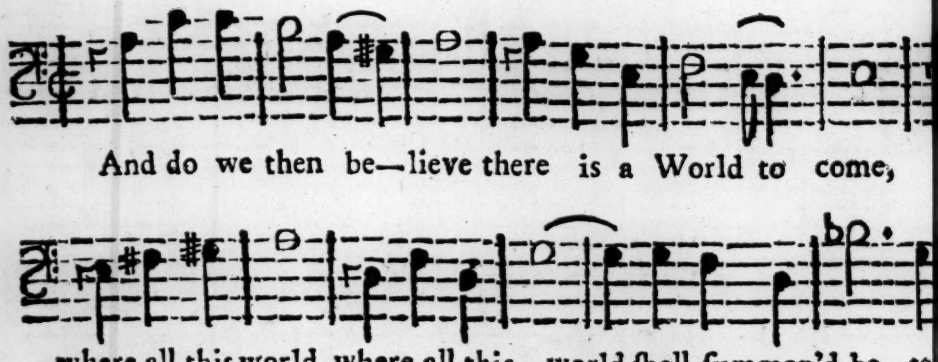


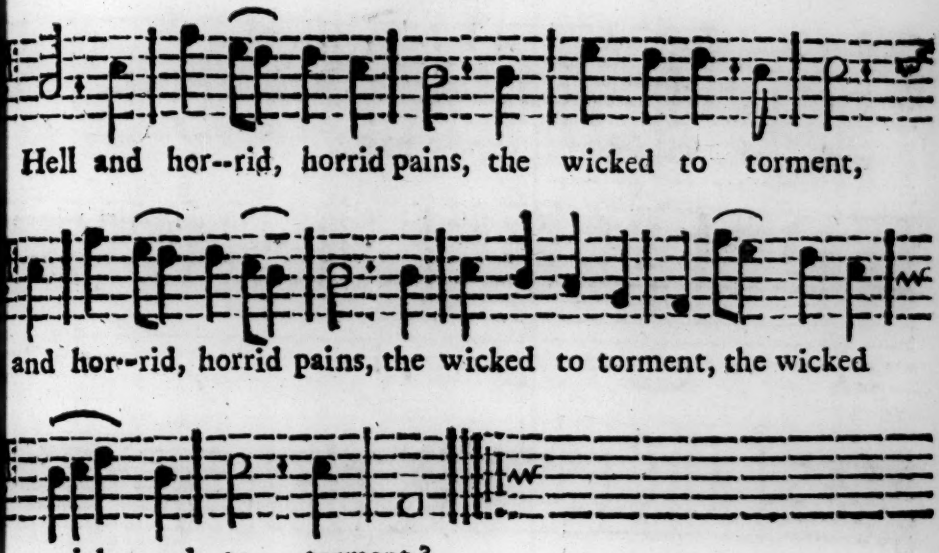

is there a Heav'n indeed, is there a Heav'n indeed, to Cro-——
——————-wn the Innocent? Is there a Hell and horrid
horrid pains, the wicked to torment, and horrid, horrid
pains the wicked to torment, the wicked to torment, the

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN I. *A. 2 Vo*



Baſſus. Hymn 1. *A. 2 V*



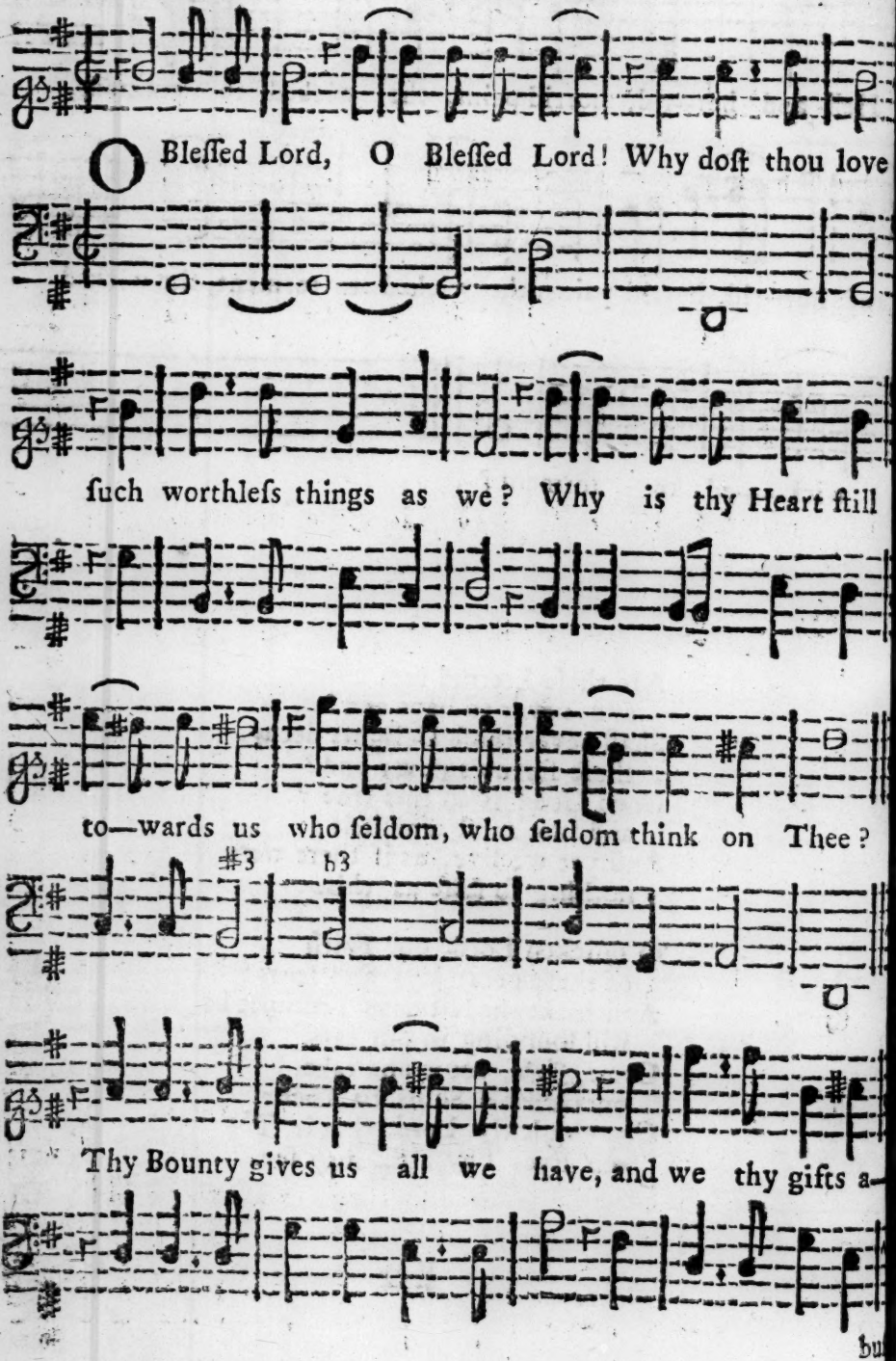


Are theſe Eternal too,
and never to have end?
Shall never thoſe Delights decay,
thoſe ſorrows never end?
Good God! is all this true?
and ſure moſt true it is:
And yet we live, as if there were
nothing ſo falſe as this.

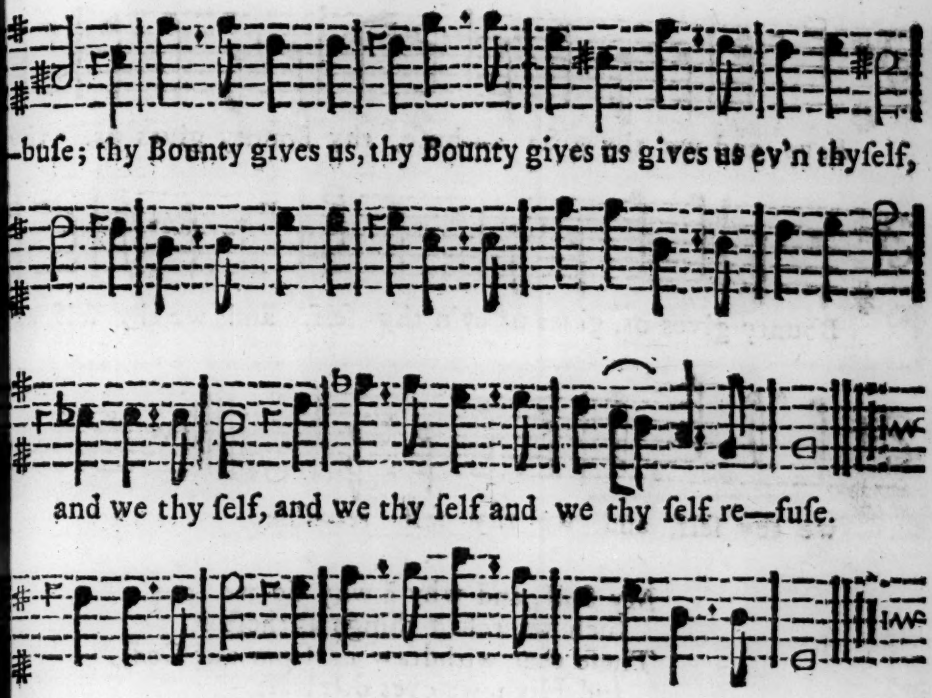
O quicken Lord, our Faith
of theſe great joys and fears!
And make the laſt days Trumpet be
ſtill ſounding in our ears.
Come, *Jeſu*, come and take,
out baniſh'd Souls to Thee:
Come quickly, Lord, that in Thy light
our Eyes Thy light may ſee.

An HYMN *Sett by Dr.* Turner, *for two Voices.*

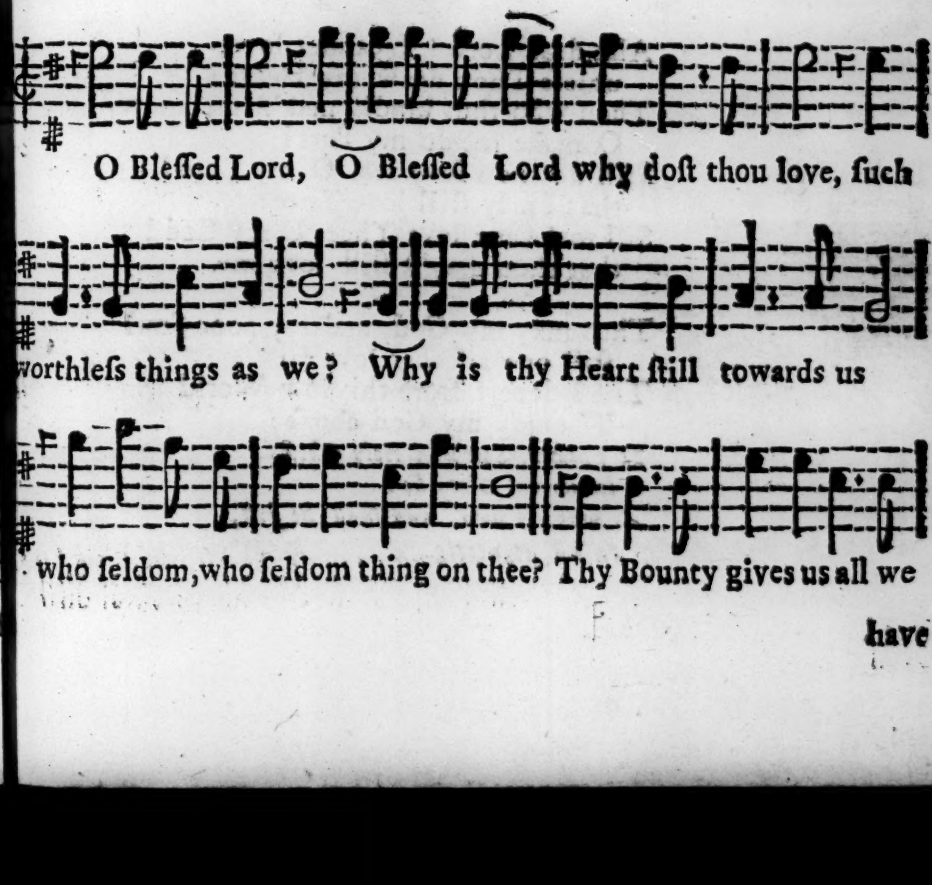
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN II. *A. 2. V.*

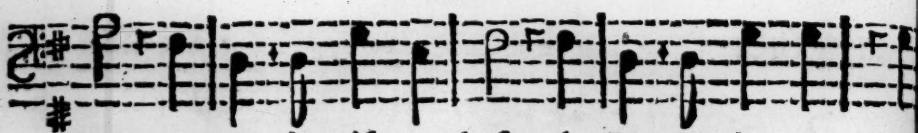


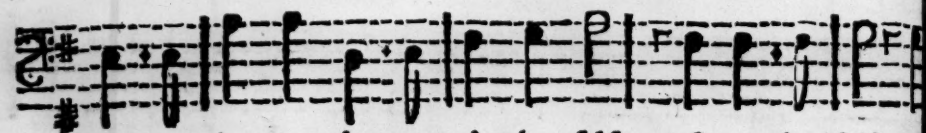
ntus & Baſſus. HYMN II. *A. 2. Voc.*

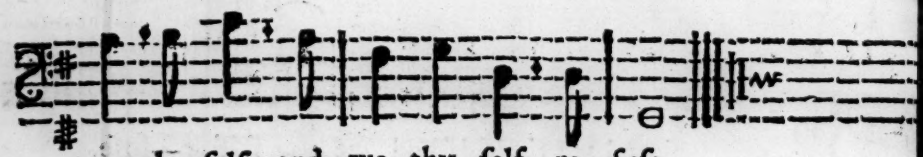


ſſus. Hymn 2. *A. 2. Voc.*









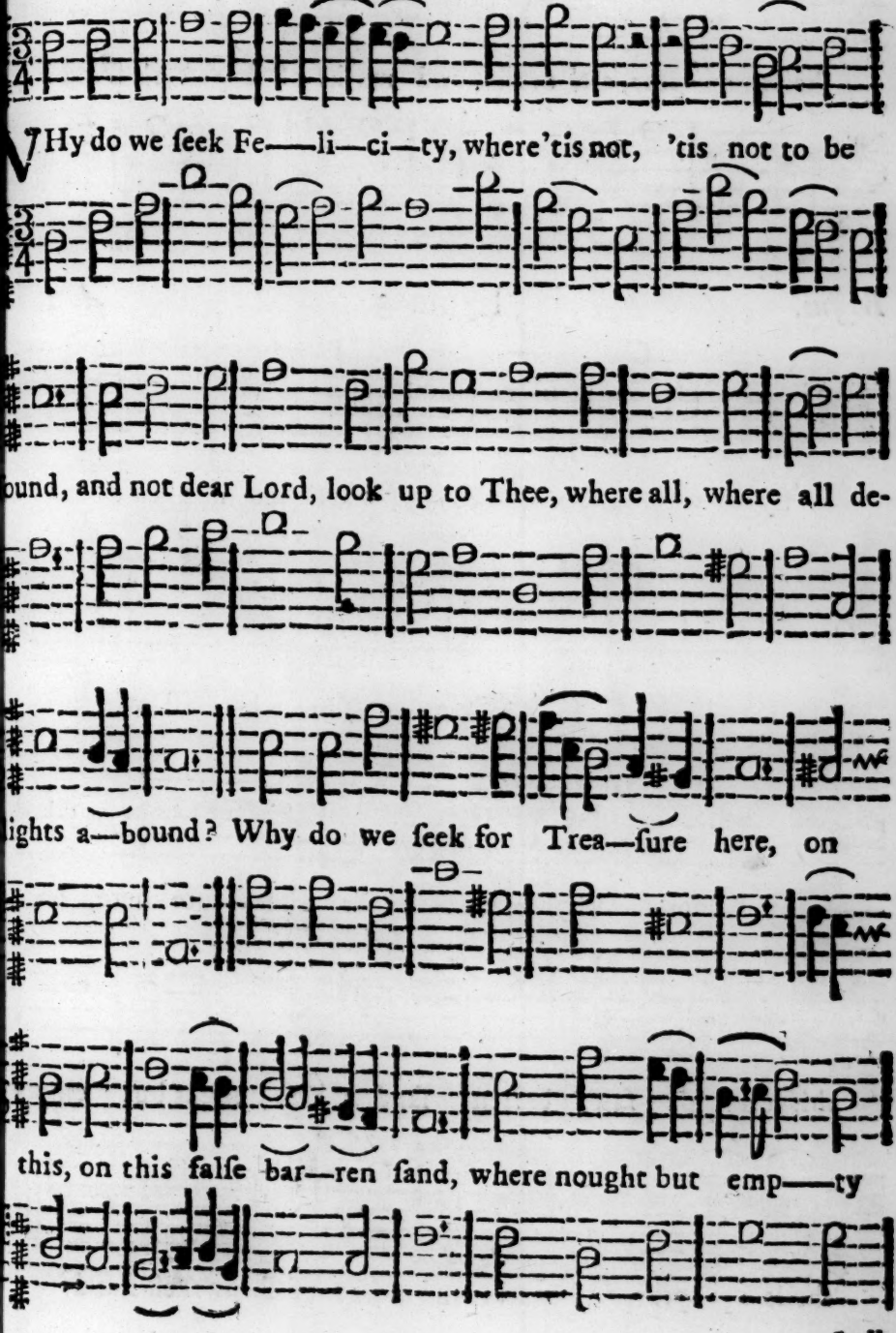
My ſoul, and why? why do we love
ſuch wretched things as theſe?
Theſe that withdraw us from our God,
and His pure eyes diſpleaſe.
Break off, and raiſe thy manly eye
up to thoſe Joys above:
Behold all thoſe thy Lord prepares
to woo, and crown thy love.

Alas dear Lord! I cannot love,
unleſs Thou draw my Heart;
Thou who thus kindly mak'ſt me know,
O make me do my Part!
Still do thou love me, O my Lord!
that I may ſtill love Thee:
Sill make me love Thee, O my God!
that thou may'ſt ſtill love me.

Thus may my God, and my poor Soul
ſtill one another love:
Till I depart from this low World
T' enjoy my God above:
To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt
immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and ſhall be ſtill,
to all eternitie.

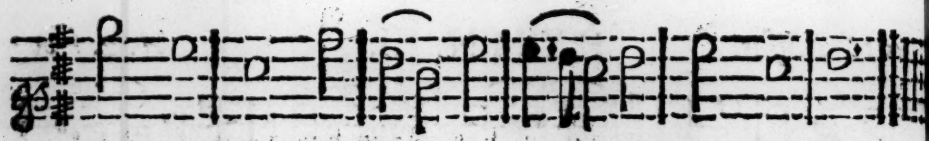
An HYMN *Sett by Dr.* Turner, *for two Voices.*

tus & Baſſus. HYMN III. *A. 2. Voc.*

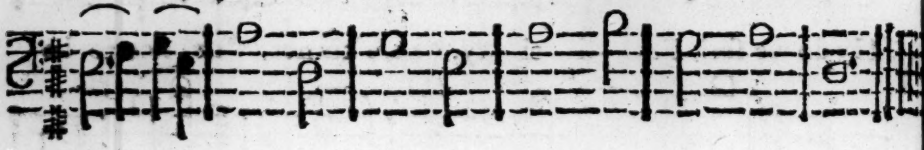


ſhells

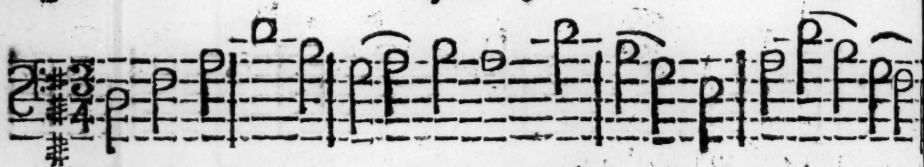
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN III. *A. 2. V*



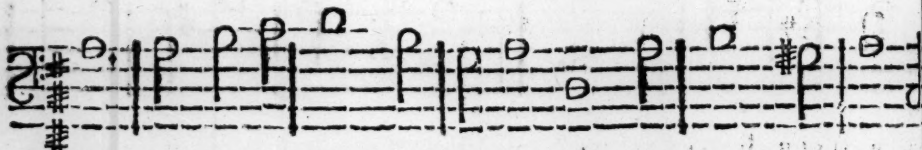
ſhells ap--pear, and marks, and marks of ſhipwrack ſtand?



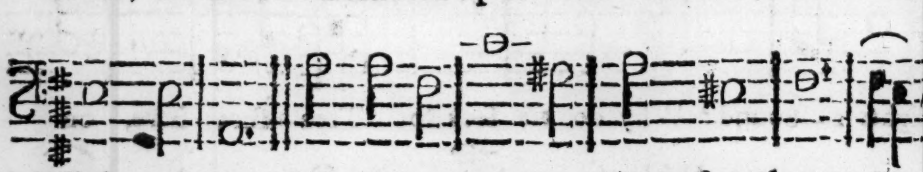
Baſſus. Hymn 3. *A. 2. V*



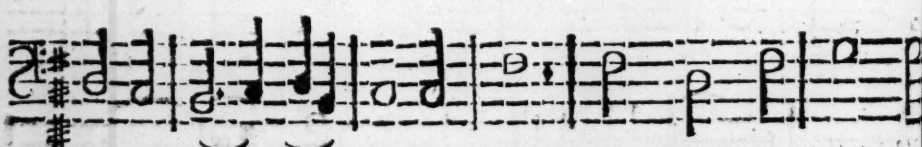
Why do we ſeek Fe—li—ci—ty, where 'tis not, 'tis not to be



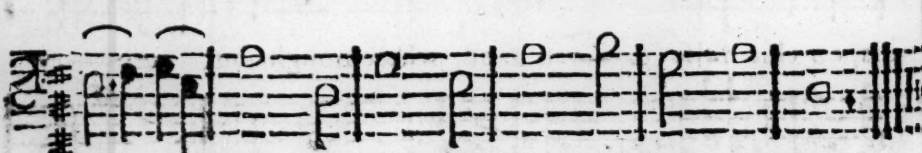
found, and not dear Lord look up to Thee where all, where all de



—lights a-bound! Why do we ſeek for Trea—ſure here, on



this, on this falſe barren ſand, where nought but empty



ſhells ap—pear, and marks, and marks of ſhipwrack ſtand!

O World! how little do thy joys
concern a Soul that knows
It ſelf not made for ſuch low toys,
as thy poor hand beſtows?

How croſs art thou to that deſign,
for which we had our birth?
Us, who were made in Heaven to ſhine
thou bow'ſt down to thy Earth?

Nay to thy Hell, for thither ſink
all that to thee ſubmit:
Thou ſtrew'ſt ſome flowers on the brink
to drown us in the pit.

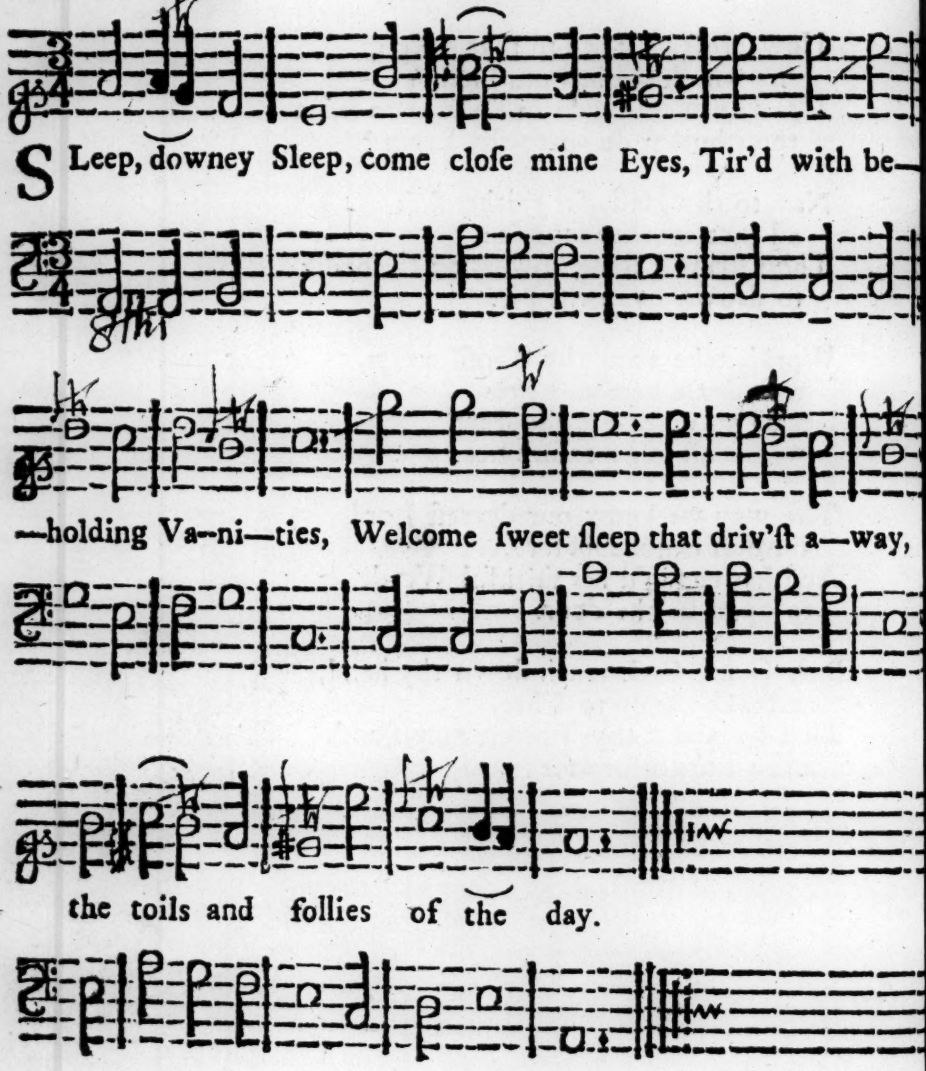
World, take away thy Tinſil wares,
that dazle here our eyes:
Let us go up above the ſtars,
where all our treaſure lies.

The way we know our deareſt Lord
himſelf is gone before,
And has engag'd his faithful Word,
to open us the door.

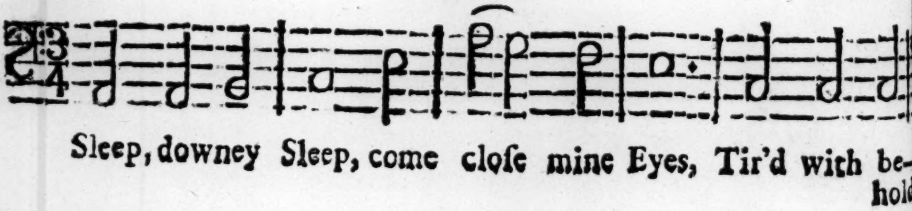
But, O my God, reach down thy hand,
and take me up to Thee,
That we about thy Throne may ſtand,
and all thy glory ſee.

An Evening HYMN *Sett by Mr.* Jer. Clarke.

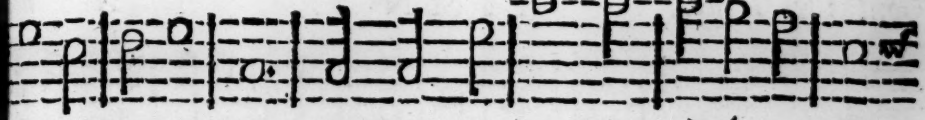
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN IV. *A. 2. V*



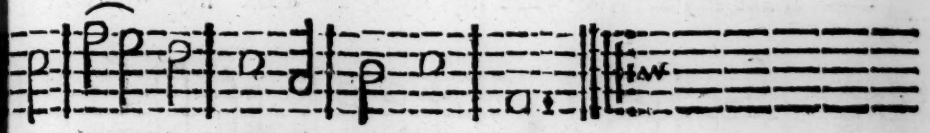
Baſſus. Hymn 4. *A. 2. V*



Bassus. Hymn 4. A. 2. Voc.



holding Va--ni—ties, welcome ſweet ſleep that driv'ſt a—way,



the toils and follies of the day.

On thy ſoft boſom will I lie,
Forget the world and learn to die.
O *Iſrael's* watchful ſhepherd ſpread,
Tents of Angels round my bed.

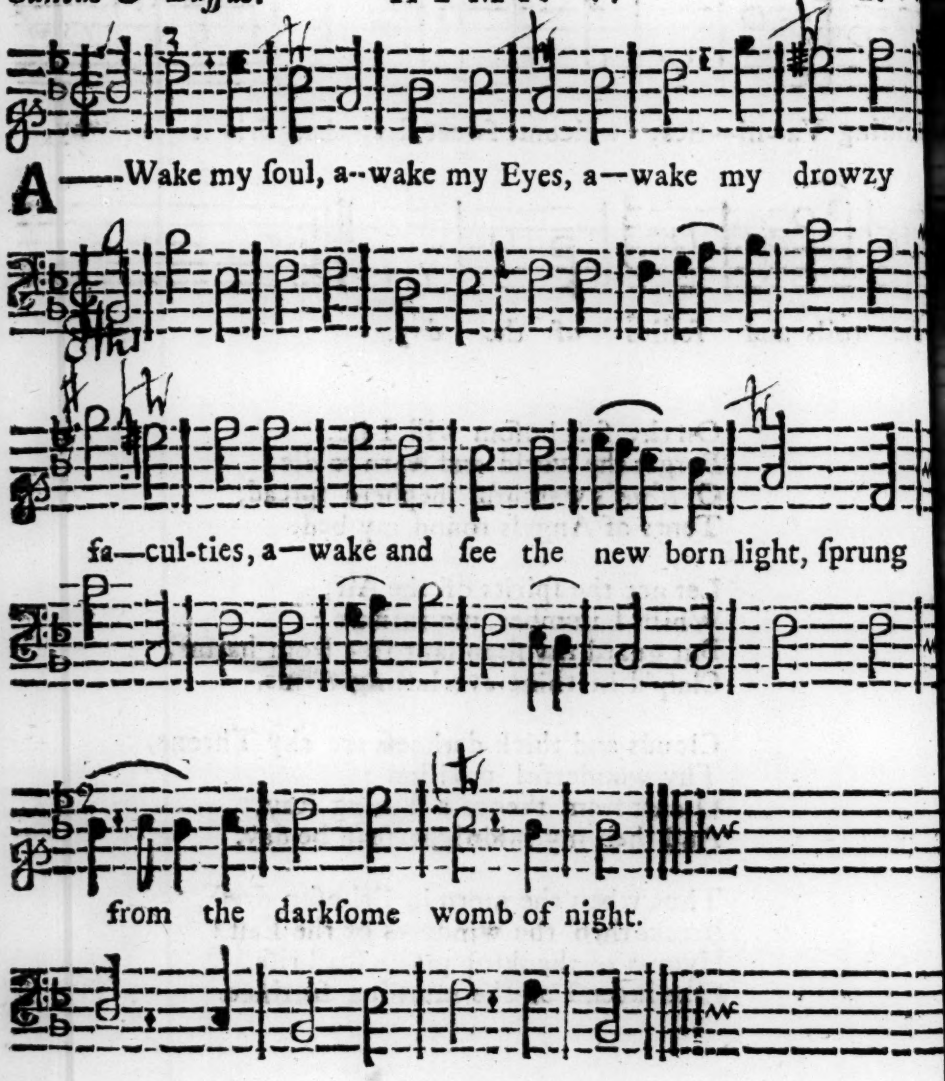
Let not the ſpirits of the Air,
Whilſt I ſlumber, me inſnare:
But guard thy ſuppliant free from harms,
Claſp'd in thine everlaſting Arms.

Clouds and thick darkneſs are thy Throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
O dart from thence a ſhining Ray,
And then my midnight ſhall be day.

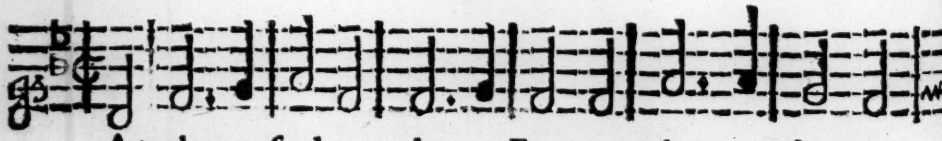
Thus when the morn in Crimſon dreſt,
Breaks thro' the windows of the Eaſt!
Hymns of thankful praiſe ſhall riſe,
Like incenſe on the morning ſacrifice.

A Morning HYMN *Sett by Mr.* Jer. Clarke.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN V. *A 2. V*

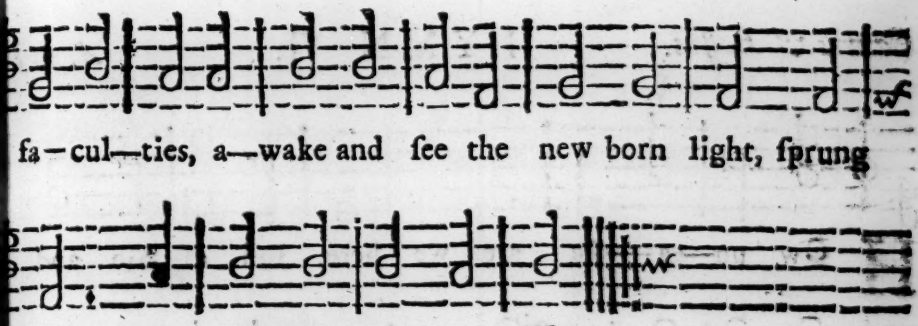


Medius. Hymn 5. *A. 2. Vo.*



facul-

Hymu 5. *A. 2. Voc.*



Look up and ſee th' unweari'd Sun,
Already has his Race begun,
The pretty *Lark* is mounted high,
And ſings his mattines in the Sky.

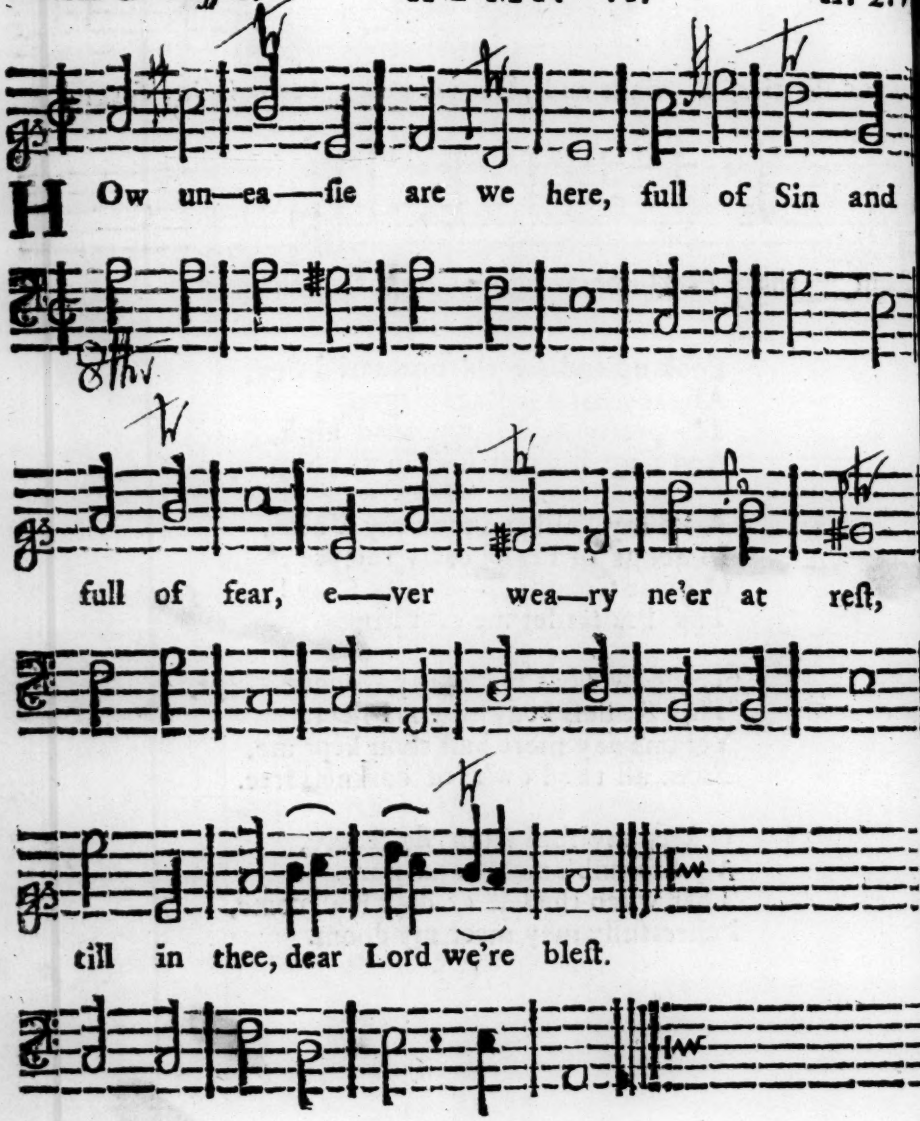
Ariſe my Soul and thou my Voice,
In Songs of Praiſe early rejoyce;
O great Creator, Heavenly King!
Thy Praiſes let me ever Sing.

Thy pow'r has made, thy Goodneſs kept,
This fenſleſs body when I ſlept.
Yet one day more haſt thou kept me,
From all the Pow'rs of darkneſs free.

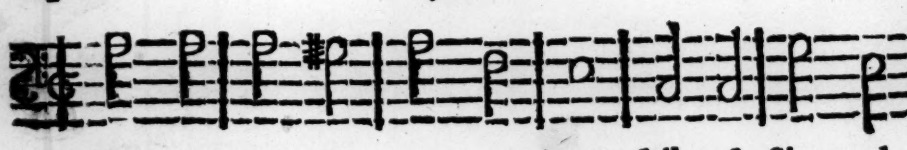
O keep my ſoul from ſin ſecure,
My life unblamable and pure.
That when the laſt of days ſhall come,
I cheerfully may meet my doom.

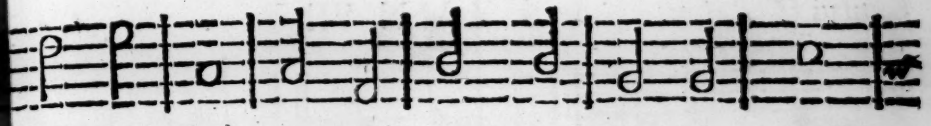
An HYMN *Set by Mr.* Jer. Clarke, *for two Voice*

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN VI. *A.* 2. *V*

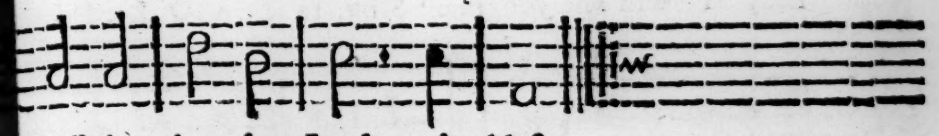


Baſſus. Hymn 6. *A.* 2. *V*





full of fear, e—ver wea—ry ne'er at reſt,



tell in thee, dear Lord we're bleſt.

Earth's a clog, the ſtate of life,
Does but quicken guilt and ſtrife:
With our ſelves we diſagree,
Till we all unite in thee.

No comfort can be here below,
Nothing real, all's a ſhow;
Bodies are our ſad diſguiſe,
None's himſelf until he dies.

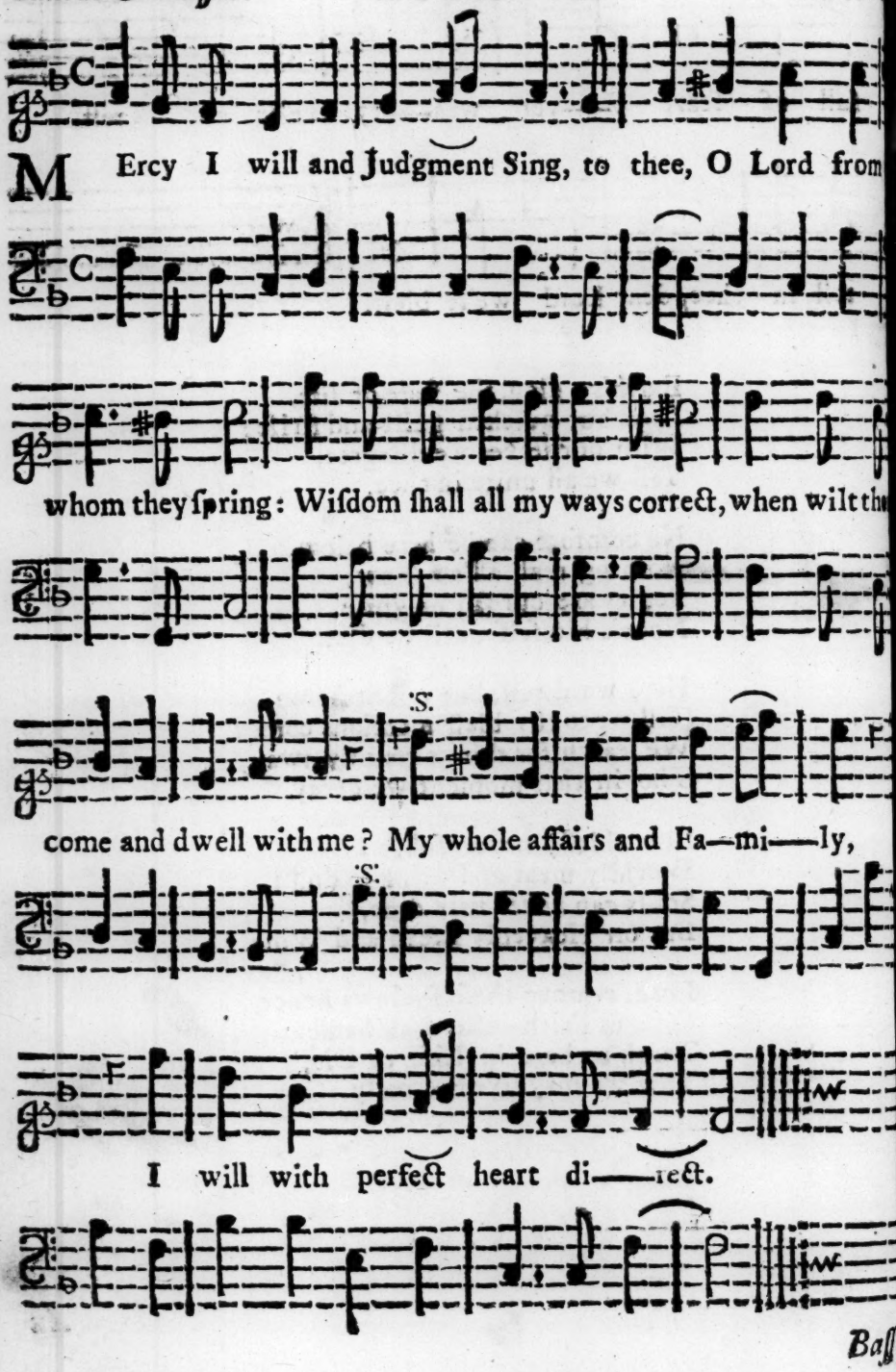
Here we dwell, but not at home,
Till we to thy bleſt manſions come:
We ſearch for things that fly away,
Tho' in that moment we decay.

Ever thirſty never full,
Worldly meat and drink is dull:
Souls can never fitly dine,
But on Heavenly Bread and Wine.

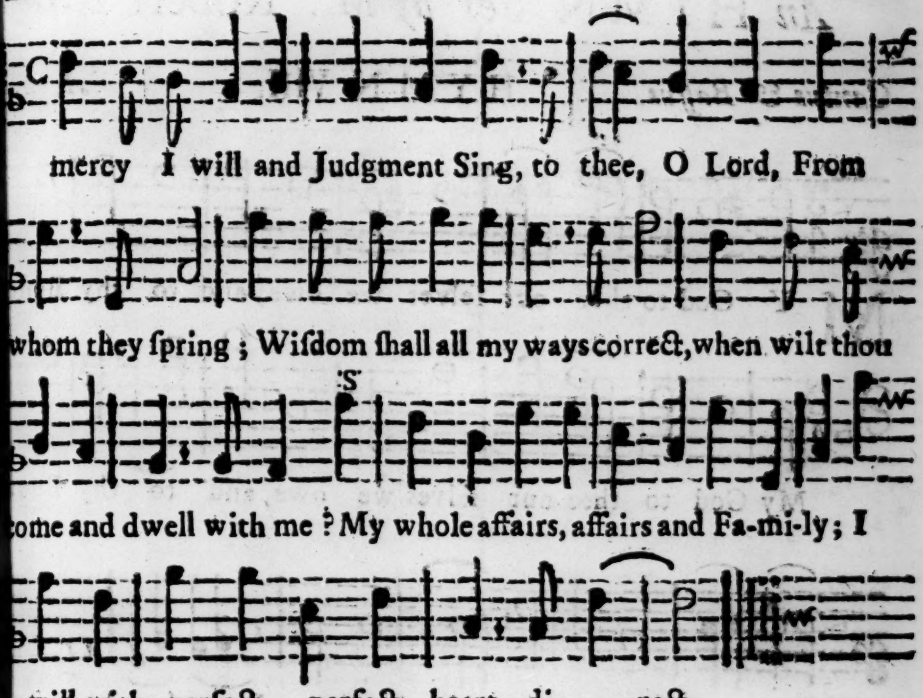
Lord, remove theſe ſhadows hence,
Give us Faith inſtead of Senſe.
Teach us here in Life to Die,
That we may live Eternally.

An HYMN *Set by Mr.* Robert King, *for Two Voc. Baſſus.*

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN VII. *A. 2. V*



Baſſ



No evil ſhall my eyes miſguide,
I hate their works that turn aſide,
No ſuch ſhall my favour grow :
Thoſe that are of a froward heart,
Shall from my company depart,
No wicked Perſon will I know.

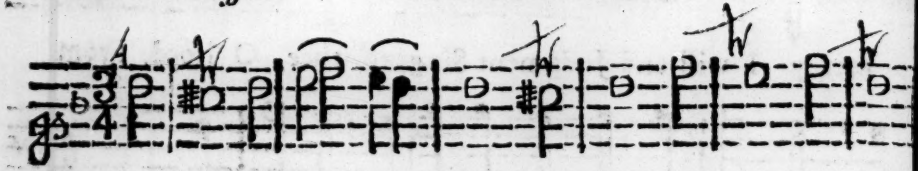
Who hath his Friend with ſlander ſtruck,
I will cut off a haughty look,
And a proud heart, I'll not endure :
Mine eyes upon the faithful are,
Him for my Servant I declare,
whoſe Hands are juſt, and Heart is pure.

He that doth treach'rous works deviſe,
That ſpreads abroad malicious lies
Shan't ſtay within my houſe. or ſight :
The wicked of the Land I'll ſlay,
That from God's City ſoon I may,
Cut off, and Root the ungodly quite.

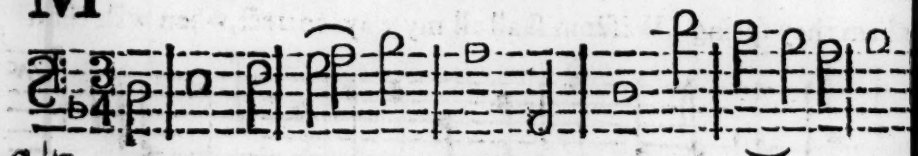
By *M. S.*

An HYMN *Set by Mr.* Robert King.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN VIII. *A.* 2.

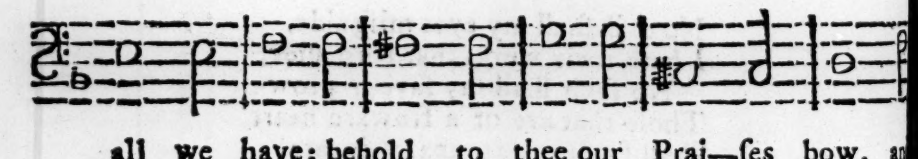


MY God to thee our ſelves we owe, and to thy Boun

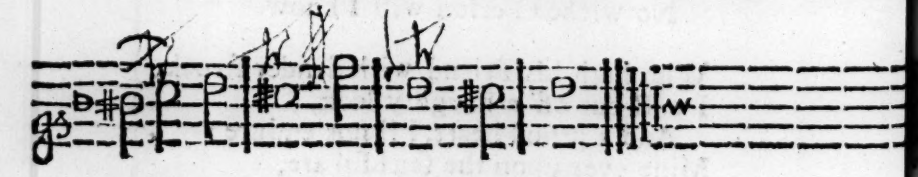


8th My God to thee our ſelves we owe, and to thy Boun

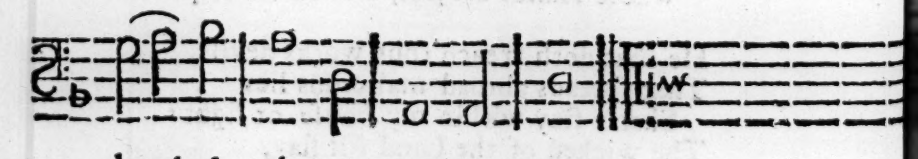
all we have; behold to thee our Prai—ſes bow, an



all we have; behold to thee our Prai—ſes bow, an



humb—ly thy ac—ceptance crave.



humb--ly thy ac—ceptance crave.

If we are happy in a Friend,
  That very friend 'tis thou beſtow'ſt:
His pow'r, his will, to help our end
  is juſt ſo much as Thou allow'ſt.

If we enjoy a free Eſtate,
  Our only Title is from thee:
Thou mad'ſt our lot to bare that fate,
  Which elſe an empty blank would be.

If we have health that well-tun'd ground
  Which gives the Muſick to the reſt;
It is by Thee our Ayre is ſound,
  Our Food ſecur'd, our Phyſick bleſt.

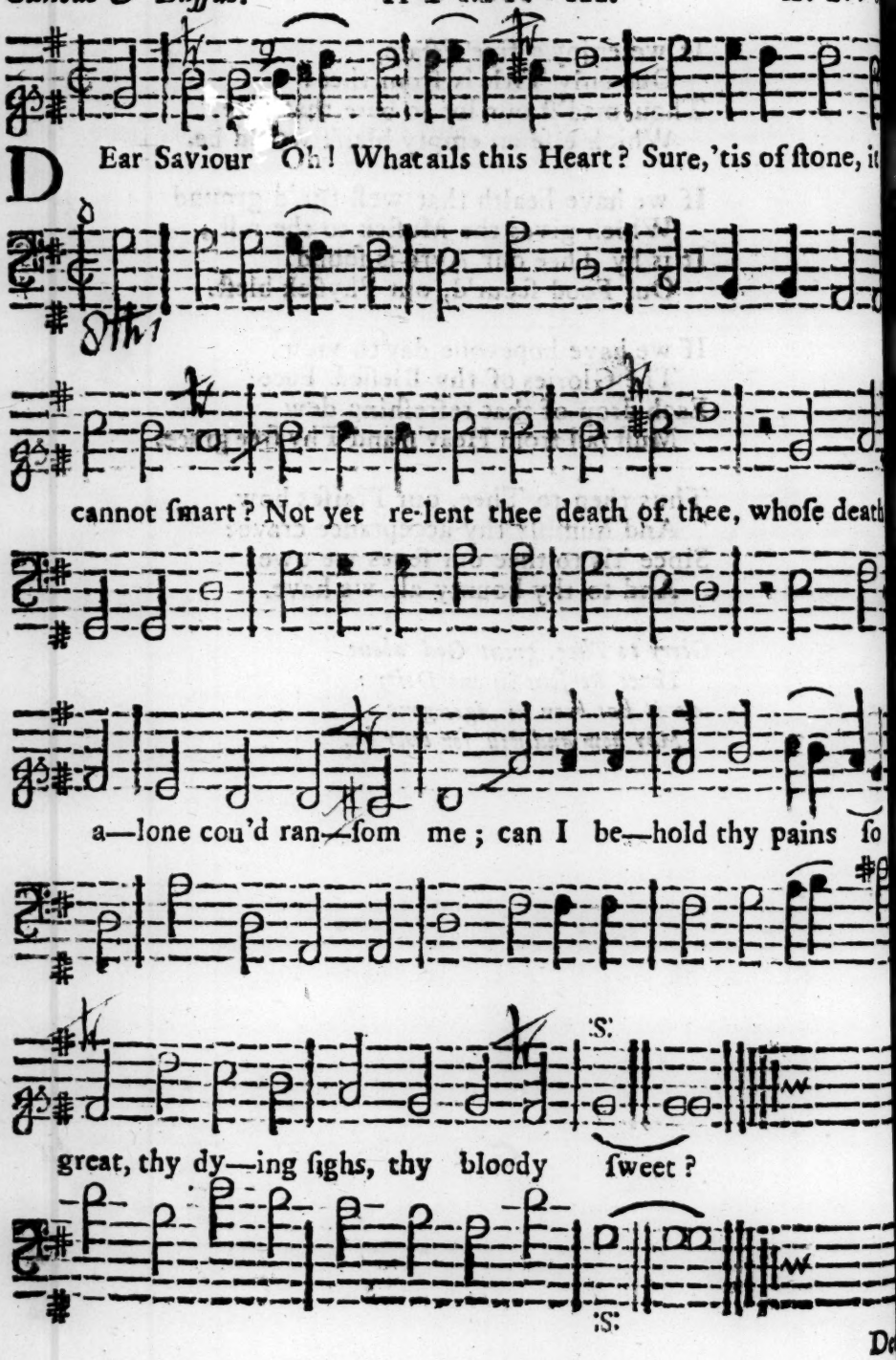
If we have hopes one day to view,
  The Glories of thy Bleſſed Face:
Each drop of that refreſhing dew
  Muſt fall from Heav'n and Thy free grace.

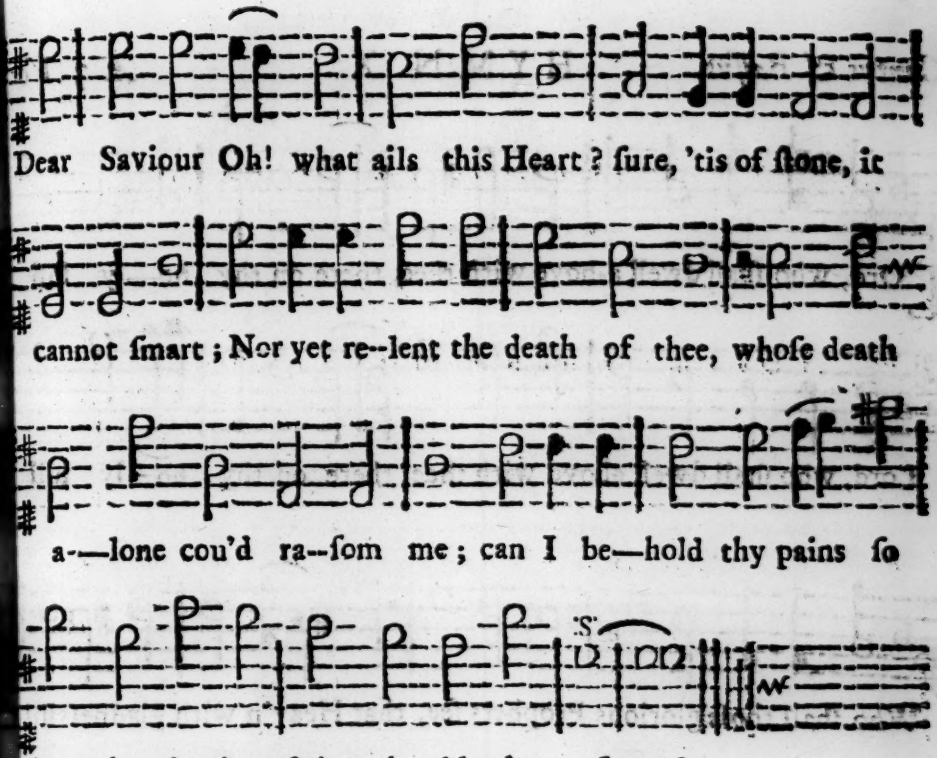
Thus then to Thee, our Praiſes bow,
  And humbly thy acceptance crave:
Since 'tis to thee our ſeves we owe,
  And to thy bounty all we have.

Glory to Thee, great God alone
  Three Perſons in one Deity:
As it has been in Ages gone.
  May now and ſtill for ever be.

An HYMN for Good Friday, Set by Mr. Akeroy

Cantus & Baſſus. **HYMN IX.** *A. 2. V*

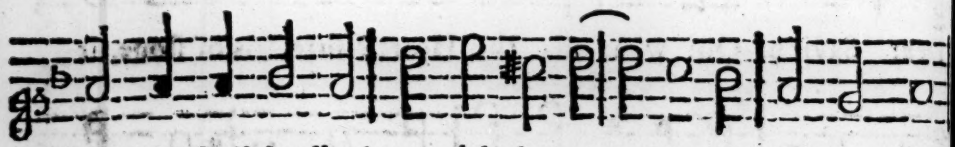




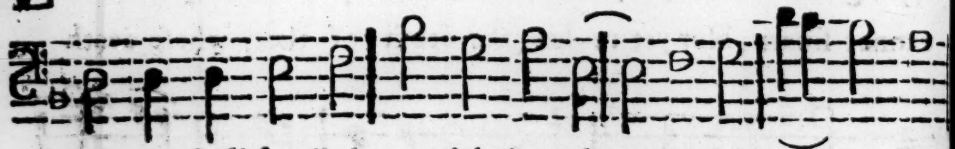
Thy Back with Whips and Scorges torn,
Thy ſacred Temples crown'd with Thorn;
Thy Hands and Feet nail'd to the Wood,
And all thy Body drown'd in Blood;
Canſt thou pour forth ſuch ſtreams for me,
And I not drop one Tear for thee?

An HYMM *Set by Mr.* S. Akeroyd.

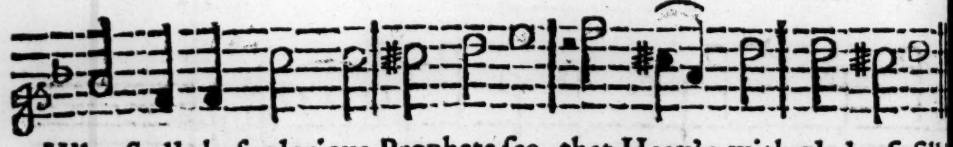
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN X. *A. 3 Voc.*



LOrd, who ſhall dwell a-bove with thee, there on thy ho—ly hill

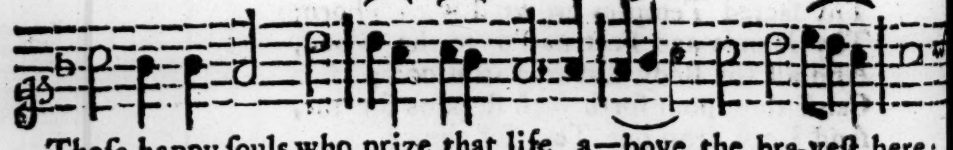


Lord, who ſhall dwell above with thee, there on thy ho—ly hill

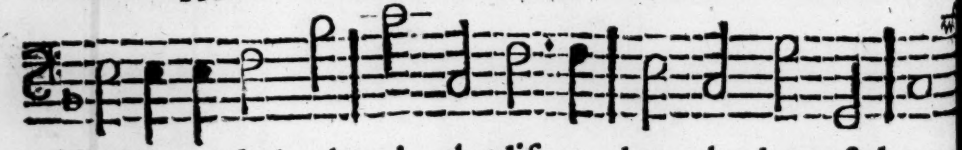


Who ſhall thoſe glorious Prophets ſee, that Heav'n with gladneſs fill

Who ſhall thoſe glorious Prophets ſee, that Heav'n with gladneſs fill



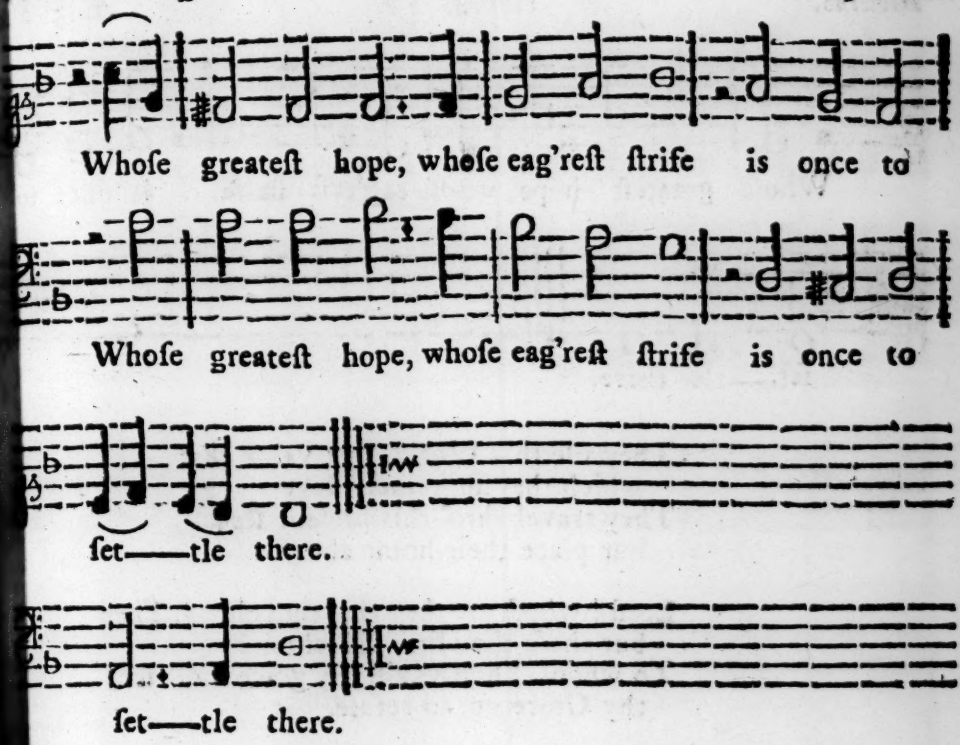
Thoſe happy ſouls who prize that life a—bove the bra-veſt here;



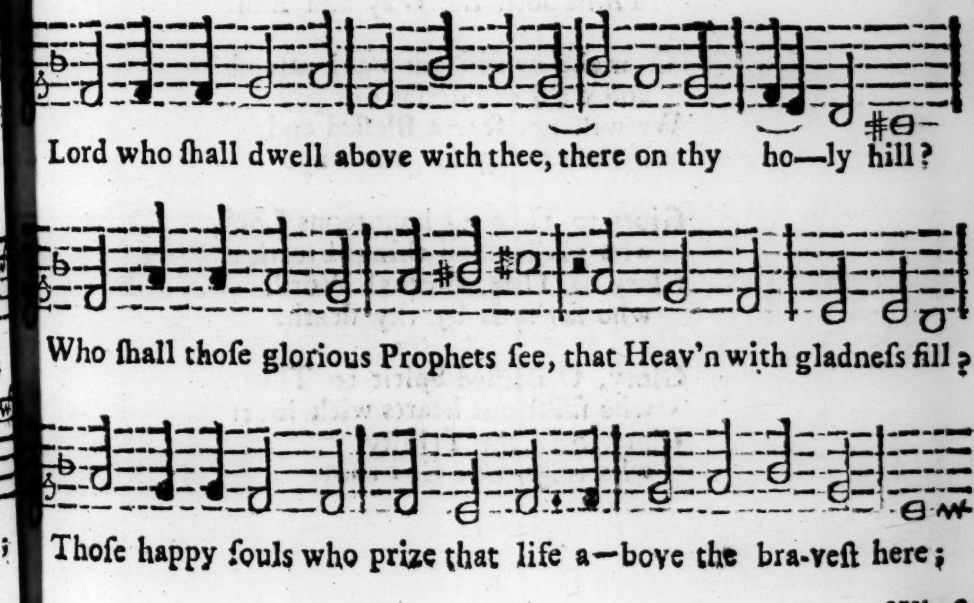
Thoſe happy ſouls who prize that life a—bove the bra-veſt here;

Whoſ

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN X. *A. 3. Voc.*

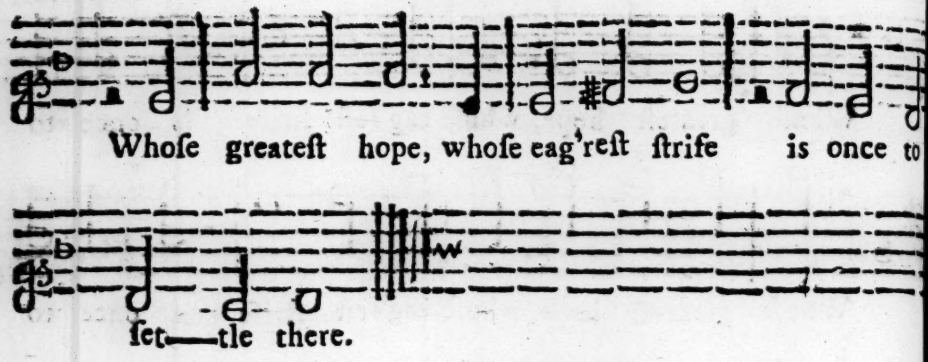


Medius. Hymn 10. *A. 3. Voc.*



Whoſe

Medius. Hymn 10. *A. 3. V*



They uſe this World, but value that
which they ſupremely love :
They travel thro' this preſent ſtate,
but place their home above.

Lord ! whoſe are they that thus chooſe Thee
but thoſe thou firſt did choſe ?
To whom Thou gav'ſt thy grace moſt free
thy Grace not to refuſe.

We of our ſelves can nothing do,
but all on Thee depend :
Thine is the Work, and Wages too,
Thine both the Way and End.

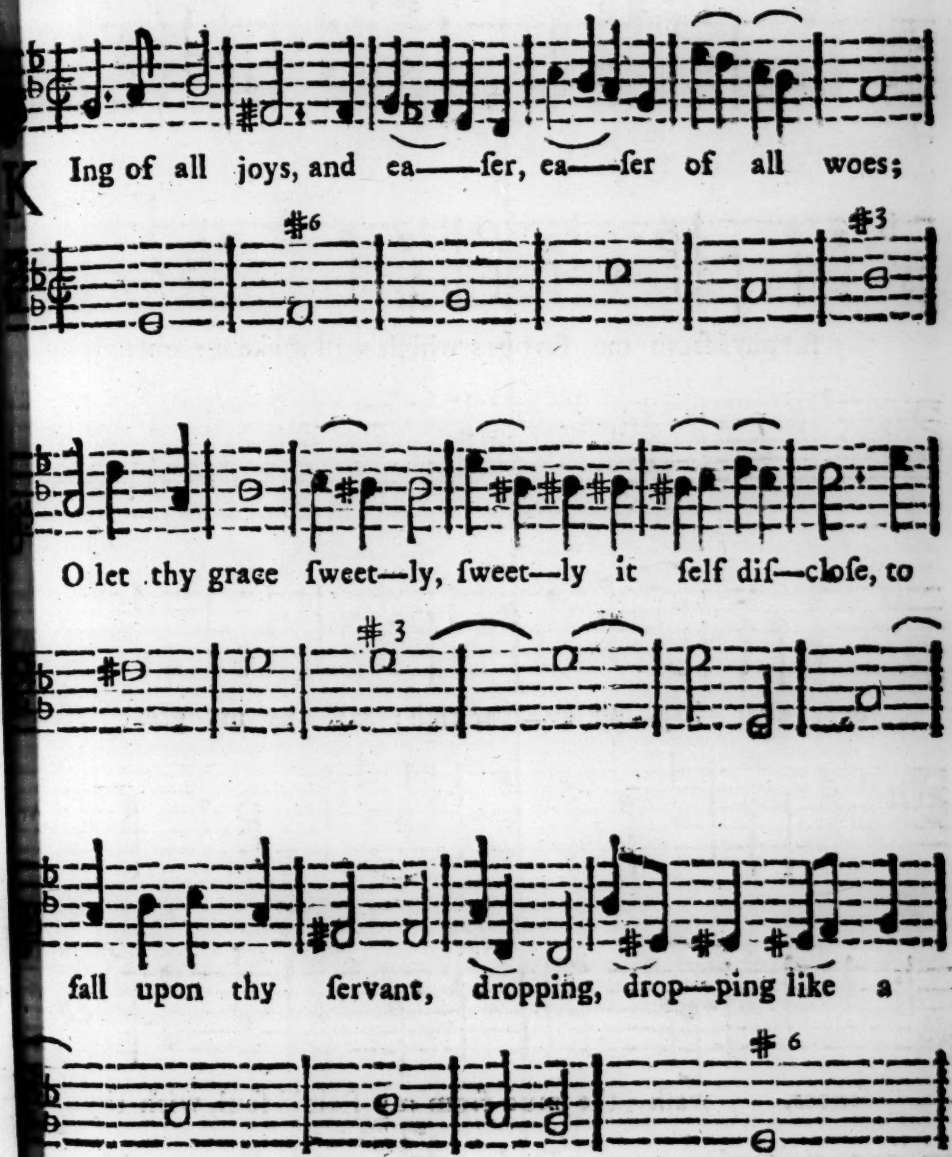
O make us ſtill our work attend !
and we'll not doubt our pay :
We will not fear a Bleſſed end,
if thou but guide our way.

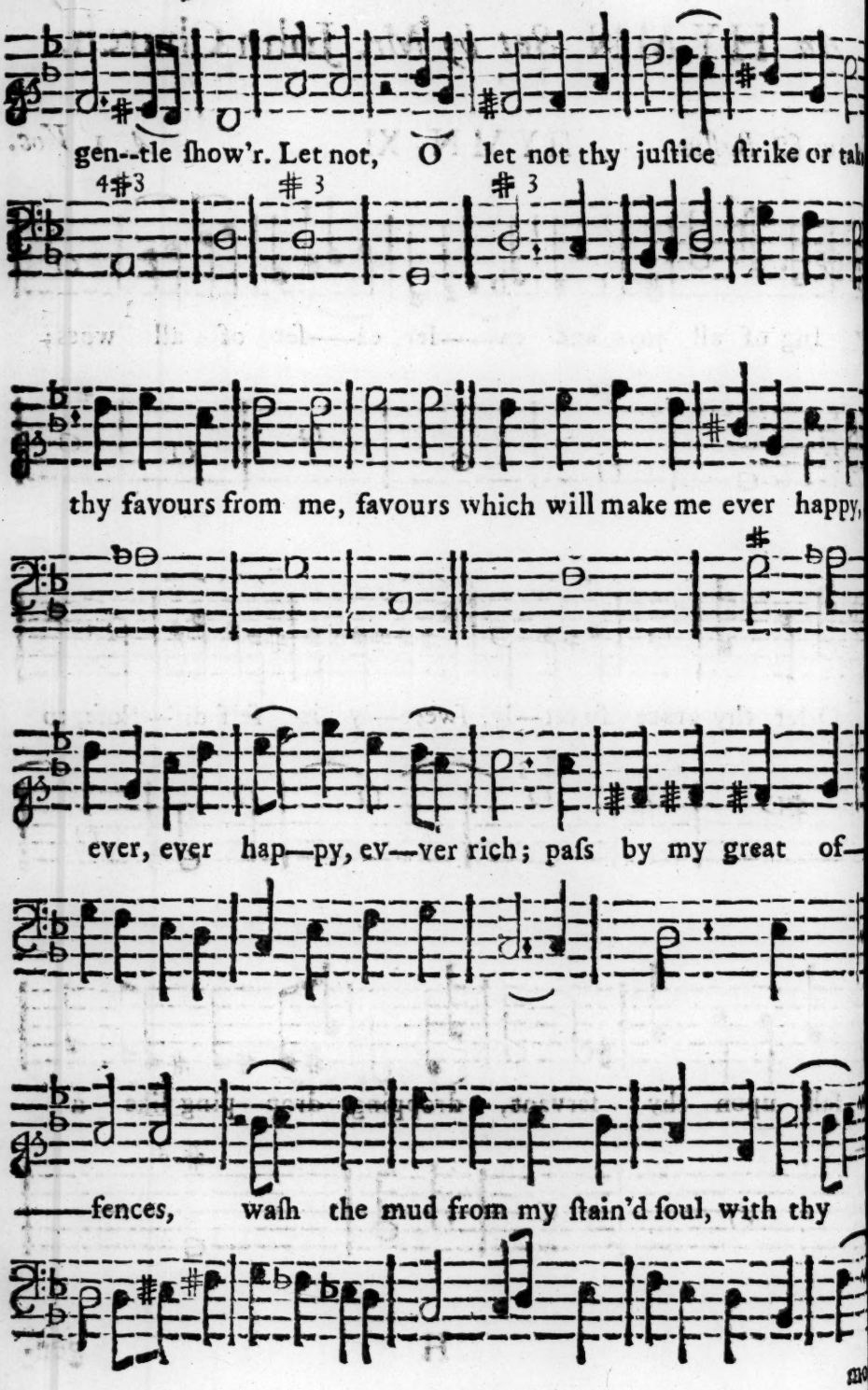
Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord,
who giv'ſt to all things breath :
Glory to Thee, Eternal Word,
who ſav'ſt us by thy death.

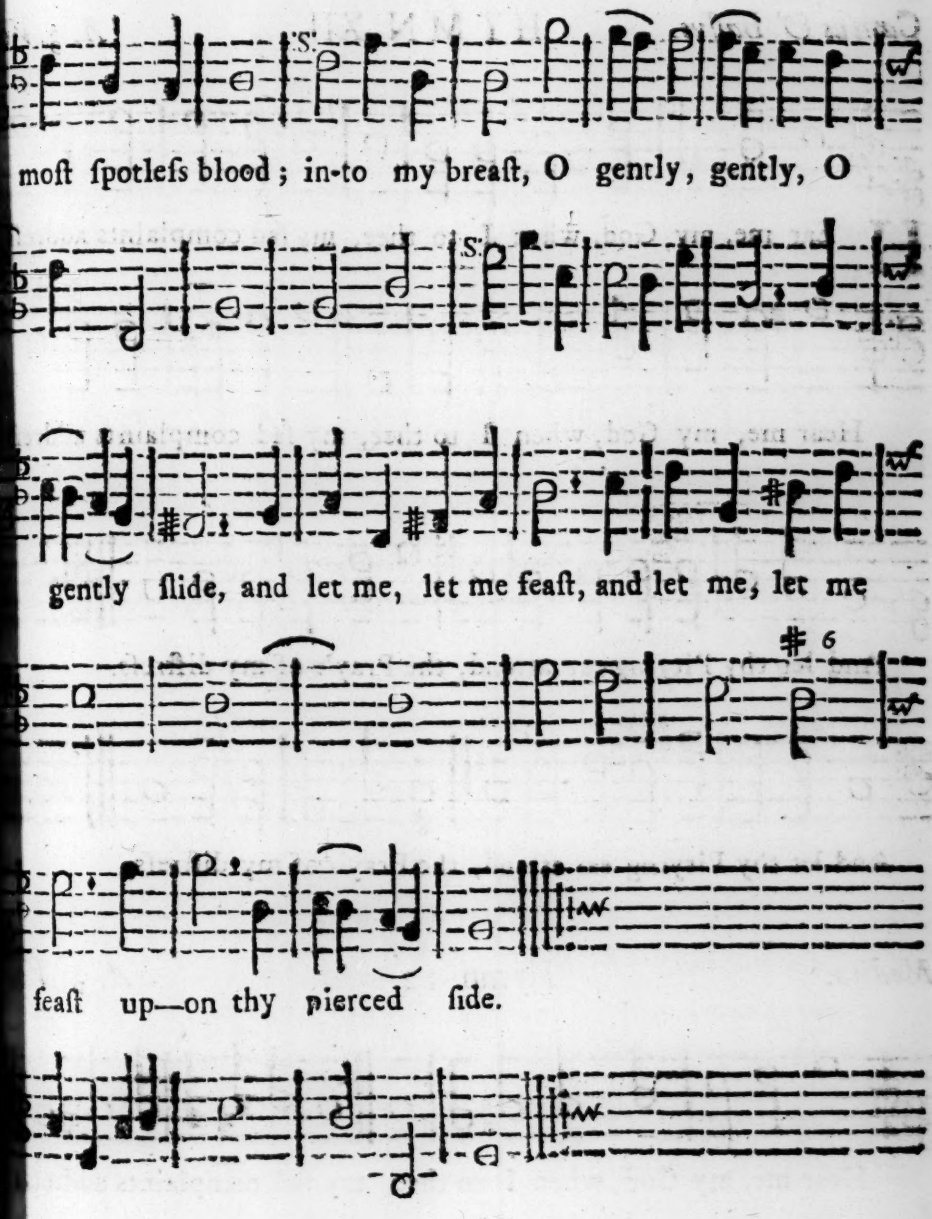
Glory, O Bleſſed Spirit to Thee,
who fill'ſt our hearts with love:
Glory to all the Trinity,
who reign one God above.

An HYMN *Set by Mr.* John Church.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XI. *A.* 1. *Voc.*

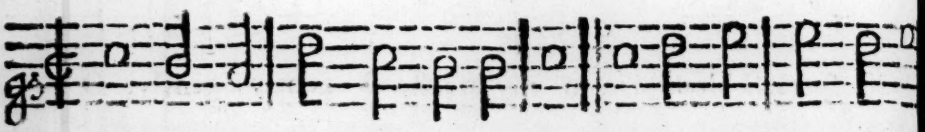



gen--tle ſhow'r. Let not, O let not thy juſtice ſtrike or tak
thy favours from me, favours which will make me ever happy,
ever, ever hap—py, ev—ver rich; paſs by my great of—
——fences, waſh the mud from my ſtain'd ſoul, with thy

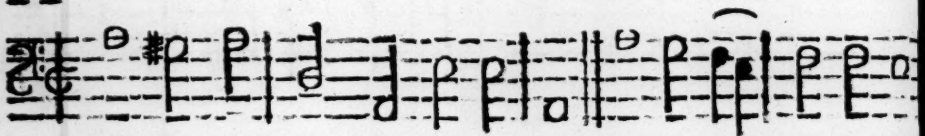

moſt ſpotleſs blood; in-to my breaſt, O gently, gently, O
gently ſlide, and let me, let me feaſt, and let me, let me
feaſt up—on thy pierced ſide.

An HYMN *Set by Dr.* Crofts, *for Three Voices.*

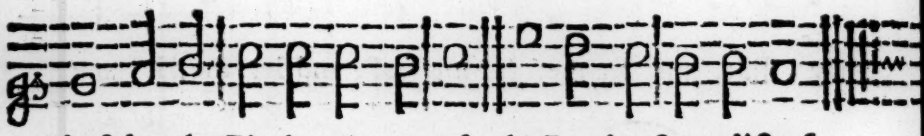
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XII. *A. 3. Vo*



HEar me, my God, when I to thee, my ſad complaints addreſs



Hear me, my God, when I to thee, my ſad complaints addreſs

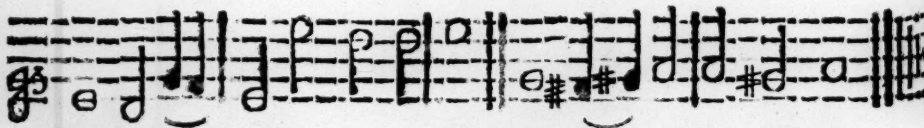


And let thy Pitying ear attend, the Pray'r of my diſtreſs.

And let thy Pitying ear attend, the Pray'r of my diſtreſs.

Medius. Hymn 12 *A. 3. Vo*

Hear me, my God, when I to thee, my ſad complaints addreſs



And let thy pitying ear attend, the Pray'r of my diſtreſs.

Di

Driven to the lands extremeſt Point,
with heart o'rewhelm'd, I cry,
O Lead me to that Rock of hope,
that higher is than I.

For Thou haſt been my ſure retreat
in days of threatning woe:
And a ſtrong Tow'r againſt the force
of my prevailing foe.

I in thy Secret courts will keep
perpetual Reſidence:
And under covet of Thy wings
repoſe my confidence.

For to Thy gracious ear my vows
with all acceptance came:
And thou haſt given me the reward
of thoſe that fear Thy name.

By Thee confirm'd the King ſhall ſee
his happy days increaſe:
And his bleſt years to ages grow,
crown'd with enduring Peace.

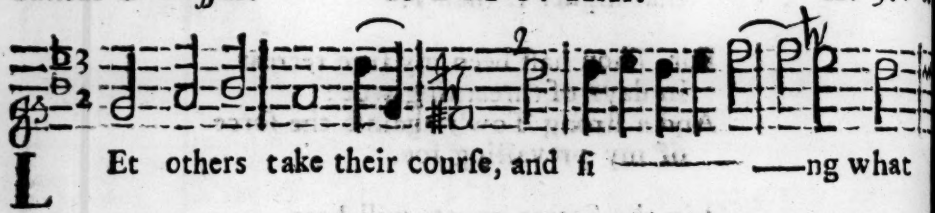
He in Thy favour ſhall remain,
till time ſhall have an end:
O let Thy mercies ſuccour him,
and Thy firm truth defend!

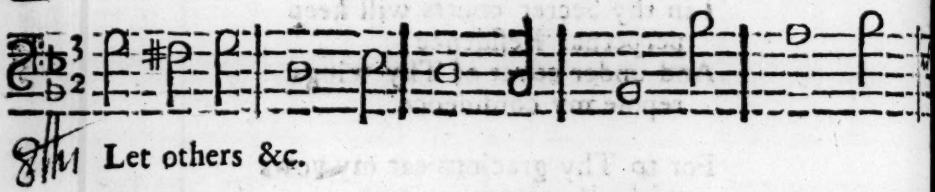
So I Thine exalted Praiſe,
in thankful Songs proclaim,
And every day my vows perform,
In honour of Thy Name.

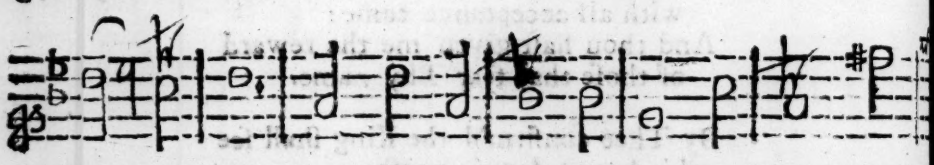
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and ſhall be ſtill,
to all Eternity.

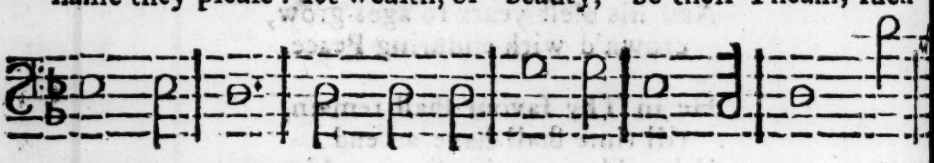
An HYMN *for Three Voices.*

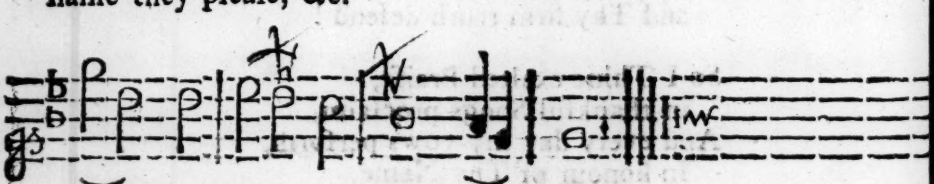
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XIII. *A. 3. Voc*

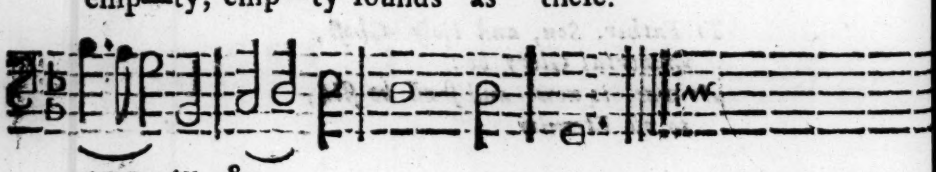




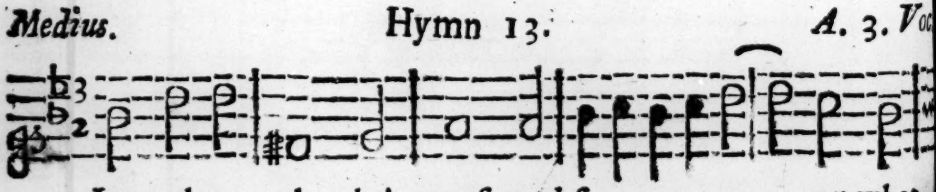


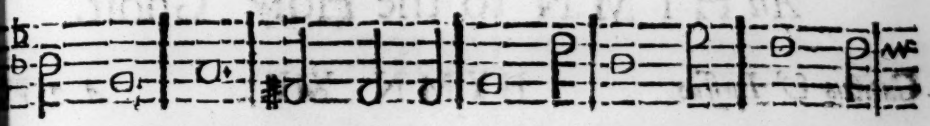




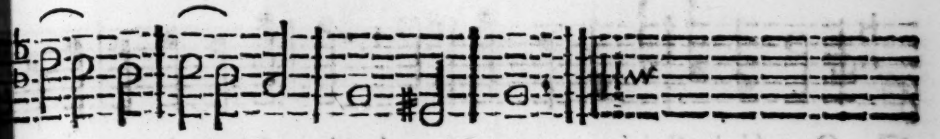


Medius. Hymn 13. *A. 3. Voc*





name they pleaſe: let wealth, or beauty, be their Theam, ſuch



emp—ty, emp—ty ſounds as theſe.

For me, I'll ne'er admire
a lump of burniſht Clay:
How e're it ſhines, it is but Duſt,
and ſhall to duſt decay.

Sweet *Jeſus* is the Name
my Song ſhall ſtill adore:
Sweet *Jeſus* is the Charming word
that does my life reſtore.

When I am dead in grief;
or, which is worſe, in ſin,
I call on *Jeſus*, and he hears,
and I to live begin.

Down then, down both my Knees
moſt humbly to the ground;
While with mine Eyes, and voice lift up,
aloud theſe lines I ſound:

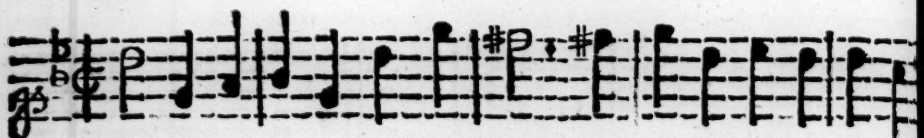
Live Glorious King of Heav'n,
by all in Heav'n ador'd:
Live gracious Saviour of the World,
our Chief and only Lord.

Live, and forever may
Thy Throne eſtabliſh'd be:
Forever may all hearts and tongues
ſing Hymns of Praiſe to Thee.

An HYMN to the Holy Ghoſt.

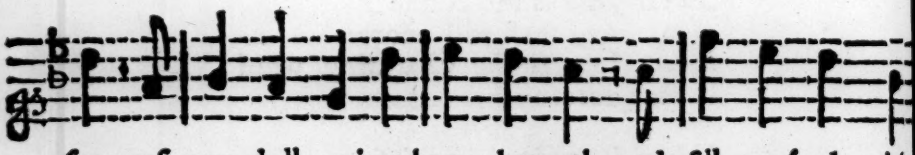
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XIV. *A. 2. V*

Slow.



COme Holy Spirit, come and breath, thy ſpicy odours on the

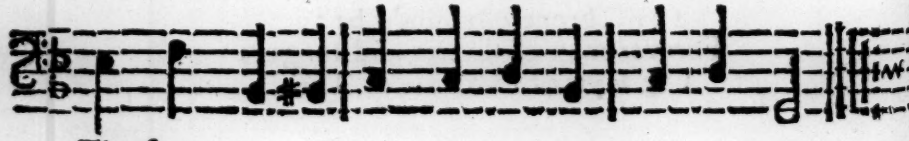
Come &c.



face, of our dull region here beneath, and fill our ſouls with

face &c.

Thy ſweet grace, and fill our ſouls with thy ſweet grace.



Thy &c.

Co

Come and root out the poyſonous weeds,
Which over run and choke our lives:
And in our hearts plant thine one ſeeds,
Whoſe quickning pow'r our ſpir't revives.
Whoſe quickning pow'r, &c.

Firſt plant the humble Violet there,
That dwells ſecure, by dwelling low:
Then let the Lilly next appear.
And make us chaſt, yet fruitful too.
And make, &c.

But, O plant all the virtues, Lord!
And let the Metaphors alone:
Repeat once more that mighty word,
Thou need'ſt but ſay, let it be done.
Thou need'ſt, &c.

We can, alaſs! nor be, nor grow,
Unleſs thy pow'rful mercy pleaſe:
Thy hand muſt plant, and water too,
Thy hand alone muſt give th' increaſe:
Thy hand, &c.

Do, then, what thou alone can'ſt do,
Do what to thee, ſo eaſie is:
Conduct us through this world of woe,
And place us ſafe in thine own bliſs,
And place, &c.

PSALM C. *To the foregoing Tune.*

BE glad, rejoyce, and be not dumb,
But proud to ſerve ſo grear a King:
Before his preſence humbly come,
And as you come, be ſure to Sing.

Know that our Lord is God alone,
We did not make our ſelves, but he:
He for his people us doth own;
Our ſhepard's God; his flocks are we.

With thanks and praiſe his temple tread,
With grateful Songs his palace fill;
His bleſſed name with praiſes ſpread,
And for his love be thankful ſtill.

For God you all have found is good,
His mercies ev'ry age doth taſte;
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſtill ſhall ſtand and time out laſt.

In joyful accents raiſe your voice,
Ye lands that on the globe do lie,
And in the praiſe of God rejoyce.
Upon thoſe errands Angels fly.

Another Pſalm to the ſame Tune, being a New Tranſlation

PSALM CIV.

MY ſoul, the great God's praiſes ſing,
Incircled round with glories wing:
Cloathed with light o'er whom the Sky,
Hangs like a ſtarry Canopy.

Who dwells upon the gliding ſtreams,
Enamell'd with his golden beams:
Enthron'd in Clouds, as in a chair,
He rides in triumph through the air.

The Winds and flaming Element,
Are on his great Embaſſage ſent:
The Fabrick of the earth doth ſtand,
For aye, built with Thy powerful hand.

The floods that with their watry robe,
Once cover'd all this earthly Globe:
Soon as Thy thund'ring voice was heard,
Fled faſt, and ſtreight the Hills appear'd.

The humble Valleys ſaw the Sun,
Whilſt the affrighted waters run
Into their Chanels, and no more
Shall drown the earth, or paſs their ſhore.

Along thoſe Vails, the cool Springs flow,
And waſh the Mountains feet below;
Thither for drink the whole Herd ſtrays,
There the wild Aſs his thirſt allays.

And on the Boughs that ſhade the Spring,
The feather'd Quire ſhall ſit and ſing:
When on her womb thy dew is ſhed,
The Pregnant Earth is brought to bed.

And with a fruitful birth encreaſt,
Yields herbs, and graſs for man and beaſt:
Heart ſtrenght'ning bread, care drowning Wine,
And Oil that makes the face to ſhine.

On *Labanan* his Cedars ſtand,
Trees full of ſap, works of his hands:
In them the birds their neſts do build,
The Fir-tree with the ſtork is fill'd.

The wild Goats on the Hills, in Cells,
Of Rocks the Hermet-Coney dwells:
The Moon obſerves her courſe, the Sun
Know when her weary race is done.

And when the night, his dark veil ſpreads,
The wilder Beaſts forſakſt they ſhades:
The hungry Lyons hunt for blood,
And roaring beg their food from God.

The Sun returns, theſe beaſts of prey,
Fly to their dens, and from the day,
And whilſt they all in dark caves lurk,
Man till the Evening plies his work.

How full of creatures is the earth,
To which thy wiſdom gave their birth?
And thoſe that in the wide Sea breed,
The bounds of Number far exceed.

There the huge Whale with finny feet,
Dance underneath the ſailling fleet:
All theſe expect their nouriſhment
From thee, and gether what is ſent.

Be thy hand open, they are fed;
Be thy face hid, aſtoniſhed:
If thou withdraw their breath, they muſt
Return into their former duſt.

If thou ſend back Thy breath, the face
Of th' earth is ſpread with a new race:
God's glory ſhall for ever ſtay,
He ſhall with joy his works ſurvey.

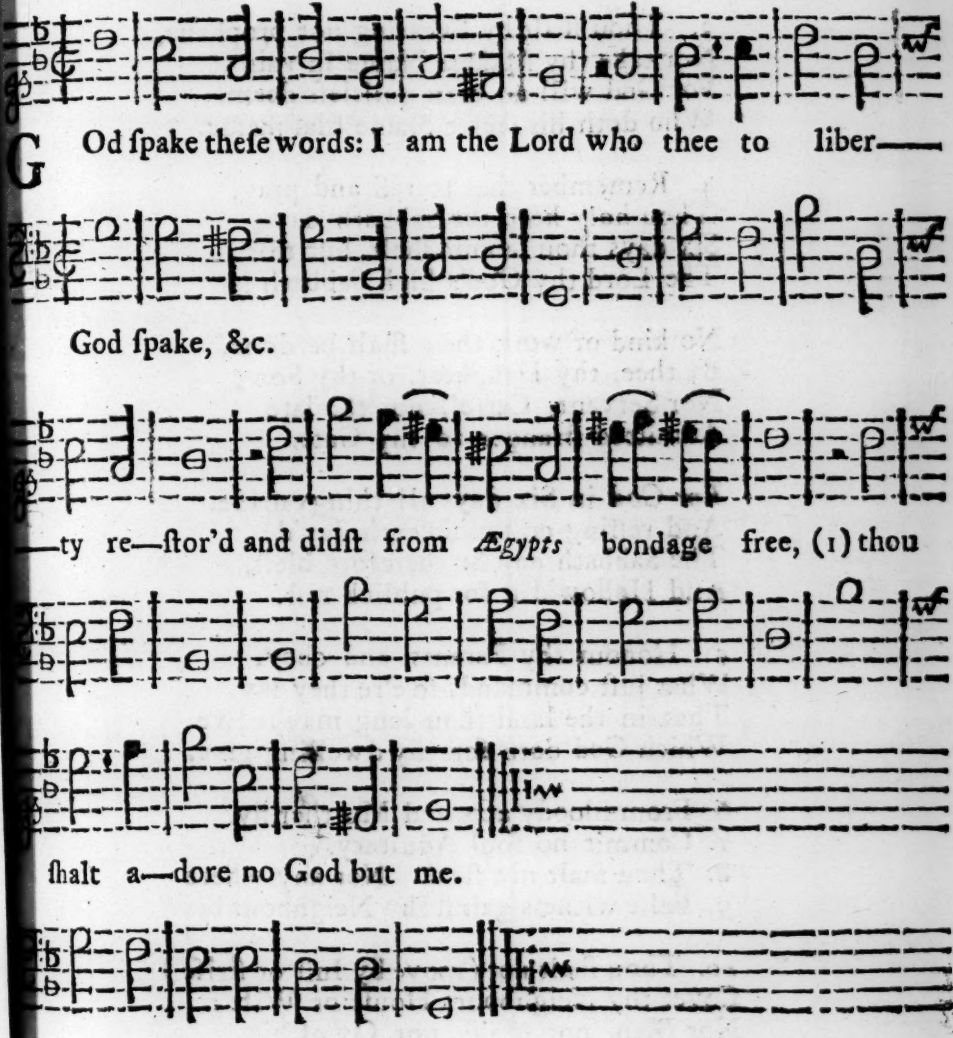
The ſtedfaſt earth ſhall ſhake if he
Look down, and if the mountains be
Touch'd they ſhall ſmoke, yet ſtill my verſe
Shall while I live his praiſe rehearſe.

In him with joy my thoughts ſhall meet,
He makes my meditation ſweet:
The ſinners ſhall appear no more,
Then O my ſoul, the Lord adore.

All Glory be to God alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity:
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ſtill forever be.

The Ten Command. *Set by* Mr. J. Church.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XV. *A. 2. Voc.*



2. Thou ſhalt no graven Image make,
Nor any other likeneſs take
In Heav'n, or Earth, or Seas below,
To which thou may'ſt fall down and bow.

For, Jealous of mine Honour, I
Unto the fourth poſterity;
Viſit the Children for the ſin,
Which hath by Father acted been.

Yet

Yet I my mercies heap in ſtore,
For thouſand Generations more;
Of them that love me, whoſe intents
Walk after my Commandments.

3. Thou ſhalt by ſwearing not prophane,
Nor take thy Makers Name in vain,
For God will no man guiltleſs deem,
Who doth his ſecret Name blaſpheme.

4. Remember that to reſt and pray,
Thou holy keep the Sabbath day;
Six days thou labour ſhalt, but this,
The Lord thy God's high Sabbath is.

No kind of work then ſhall be done.
By thee, thy Daughter, or thy Son;
Nor Servant, Cattel, nor the late
Admitted ſtranger to thy Gate.

For God in Six days all things made,
And reſting on the ſeventh ſtay'd:
The Sabbath day he therefore bleſt,
And Hollow'd it for publick reſt.

5. Honour thy Parents, and obey,
What juſt commands ſo e're they lay,
That in the land thou long may'ſt live,
Which God doth for thy dwelling give.

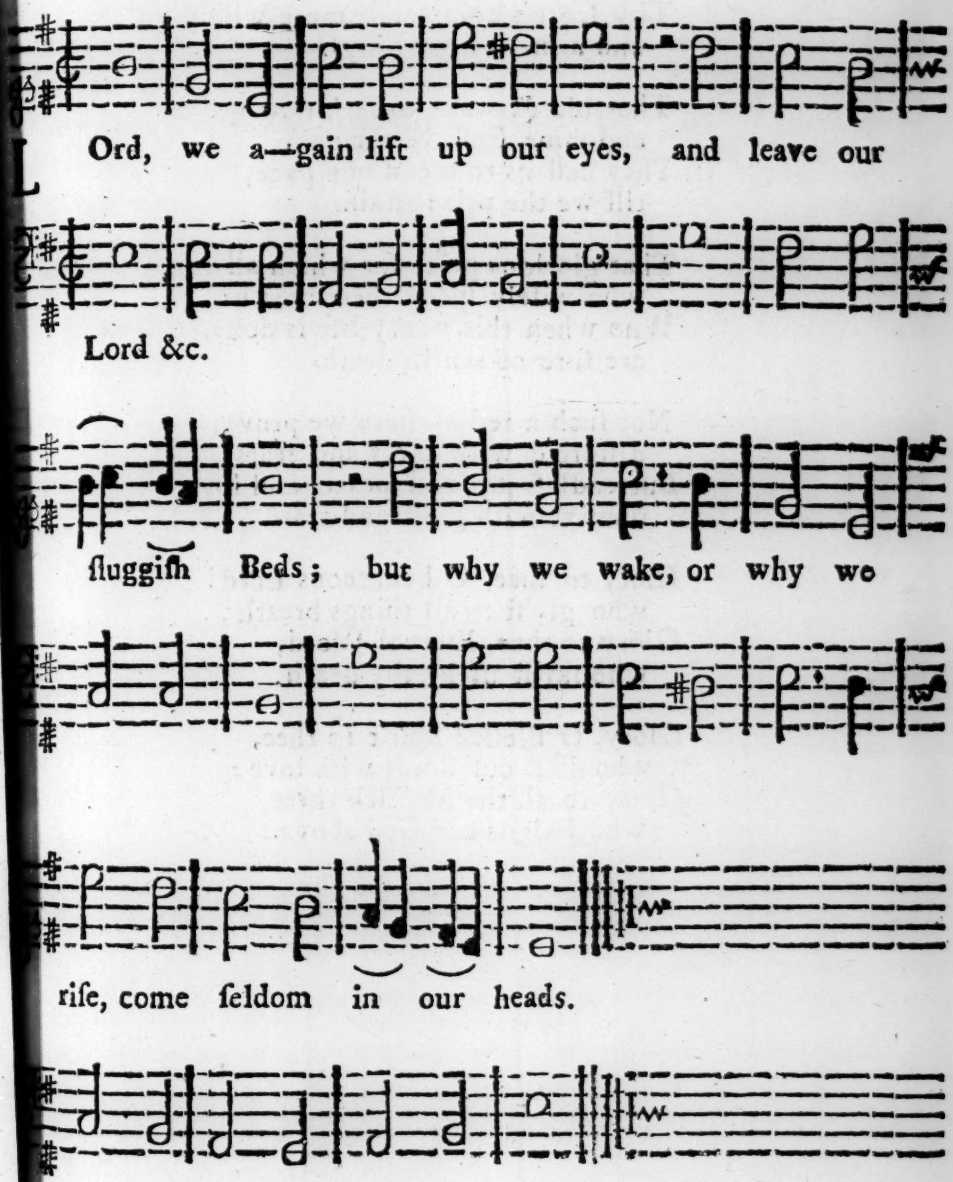
6. From bloody acts and Murther fly.
7. Commit no foul Adultery.
8. Thou ſhalt not ſteal. Nor any where
9. Falſe witneſs 'gainſt thy Neighbour bear.

10. Thou ſhalt not (move by luſt or ſtrife)
Covet thy Neighbours Houſe or Wife:
Nor Man, nor Maid, nor Ox of his,
Nor what to him belonging is.

O Lord have mercy, and incline,
Our minds to keep theſe Laws of thine:
Write thy Commandments in our hearts,
That we from them may ne'er depart.

An HYMM *Set by Mr.* John Church.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XVI. *A. 2. Voc.*



It is to ſwet, and toyl for wealth,
or ſport our time away:
That thou preſerv'ſtus ſtill in health,
and giv'ſt us this new day.

No, no unskilful ſoul, not ſo,
be not deceiv'd with toys:
Thy Lord's commands more wiſely go,
and aim at higher joys.

They bid us wake to ſeek new grace,
and ſome freſh vertue gain:
They call us to mend our pace,
till we the prize attain.

That glorious prize for which all run,
who wiſely ſpend their breath:
Who when this weary life is done,
are ſure of reſt in death.

Not ſuch a reſt as here we prove,
diſturb'd with cares and fears
But endleſs joy, and peace, and love,
unmixt with greif and tears.

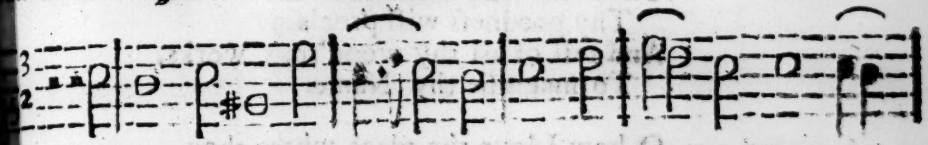
Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord!
who giv'ſt to all things breath,
Glory to thee, Eternal Word,
who ſav'ſt us by thy death.

Glory, O Bleſſed Spir't to thee,
who fill'ſt our Souls with love:
Glory to all the Myſtick three,
who Reigns one God above.

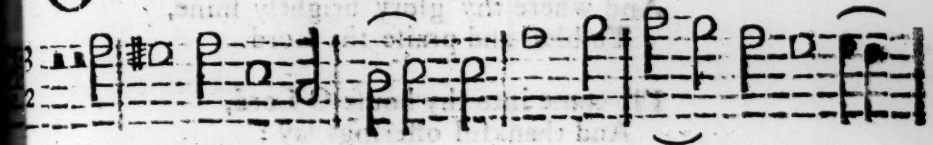
This Hymn *and the following three* Pſalms,

Sett by Doctor Crofts.

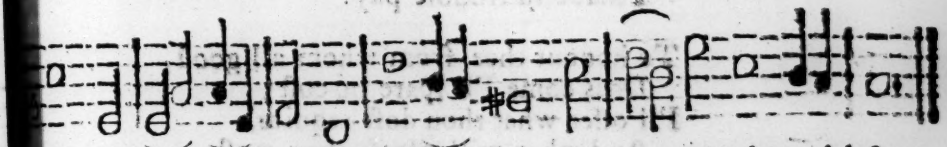
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN XVII. *A. 3. Voc.*



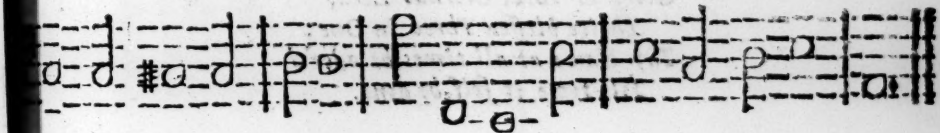
O Lord, now I the fa—vour have, within thy Courts t'ap—



O Lord, &c.

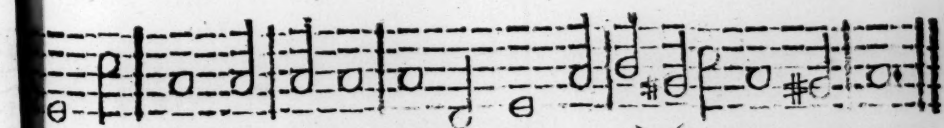


pear; before thy preſence I'll fall down, and worſhip thee with fear.



Medius. Hymn 17. *A. 3. Voc.*

O Lord, now I the fa—vour have, within thy Courts t'ap—



pear; before thy preſence I'll fall down, and worſhip thee with fear.

In innocence I'll waſh my hands,
And to thine alter go;
With heart and voice I will give thanks,
Thy wond'rous works I'll ſhow.

Then I a loud with cheerful voice,
Thy goodneſs will proclain:
And tell of all thy wond'rous works,
To magnifie thy Name.

O how I love the place where thou,
Thy preſence doſt afford;
And where thy glory brightly ſhine,
To bleſs and praiſe the Lord.

I'll come into thy houſe O Lord,
And thankful offerings lay:
Before thine Altar and the vows,
I made in trouble pay.

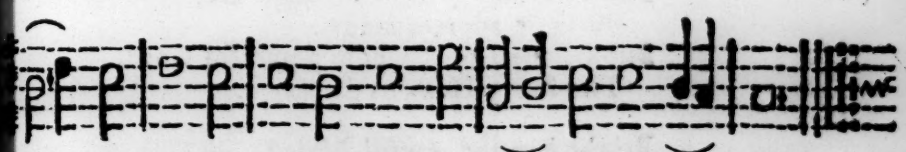
To honour thee, from whom all good,
Does come I'll ſpare no coſt;
I'll offer what thou doſt require,
And what will pleaſe thee moſt.

Glory to thee, Eternal Lord,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One;
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done.

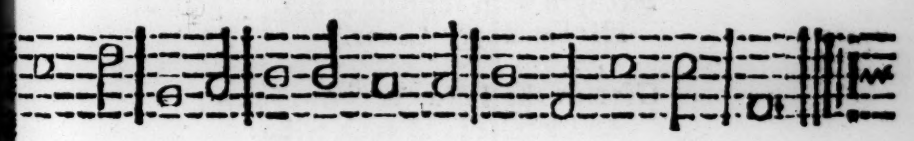
tus & Baſſus. **PSALM XCVI.** A. 3. Voc.

Ing to the Lord, th' eternal God ; Songs new-compoſed ſing: Let

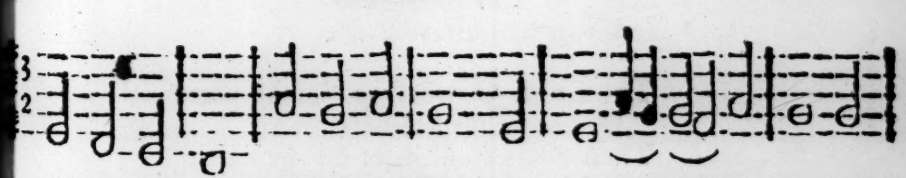
Sing to the Lord, &c.



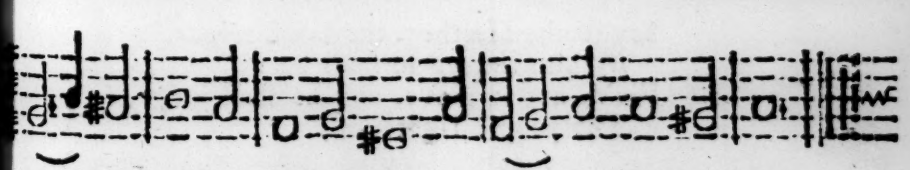
the vaſt circuit of the Earth a—loud his praiſes ring.



lius. **Pſalm 96.** *A. 3. Voc.*



Sing to the Lord, th'eternal God; Songs new-compoſed ſing : Let



the vaſt circuit of the Earth a—loud his praiſes ring.

Sing to the Lord, enthron'd on high,
Bleſs his adored Name:
The great ſalvation, he hath wrought,
From day to day proclaim.

The ſplender of his glory to,
Th' admiring Gentiles ſhow:
Let all that people this round Globe,
His mighty wonders know.

The Lord in excellence is great,
And greatly to be prais'd.
His fear ſupream, above the fear,
Of all gods elſe is rais'd.

The Heathen gods, vain Idols are,
By their adorers made:
But 'tis the Lord, whoſe powerful word,
The ſtarry Heav'ns diſplay'd.

Bright honour, awful Majeſty,
Circle his glorious face:
Strength with illuſtrious beauty joyn'd,
His Sanctuary Grace.

Give to the Lord, ye ſons of men,
And kindreds of each tribe:
Immortal Glory; to the Lord,
Glory and ſtrength aſcribe.

Give to the Lord the Glory due,
To his thrice holy Name:
Come to his Courts, and let your gifts,
Upon his Altars flame.

The Lord, O worſhip, in the place,
Of beauteous holineſs:
Their vows to him let all the earth,
With humble fear addreſs.

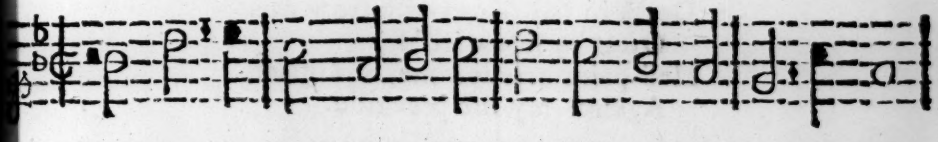
Say to the Heathen, the Lord reigns,
By him the world ſhall be:
Fix'd, not to move, and he ſhall judge,
The people righteouſly.

Let the ſtill rolling ſpheres rejoyce,
The Earth ſhout forth amain;
Let the ſea roar, and whatſoe'er,
Her watry ſtores contain.

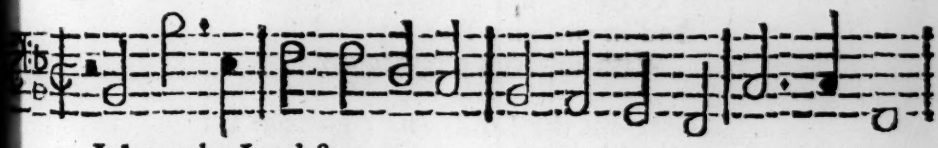
Let the field joyful be, and all
That from the ground doth ſpring:
Then, all the trees of the wild wood,
Before the Lord ſhall ſing.

He comes, he comes to judge the earth,
The world, with juſtice, he
Shall govern; and the people guide,
With truth and Equity.

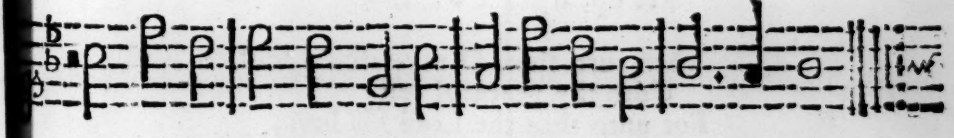
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXVI.** *A. 3. Voc.*



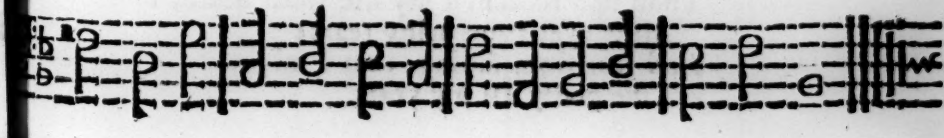
I Love the Lord, becauſe He heard the voice of my Requeſt;



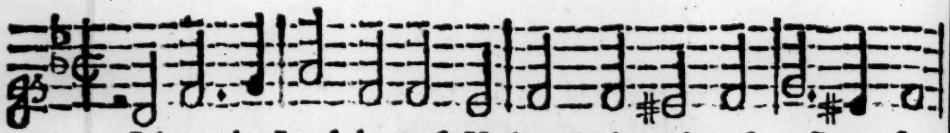
I love the Lord &c.



When I my humble ſuit before His ſacred throne addreſt.



Medius. Pſalm 116. *A. 3. Voc.*



I love the Lord, becauſe He heard, the voice of my Requeſt:

When I my humble ſuit before, His ſacred throne addreſt.

Becauſe he bow'd his gracious Ear,
As long as vital Air;
Supplies my breath, to him will I,
Direct my faithful Pray'r.

Death in ſad ſhapes of ſorrow dreſt,
On ev'ry ſide aſſail'd;
Hell-pains arreſted me, and grief,
Againſt my life prevail'd.

Then I invok'd the Name of God;
O Lord, ſaid I, look down,
And in thy pity free my ſoul,
With miſeries o'rethrown.

Gracious the Lord, and righteous is;
In him full mercies flow;
He keeps the ſimple and hath rais'd
Me up, when I was low.

Then turn thee, O my reſcu'd ſoul,
Uuto thy peaceful reſt:
For unto thee the Lord his love,
In bounty hath expreſt.

Thou haſt redeem'd my life from death,
Mine eyes from briny tears;
And feet from falling, that I might,
Live godly all my years.

God I beliv'd and therefore ſpake;
Great were the woes I bare,
Paſt humane help, in haſt I ſaid,
All men vain lyars are.

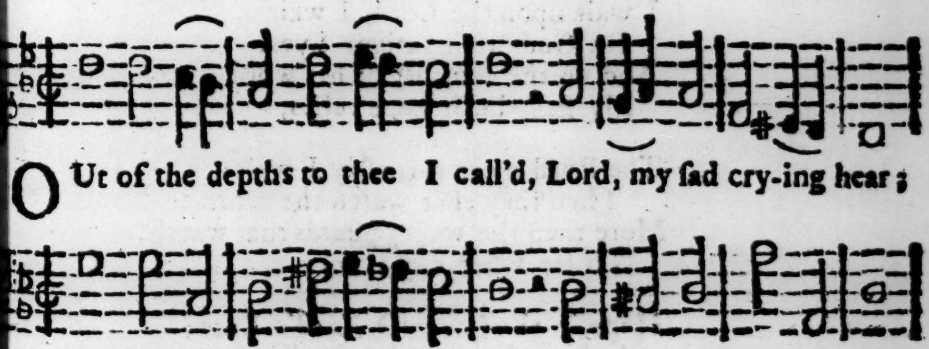
What ſhall I to the Lord for all,
His benefits reſtore;
The Cup of bleſſing I will take.
And his great Name implore.

My vows, I will unto the Lord,
Before the people pay,
Dear in his ſight's the death of ſuch,
As his commands obey.

Thy ſervant and thy Hand-maids ſon
Am I; thy hand hath broke
My bonds: to the will I give thanks,
And thy dread Name invoke.

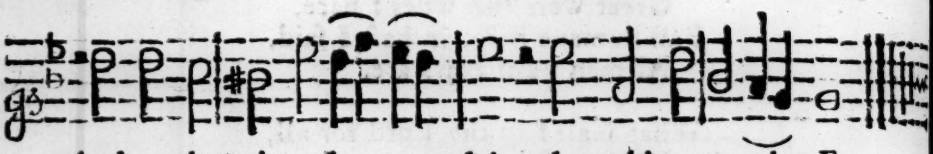
Before the people I will pay,
My vows unto the Lord;
Within his Courts, in midſt of thee,
Bleſt *Salem*! praiſe the Lord.

Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXXX.** *A. 3. Voc.*

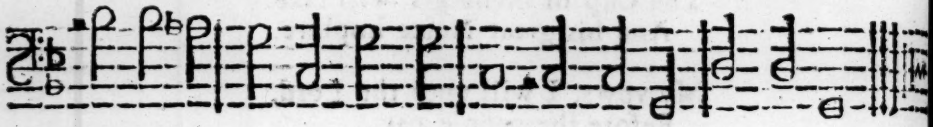


Out of the, &c.

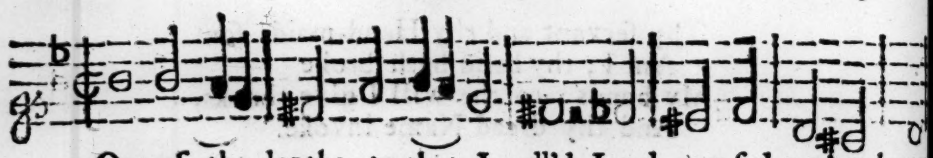
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXXX.** *A. 3. Voc.*



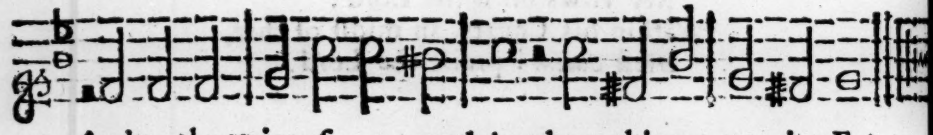
And to the voice of my complaints, bow thine attentive Ear.



Medius. **Pſalm 130.** *A. 3. Voc.*



Out of the depths to thee I call'd, Lord, my ſad crying hear;



And to the voice of my complaints, bow thine at-ten-tive Ear.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely mark our faults,
Who cou'd thy cenſure bear?
But Mercy is with thee, that Men,
Thy ſacred Name may fear.

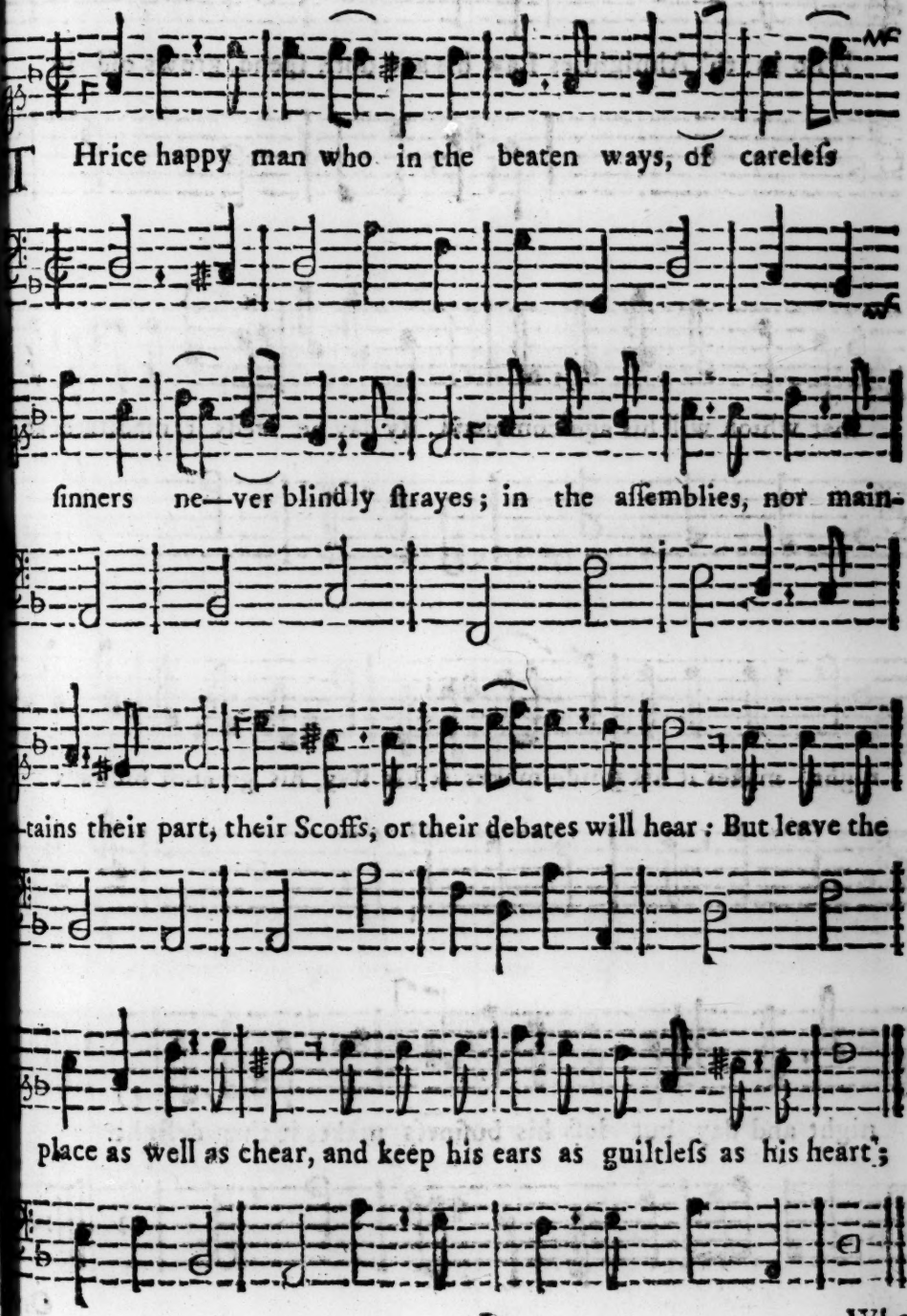
I wait upon the Lord, I wait
On God with patient Eyes:
And on the comfort of his word
My firm-built hope relies,

The Lord more earneſtly I wait,
Then they that watch the morn:
More then the weary guards that watch,
To ſee when day is born.

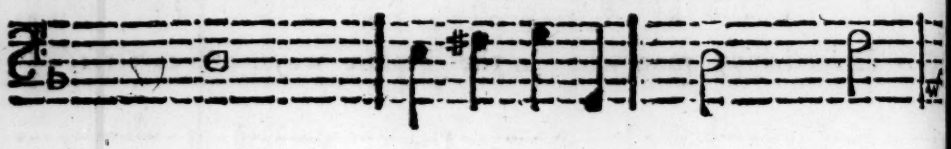
Hope in the Lord, O *Jacob*'s Race;
In him rich mercies dwell,
And full redemption: He from ſin.
Redeems His *Iſrael.*

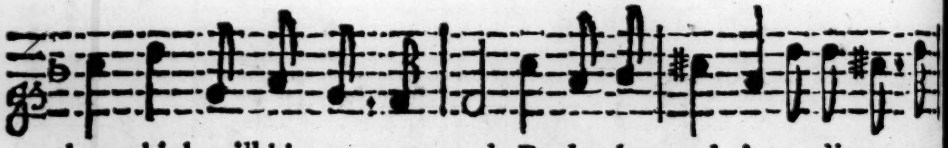
Six Divine Songs, to the Organ, Lute, *or* Viol.

Cantus & Baſſus. PSALN I. *A. 1. Voc.*

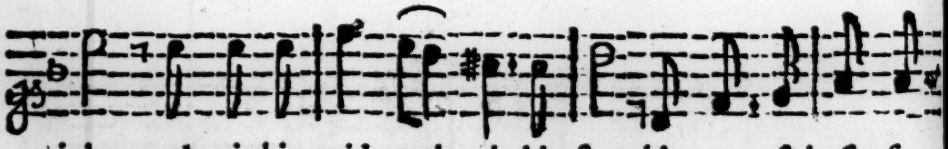


Who in th' Almighties Law his age doth ſpend, grows old in

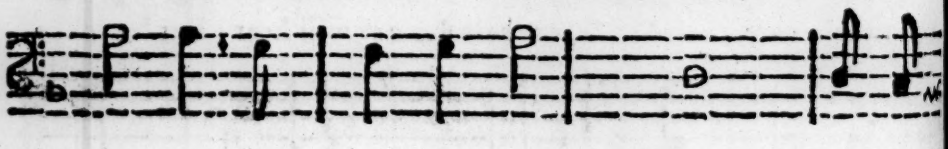




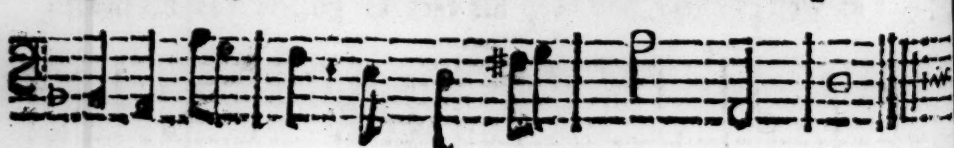
that which will his age commend. By day he reeds it, meditates at



night; makes it his guide makes it his ſtay, his greateſt buſineſs



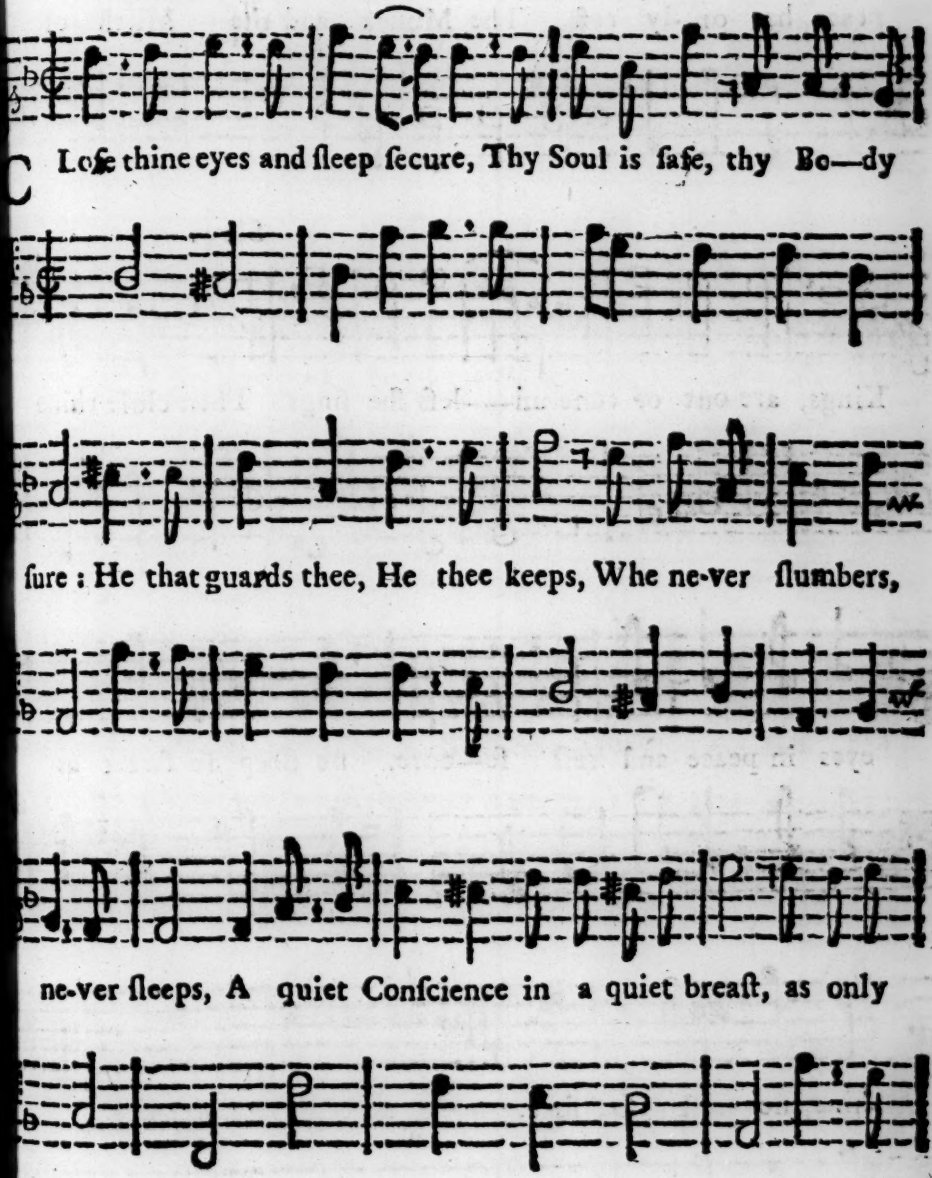
night and day, but leſs his buſineſs makes it than delight.

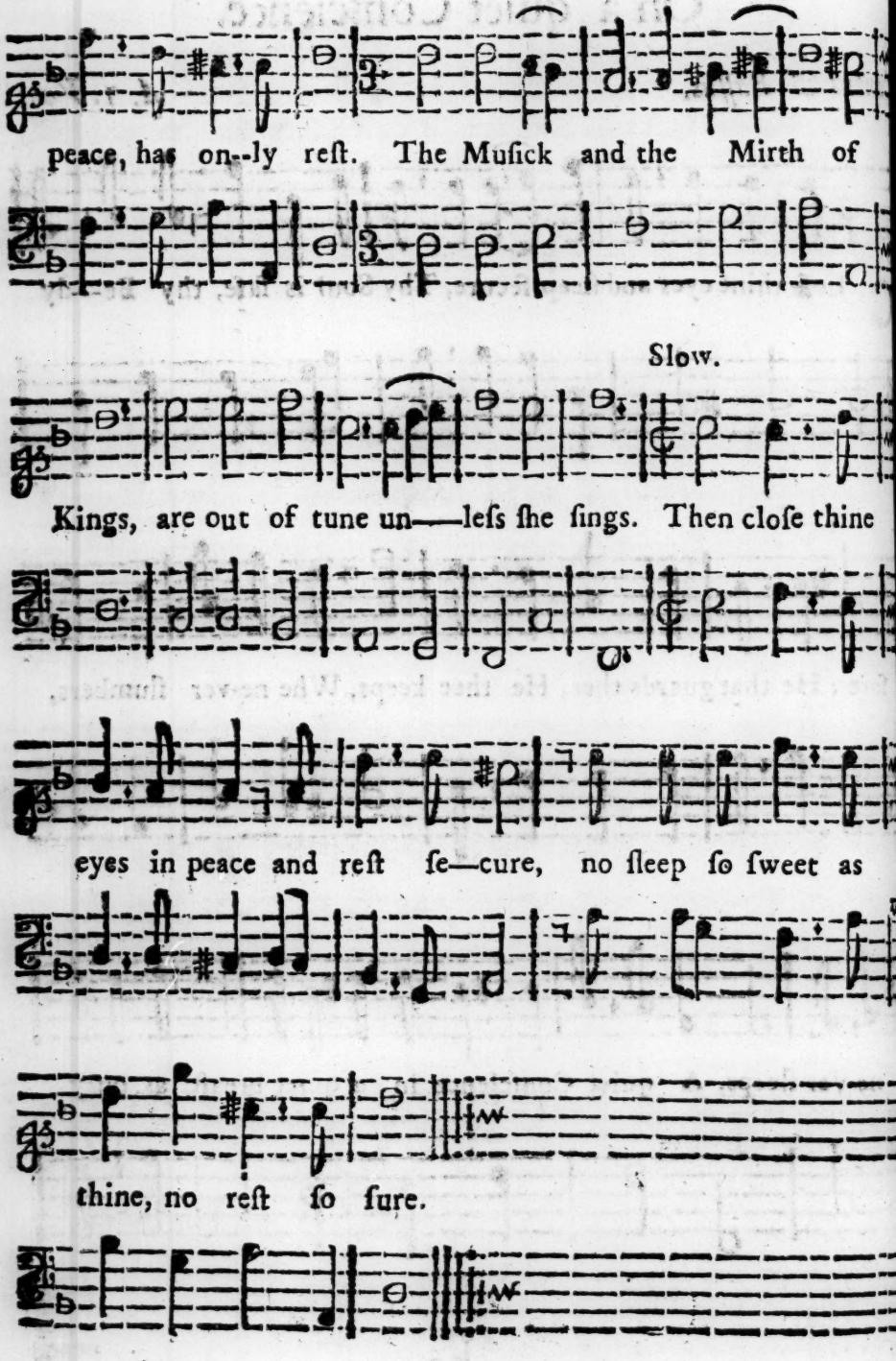


On

On a quiet Conſcience.

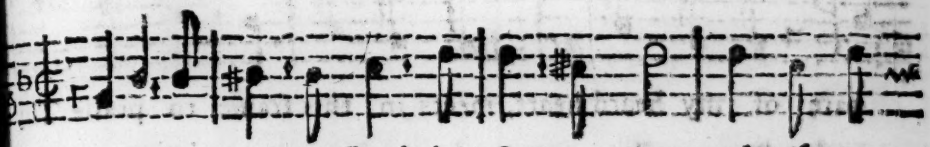
Cantus & Baſſus. *A. 1. Voc.*



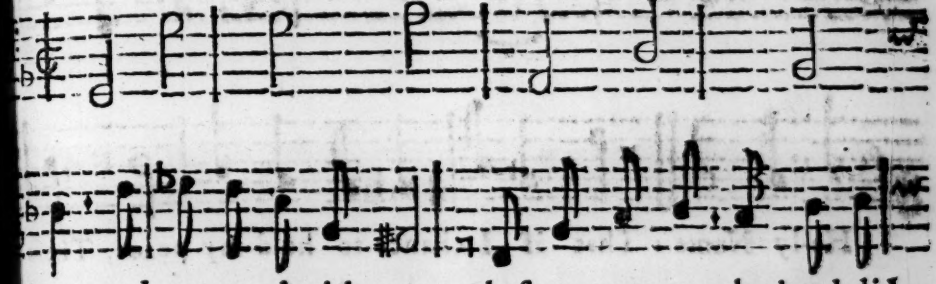

peace, has on--ly reſt. The Muſick and the Mirth of
Slow.
Kings, are out of tune un——leſs ſhe ſings. Then cloſe thine
eyes in peace and reſt ſe—cure, no ſleep ſo ſweet as
thine, no reſt ſo ſure.

The Altar, by Mr. George Herbert.

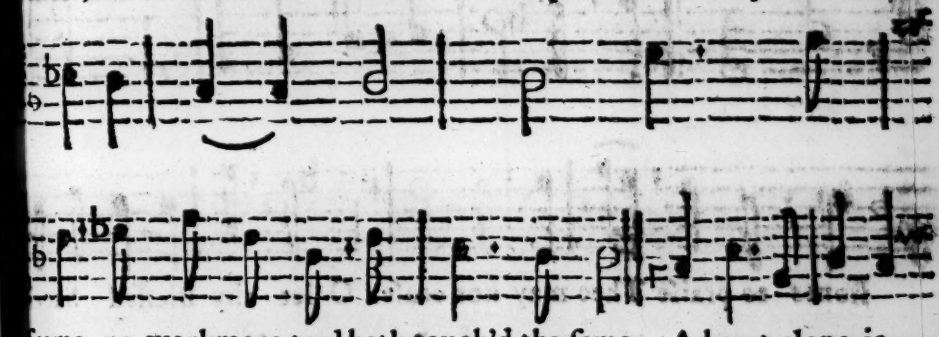
antus & Baſſus. *A. 1. Voc.*



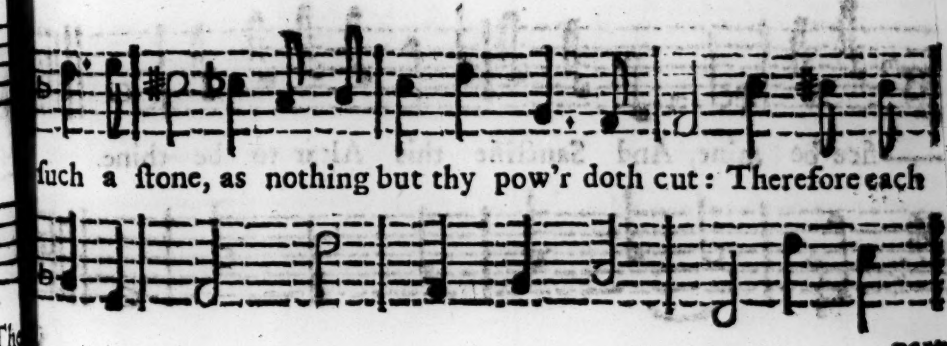
A Broken Al--ter Lord thy ſervant rears, made of a



heart, and cemented with tears: whoſe parts are as thy hand did

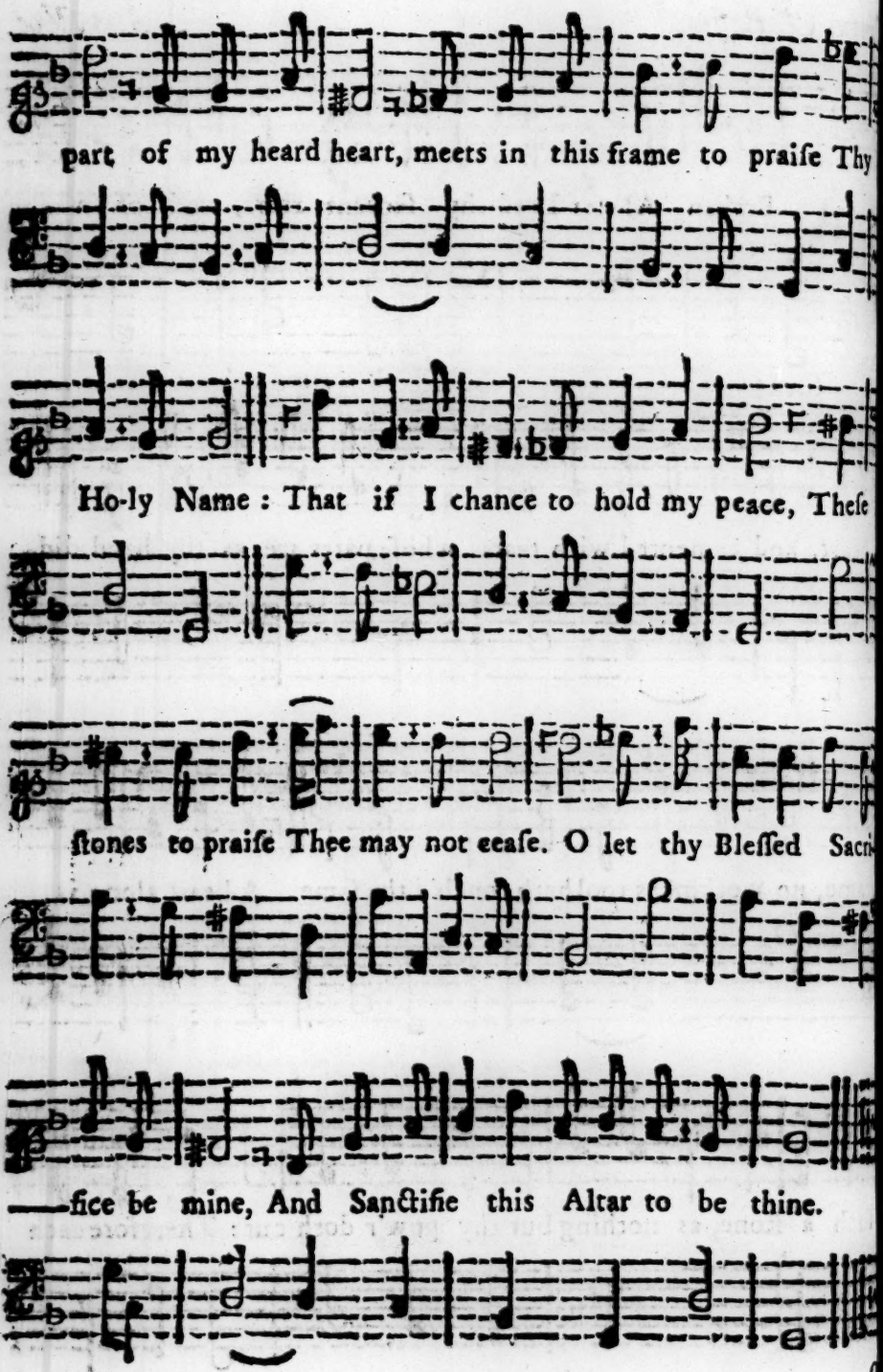


frame, no workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame. A heart alone, is



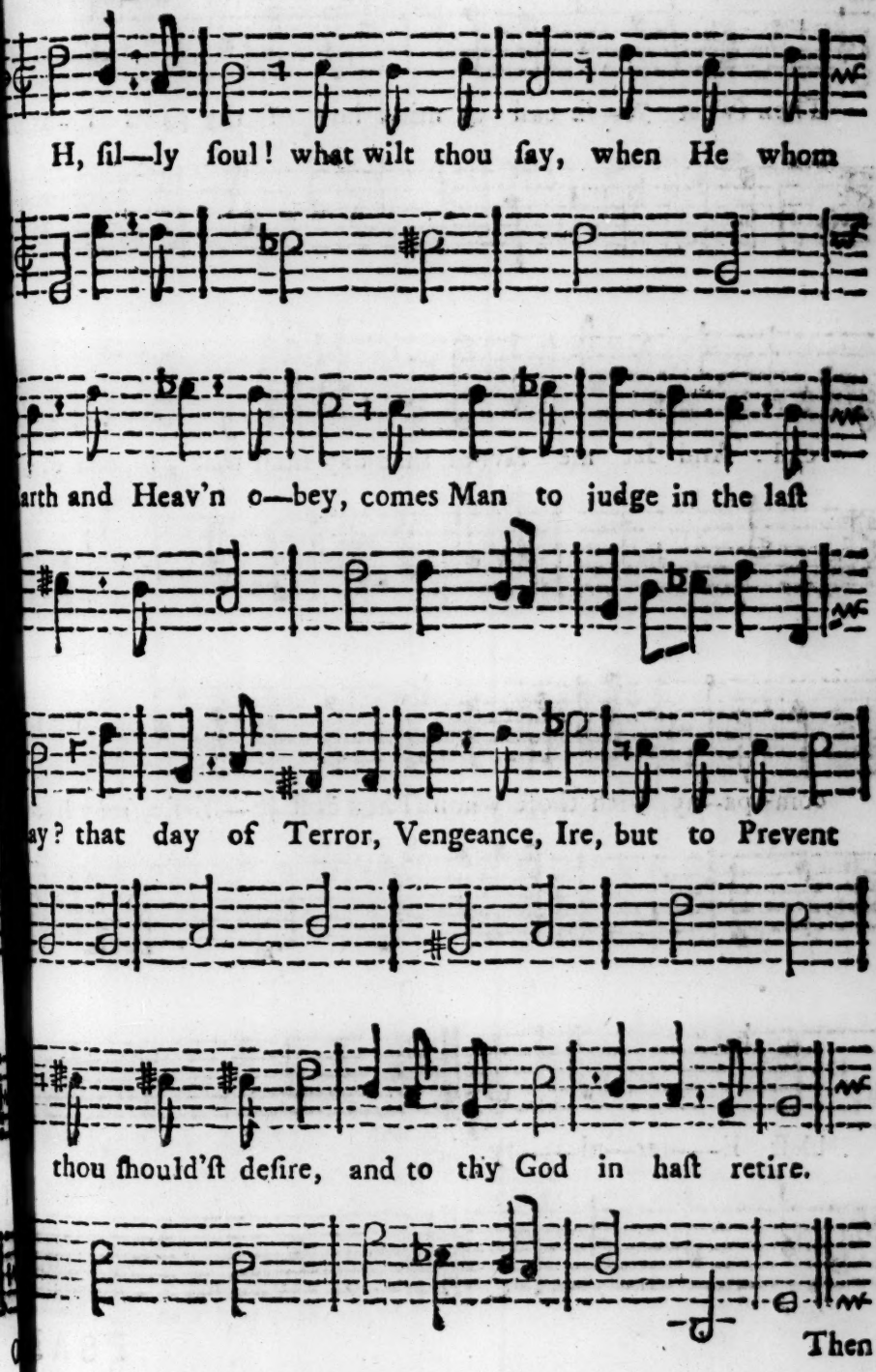
ſuch a ſtone, as nothing but thy pow'r doth cut: Therefore each

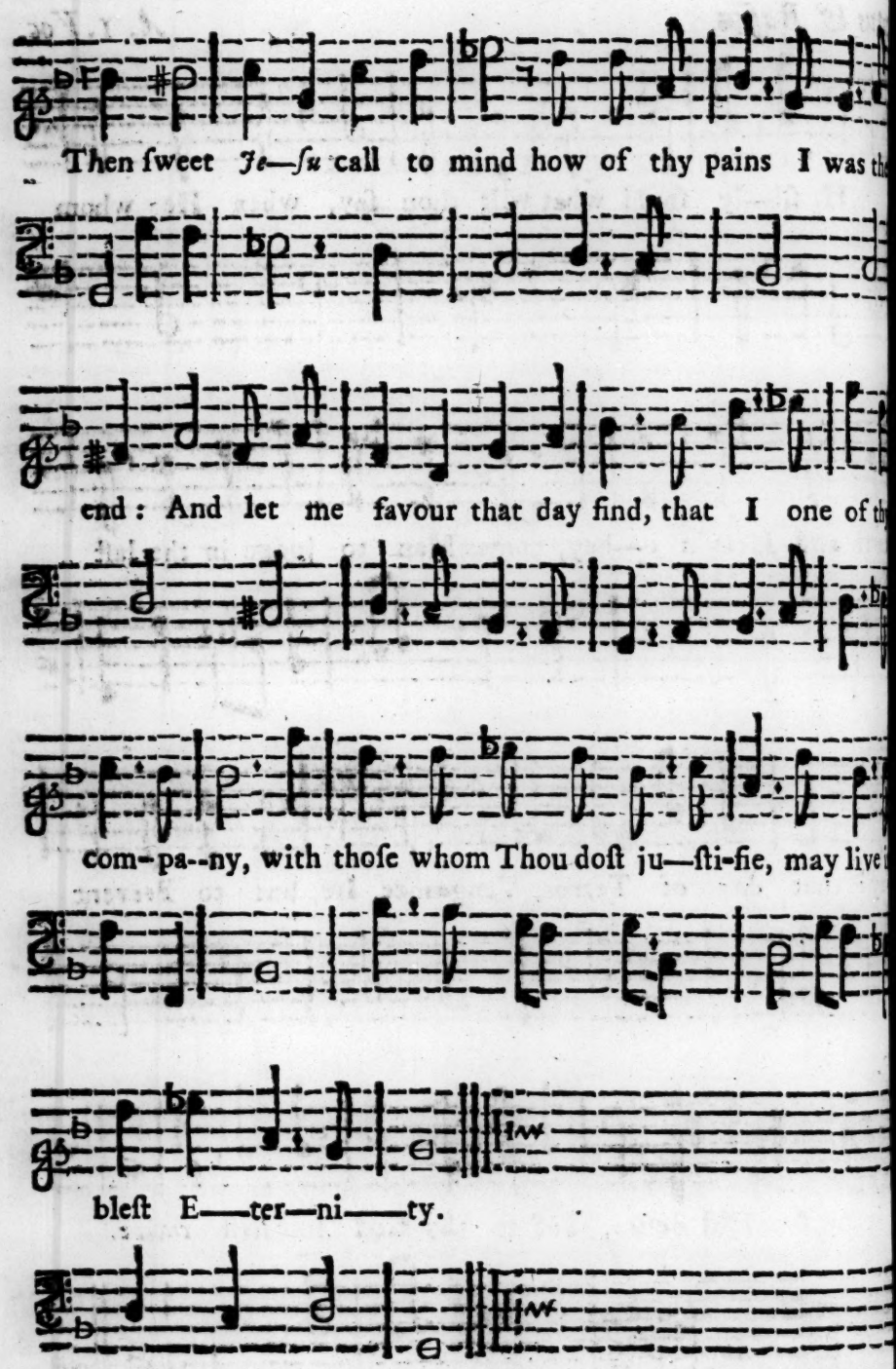
part

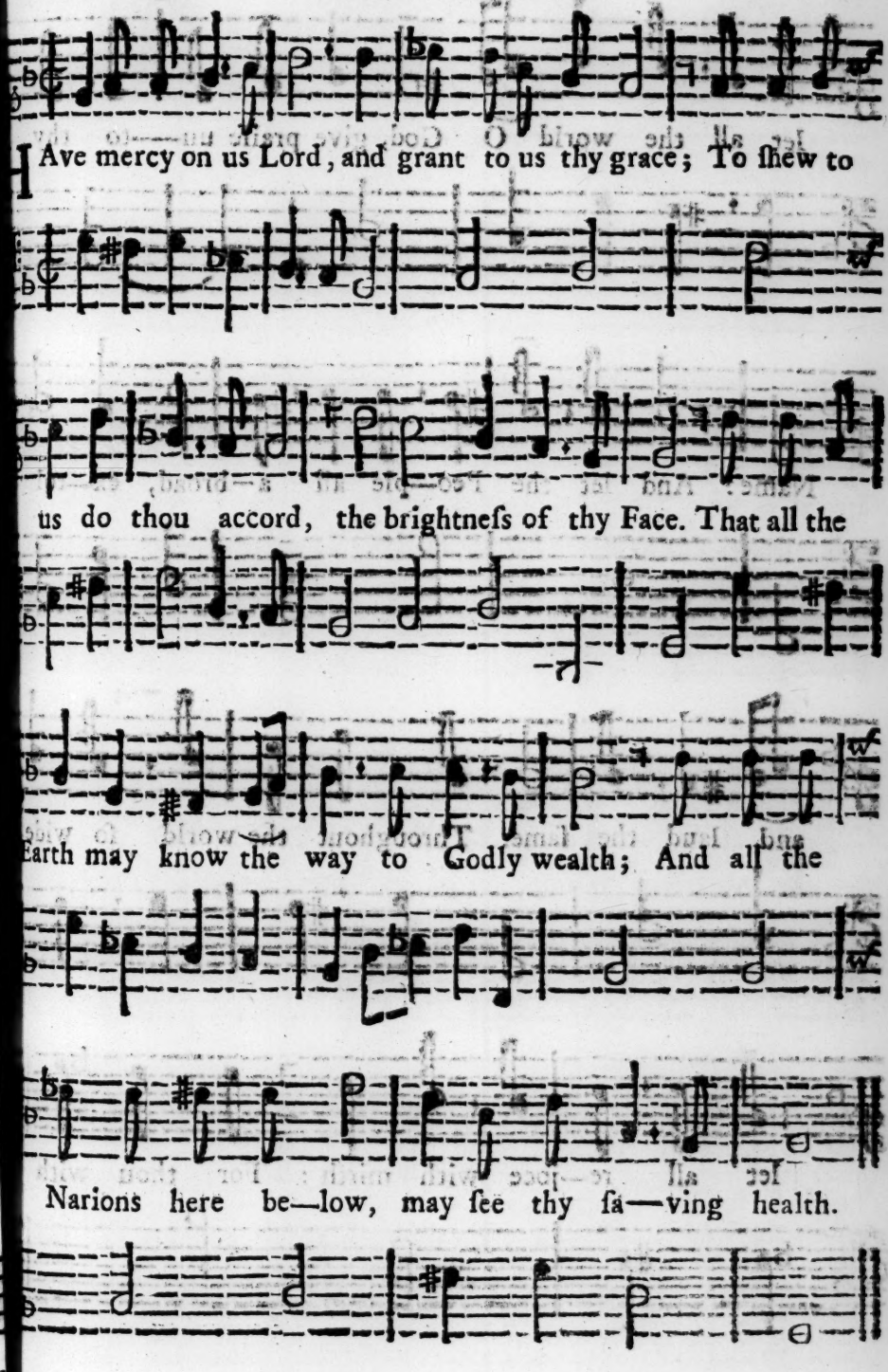

part of my heard heart, meets in this frame to praiſe Thy
Ho-ly Name : That if I chance to hold my peace, Theſe
ſtones to praiſe Thee may not ceaſe. O let thy Bleſſed Sacri-
—fice be mine, And Sanctifie this Altar to be thine.

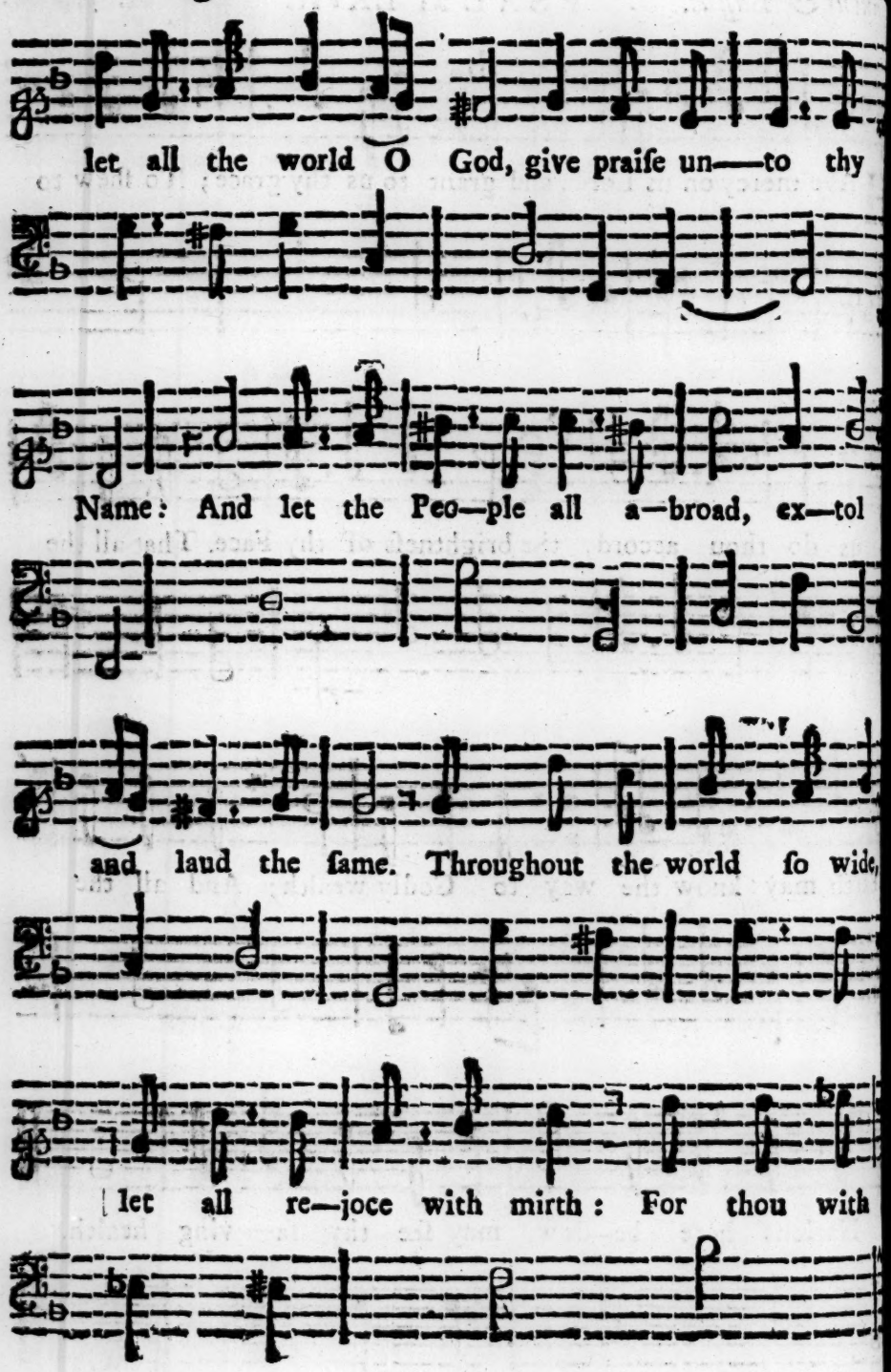
On the Judgment Day.

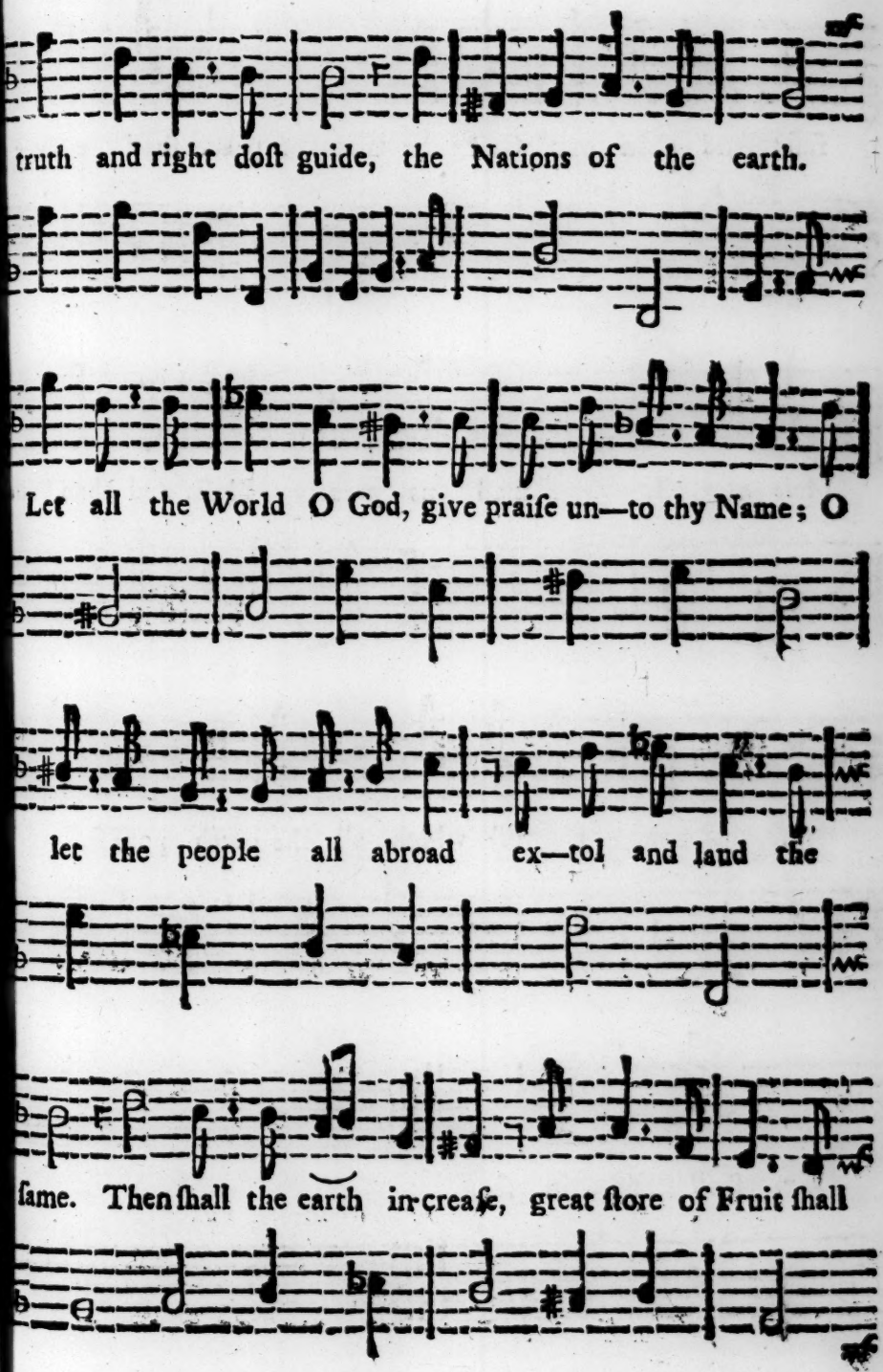
tus & Baſſus. *A. 1. Voc.*

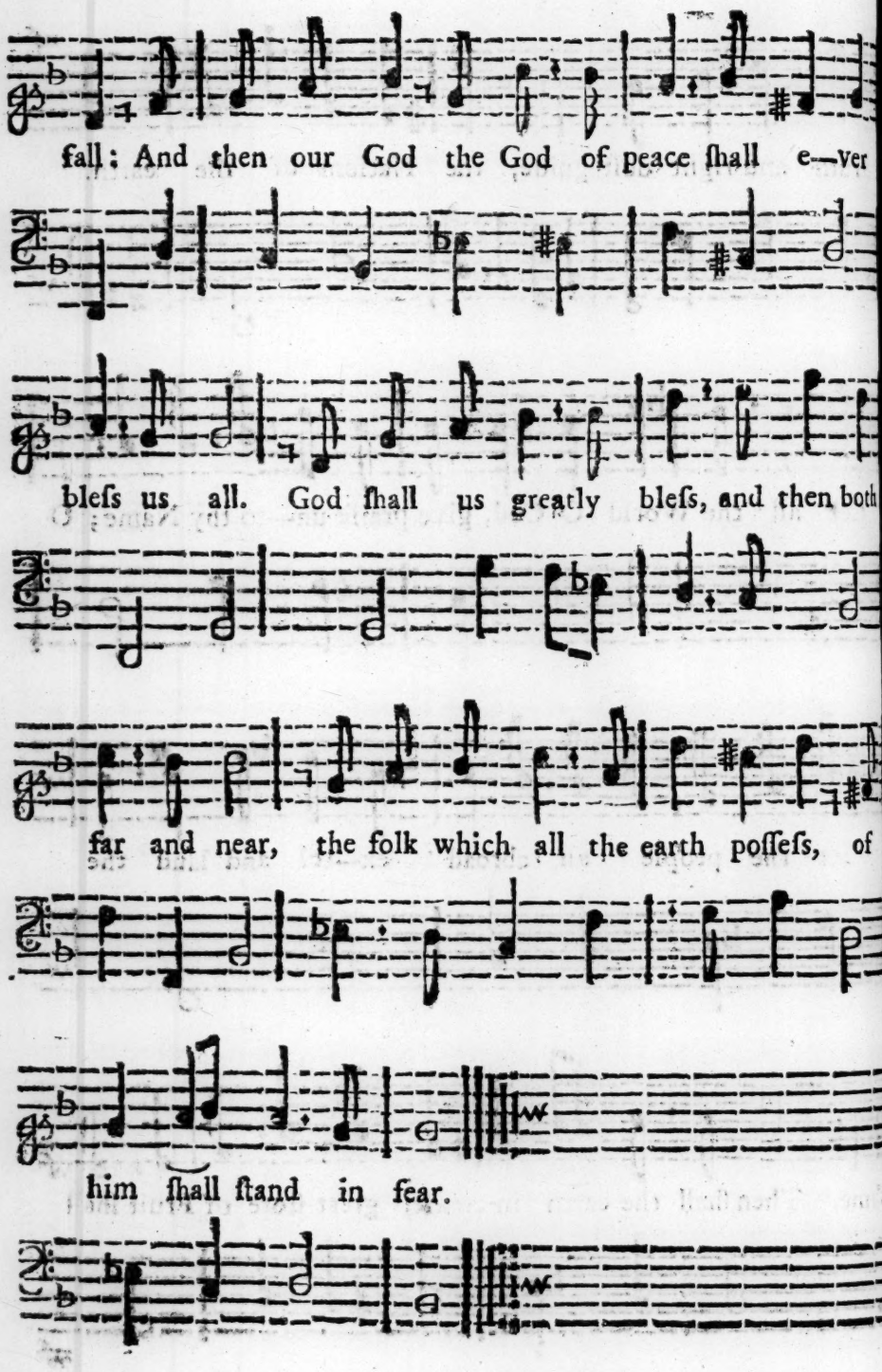


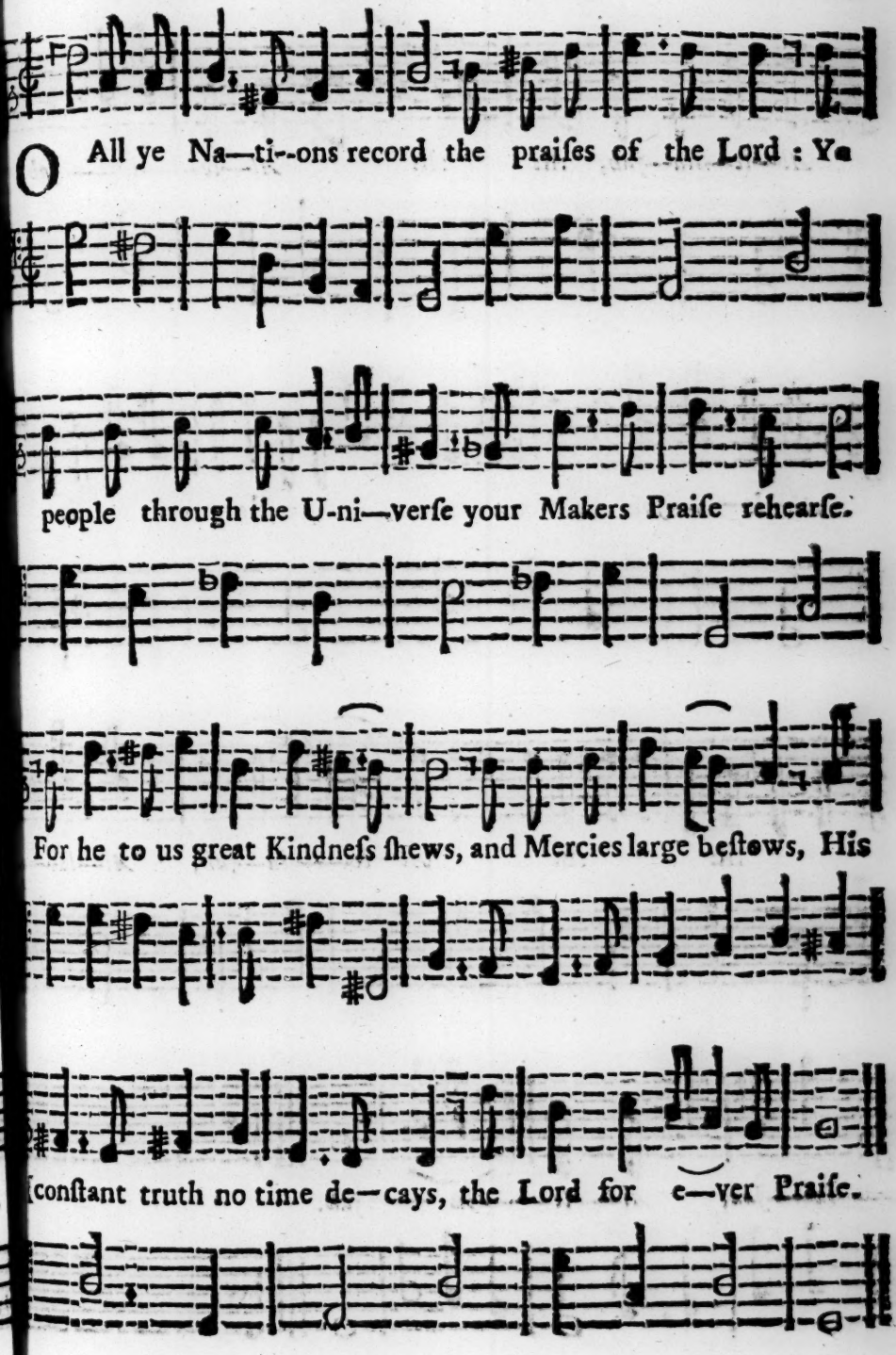

Then ſweet Je—ſu call to mind how of thy pains I was th
end: And let me favour that day find, that I one of th
com-pa--ny, with thoſe whom Thou doſt ju—ſti-fie, may live
bleſt E——ter—ni——ty.

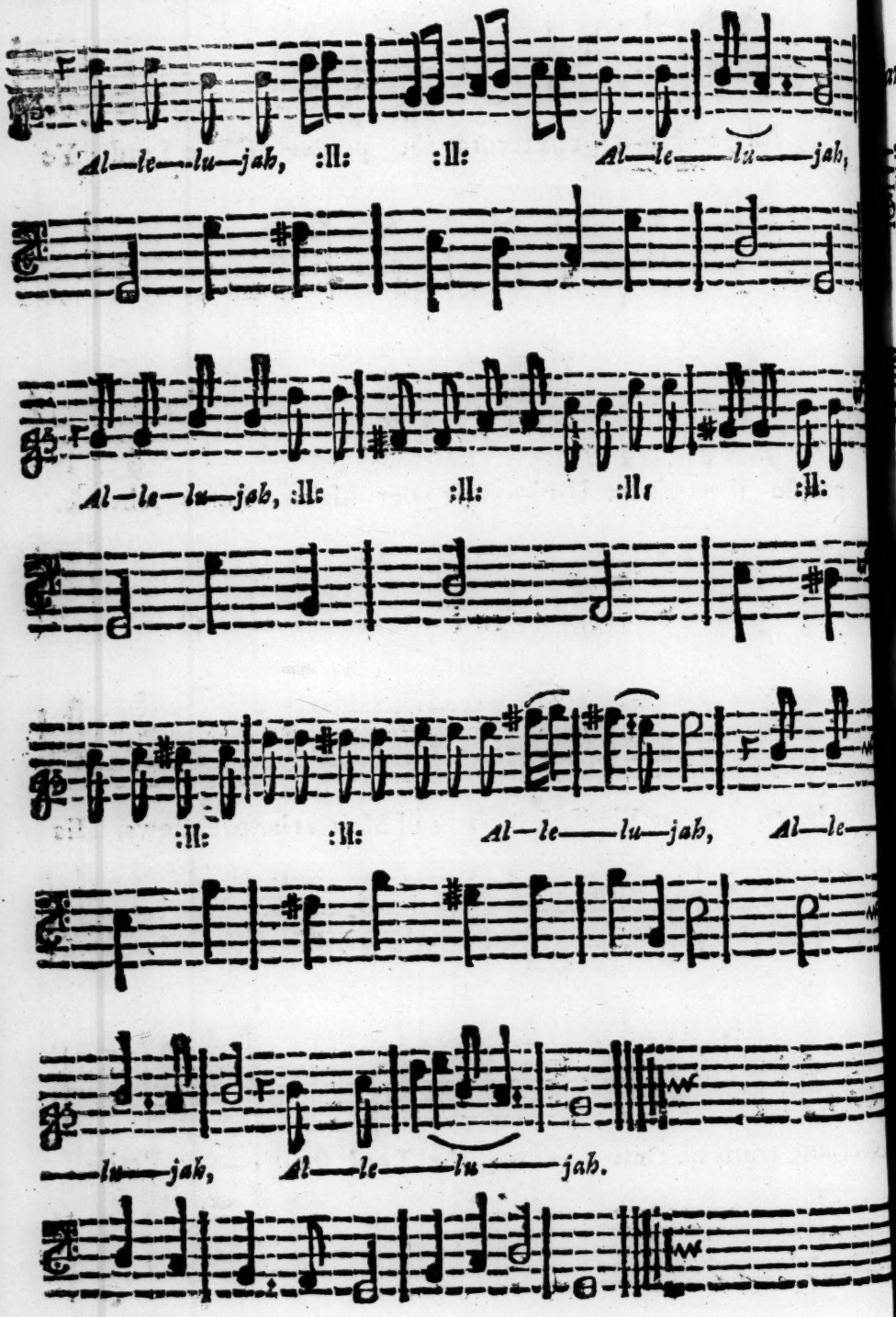

HAve mercy on us Lord, and grant to us thy grace; To ſhew to
us do thou accord, the brightneſs of thy Face. That all the
Earth may know the way to Godly wealth; And all the
Narions here be—low, may ſee thy ſa—ving health.


let all the world O God, give praiſe un—to thy
Name: And let the Peo—ple all a—broad, ex—tol
and laud the ſame. Throughout the world ſo wide,
let all re—joce with mirth: For thou with


truth and right doſt guide, the Nations of the earth.
Let all the World O God, give praiſe un—to thy Name; O
let the people all abroad ex—tol and laud the
ſame. Then ſhall the earth in-creaſe, great ſtore of Fruit ſhall

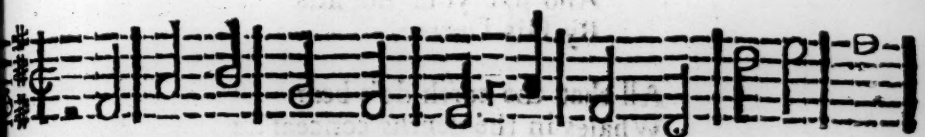

fall: And then our God the God of peace ſhall e—ver
bleſs us all. God ſhall us greatly bleſs, and then both
far and near, the folk which all the earth poſſeſs, of
him ſhall ſtand in fear.


O All ye Na—ti--ons record the praiſes of the Lord : Ye
people through the U-ni—verſe your Makers Praiſe rehearſe.
For he to us great Kindneſs ſhews, and Mercies large beſtows, His
conſtant truth no time de—cays, the Lord for e—ver Praiſe.

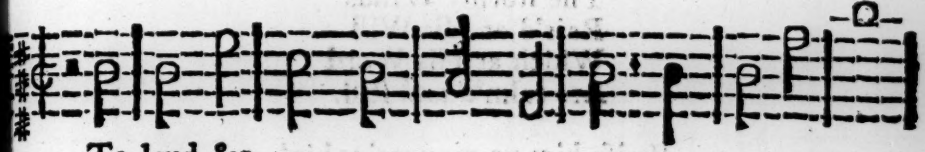

Al—le—lu—jah, :ll: :ll: Al—le—lu—jah,
Al—le—lu—jah, :ll: :ll: :ll: :ll:
:ll: :ll: Al—le—lu—jah, Al—le—
—lu—jah, Al—le—lu—jah.

The Three following Tunes by Mr. Jer. Clark.

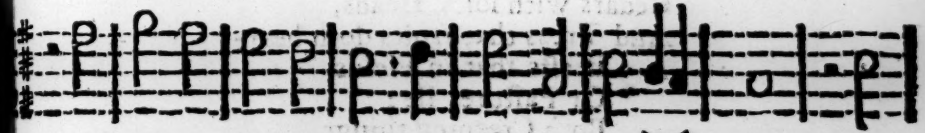
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXLVIII.** *A. 2. Voc.*



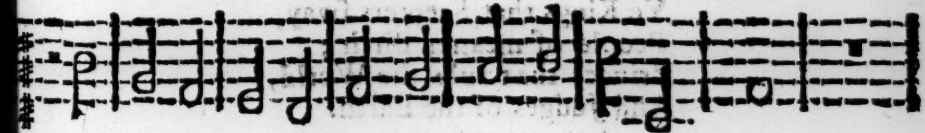
TO laud the Heav'nly King, Let all their Voices raiſe:

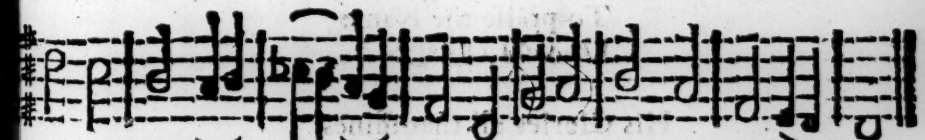


To laud &c.

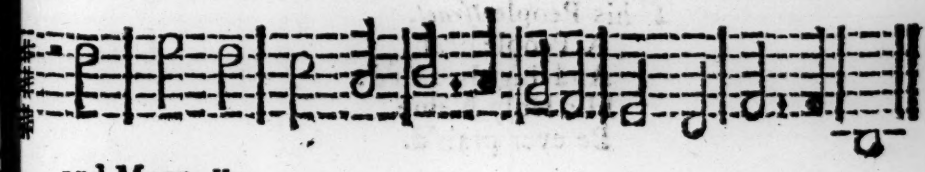


Ye Angels firſt be—gin, the great Cre—a—tor praiſe. Let





Sun and Moon and ev'—ry Star, his glory ſhew that's brighter far.



and Moon :||:

Ye

Ye Regions of the Air,
And watry Clouds that move
Within the liqued Sky,
Praiſe ye the Lord above,
Whoſe powerful word
Made you to be,
And fixt your Bounds
By His Decree.

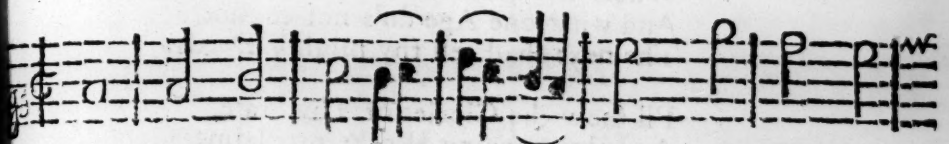
All that the earth do's bear
Whales in the depths conceal'd;
Lightnings, and Hail, and Snow,
Vapours to Ice congeal'd;
The ſtormy Winds
Rais'd at His Will
Which at His Word
Are calm'd and ſtill.

Praiſe him ye mountains high,
And Hill that lower are;
Cedars with lofty Heads,
And Trees that fruits doth bear:
Beaſts that in Fields
Or Paſtures lie;
Both Creeping things,
And Fowls that flie.

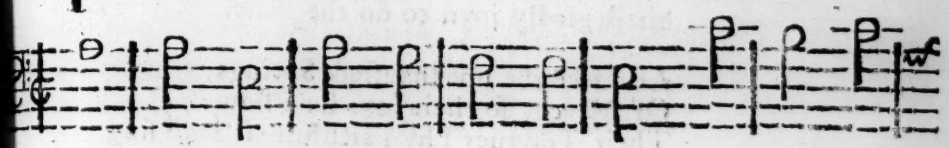
Ye Kings that Scepters ſway,
People of meaner Birth;
Princes that rule the World,
And Judges of the Earth.
Let every Sex
And every age
To praiſe the Name
Of God engage.

His Glories all that ſhines
In Heav'n and earth excell;
He ſpecial Mercy ſhow'd
T' his People *Iſrael*,
A People dear
And highly rais'd:
His Holy Name
Be ever prais'd.

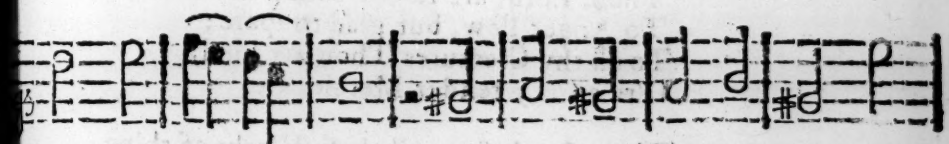
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXLV.** *A. 2. Voc.*



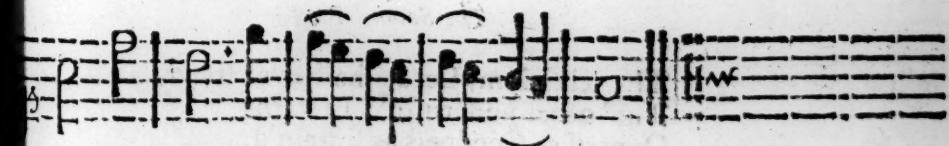
I Will ex——tal thy ſa—cred Name, thou King of



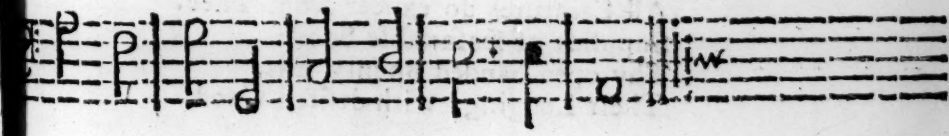
I will ex——tal *&c.*



Saints, and God of Love: I'll bleſs thee day--ly now: 'Twill



be my work E—ter—nal—ly a——bove.



Our Praiſes ſhould be high, like Thee,
Whoſe Greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds:
And what one Age do's not confine,
The next ſhall tell thy mighty Deeds.

I'll ſhew the Glories of Thy State,
And thy amazing Works proclaim:
All Men that hear my Songs of Praiſe,
Shall gladly joyn to do the ſame.

And like the unexhauſted Springs,
Of Mercy, ſo their Joys ſhall flow:
Their Tongues Thy Faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And thy abundant Goodneſs ſhow.

Thou, Lord, art full of Grace and Love,
To Anger ſlow, but glad to ſpare;
To all thy Creatures Thou art kind,
O're all thy tender Mercies are.

Thou, Lord, from all theſe Works of thine,
Some thankful Tribute do'ſt receive:
But where their Powers fail, Thy Praiſe,
Amonſt Thy Saints ſhall ever live.

Theſe happy Subjects to declare,
Thy Kingdom's Glory never ceaſe;
That Men the Triumphs of thy grace,
May know, and all thy Pow'r confeſs.

The Second Part.

Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' often undermin'd in vain:
Oppreſſed Goodneſs is ſuſtain'd,
By thee; when falling, rais'd again.

All Creatures do expect from Thee.
Supplies of ſeaſonable Food:
Thy open-handed Bounty fills,
Their Longings with deſired Good.

God's Goodneſs and Fidelity,
In all his Ways and Works appear:
He gives kind Anſwers to their Pray'rs,
Thar call on Him, and are ſincere.

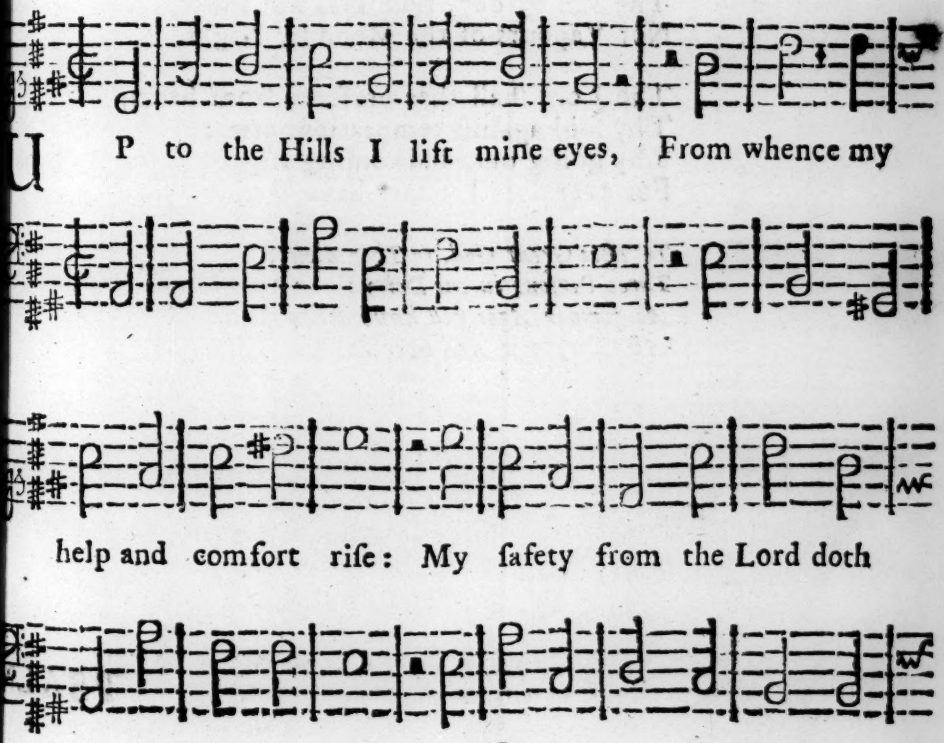
There's none that fear him need complain,
That they in vain have ſought his Aid:
He hears their Cries, when in Diſtreſs,
And ſaves them, when they are afraid.

God's Preſervation ſhall reward,
The good Man's Duty and his Love:
But the Bold Crimes of wicked Men
Shall at the length their Ruin prove.

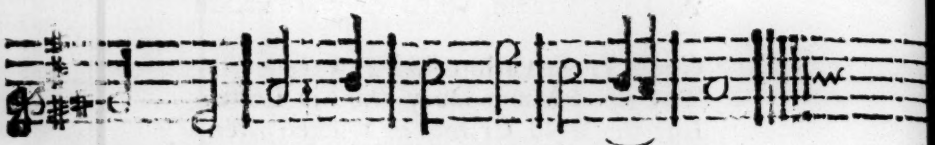
Mean while my Tongue ſhall be employ'd,
Thy cheerful Praiſes to proclaim;
Let all the world adore thy pow'r,
And ever bleſs thy Holy Name.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heaven adore;
Be Glory, as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

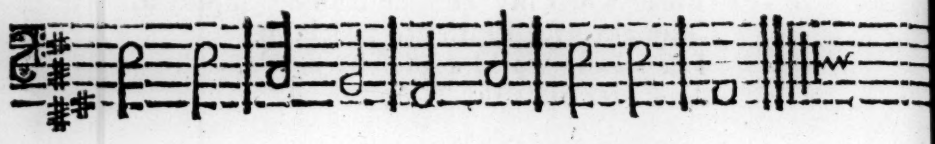
Cantus & Baſſus. PSALM CXXI. *A. 1. Voc.*



Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXXI.** *A. 1. Voc*



Spring, who made the world and e—'ry thing.



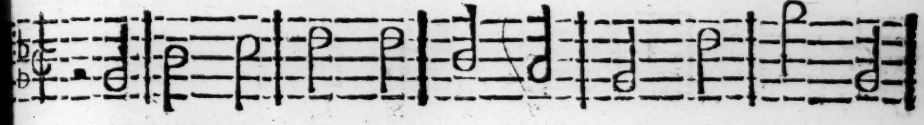
Thy foot from falling He protects,
Nor ſlumbers He, nor thee neglects:
Behold that Lord who *Iſrael* keeps,
Unweary is, and never ſleeps.

God is thy keeper, like a ſhade,
Which on thy right-hand is diſplay'd:
The Sun by day, thee ſhall not ſmite,
Nor Vapours of the Moon by Night.

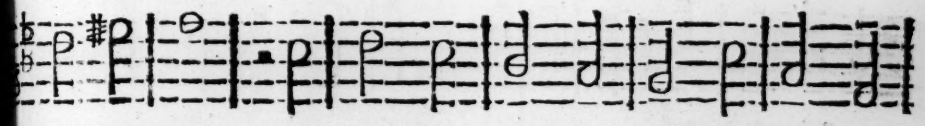
The Lord ſhall thee preſerve from harm,
Thy ſoul againſt temptations arm:
Thy going out, and coming in,
For evermore his care have been.

To Thee Great God, to Thee alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity:
As former Ages ſtill have done,
All Glory now and ever be.

LET all the Nations of the World, their great Cre—



Let all &c.



—a—tor praiſe; and all it's ſcatter'd People joyn his

mighty Name to raiſe.

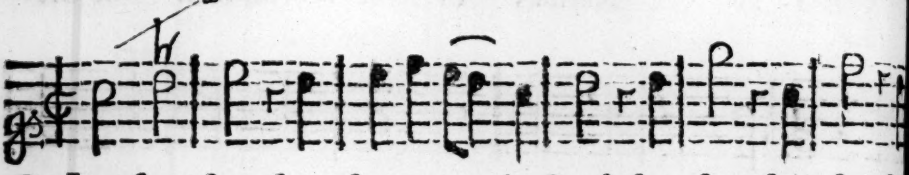
Whoſe Kindneſs towards us all is great,
his Mercies ever ſure;
Then let our praiſes, like his Truth,
for ever ſtill endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore;
Be glory as it was is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

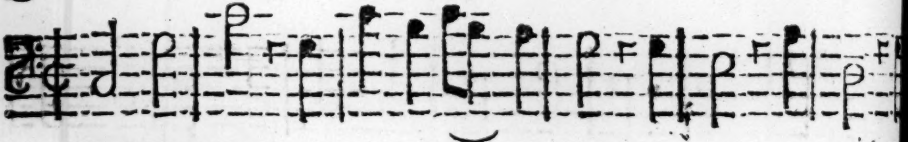
An ANTHEM *Set by Mr.* John Church

Pſalm 33. The 1, 2, 3, 4, Verſes.

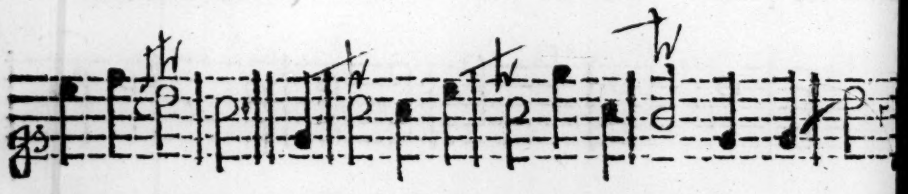
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A. 2. V*



SIng, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing un--to the Lord, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſin

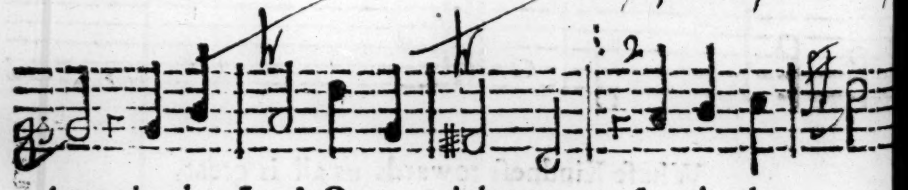


ſing, ſing, &c.

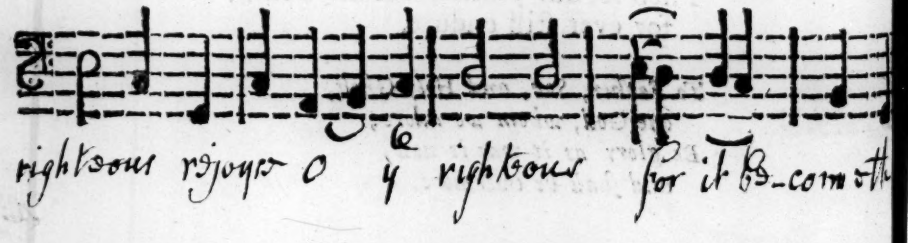


ſing a new Song; rejoyce in the Lord O ye Rightous, rejoyce,

re-joyce in y



—joyce in the Lord O ye righteous, for it be—com—

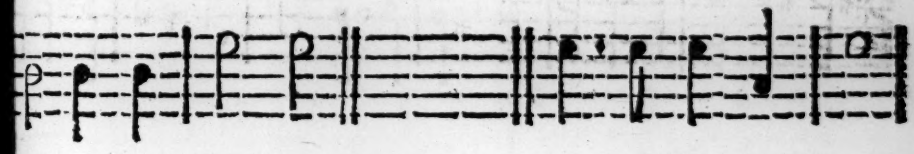


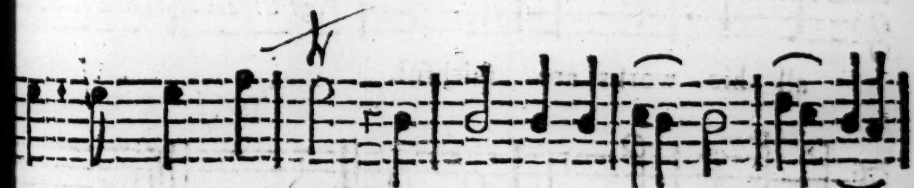
righteous rejoyce O y righteous for it be-com-th

—eth well the juſt, for it be—cometh well the

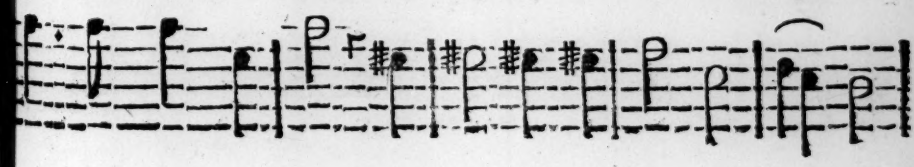
well y juſt to be thank full —cometh well y

juſt to be thankful ; Praiſe the Lord with Harp,



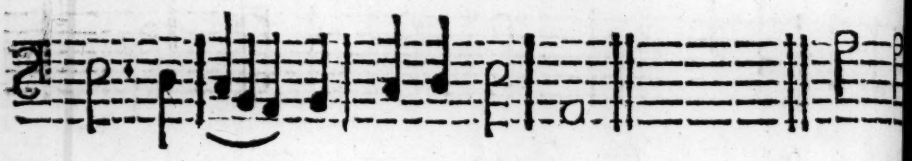


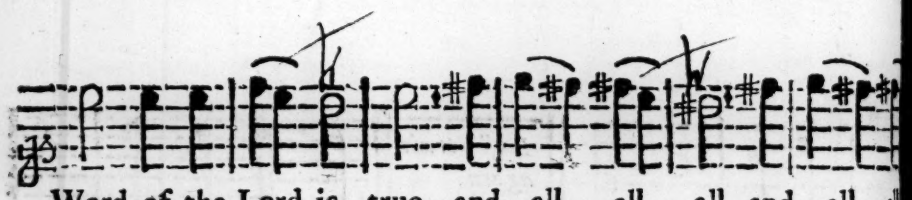
raiſe the Lord with Harp, ſing praiſes un—to him with the



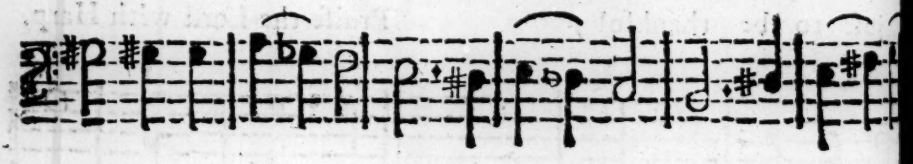
Lute,

Lute, and In—ſtrument of ten ſtrings. For the

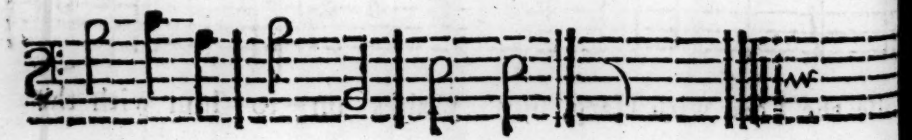




Word of the Lord is true, and all, all, all, and all, all



all his works are faithful.



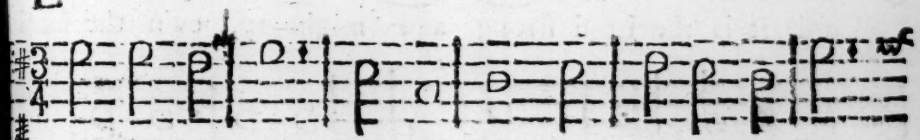
ANTHEMS *out of the Reading* Pſalms.

Sett by ſeveral of the beſt Maſters.

An ANTHEM *Sett by Dr.* Turner. Pſalm 24. *From the Seventh to the Tenth* Verſe.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM I. *A. 2. Voc.*

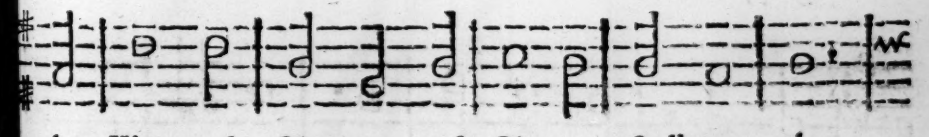
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up



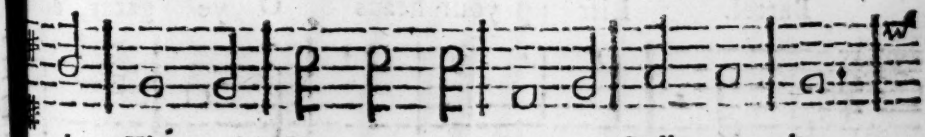
Lift up your heads, O ye gates and be ye lift up

ye e—ver—laſt-ing doors, and the King of glory

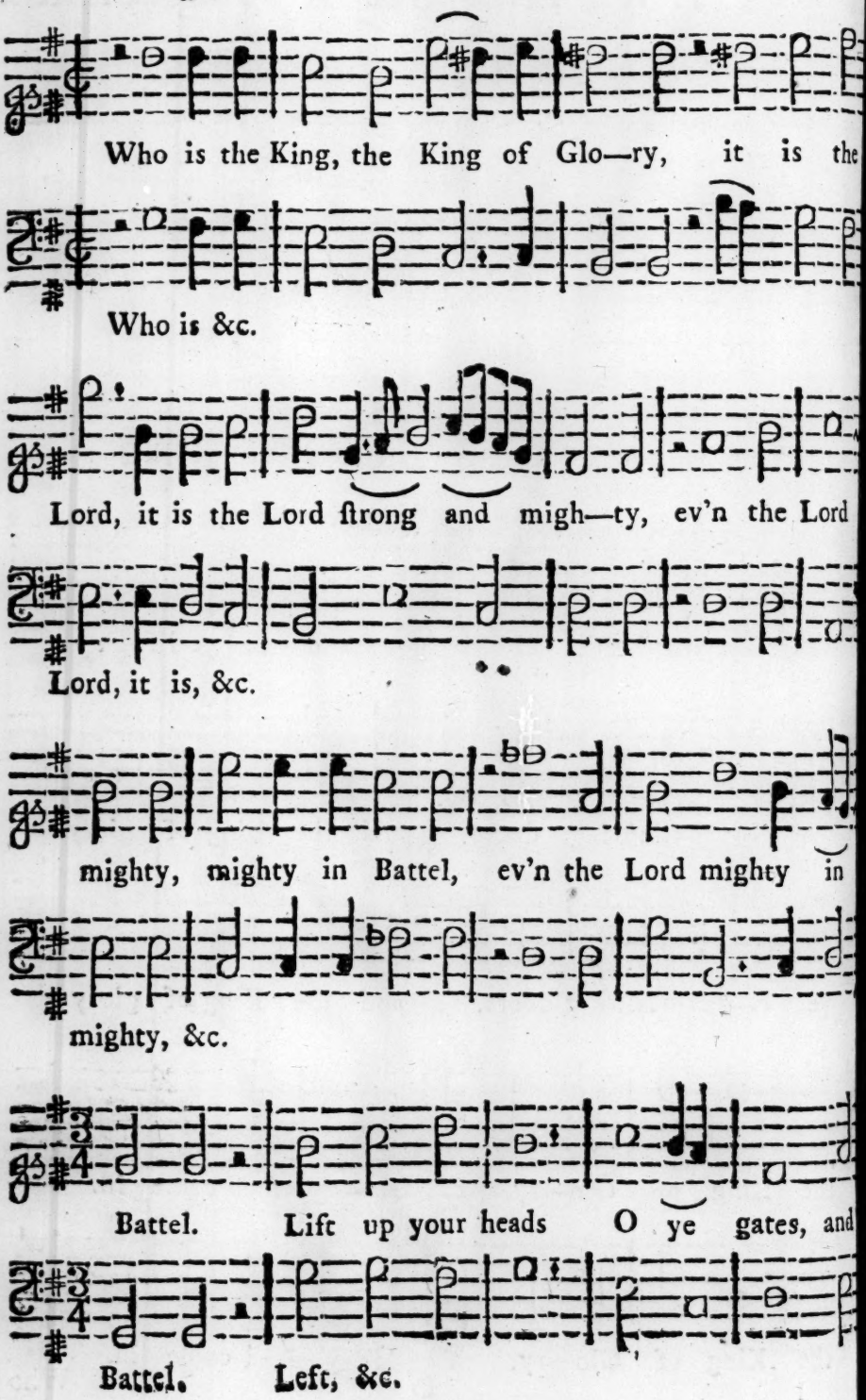
ye e—ver—laſt-ing doors, and the King of glory

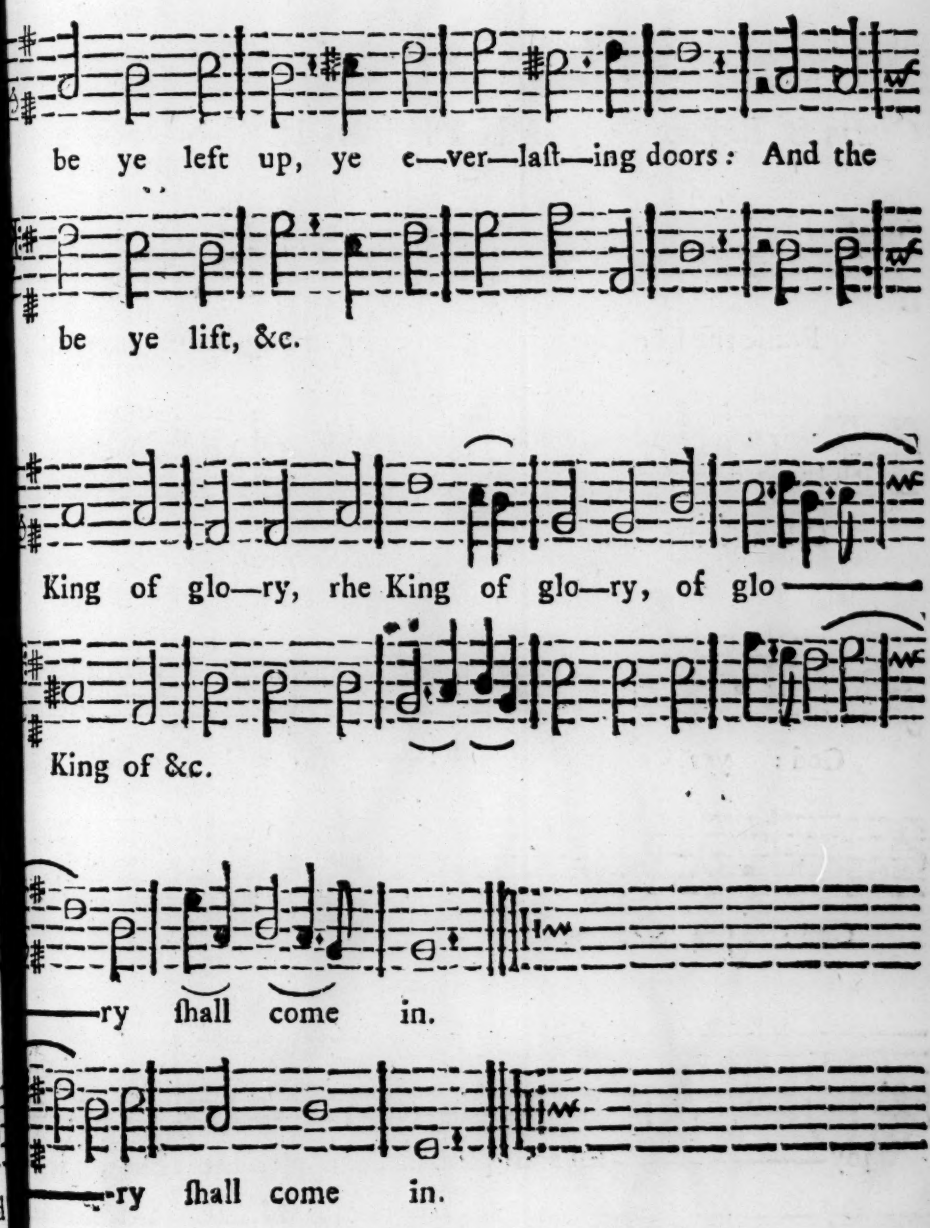


the King of Glo—ry, of Glo—ry ſhall come in.



the King of Glo—ry, of Glo—ry ſhall come in.

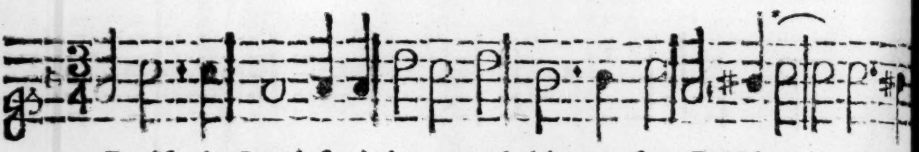

Who is the King, the King of Glo—ry, it is the
Who is &c.
Lord, it is the Lord ſtrong and migh—ty, ev'n the Lord
Lord, it is, &c.
mighty, mighty in Battel, ev'n the Lord mighty in
mighty, &c.
Battel. Lift up your heads O ye gates, and
Battel. Left, &c.

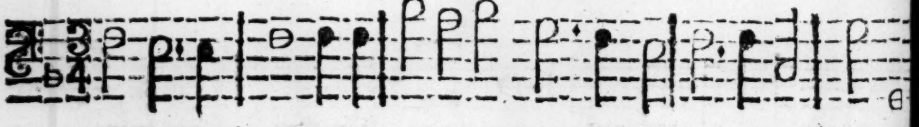

be ye left up, ye e—ver—laſt—ing doors: And the
be ye lift, &c.
King of glo—ry, rhe King of glo—ry, of glo
King of &c.
—ry ſhall come in.
—ry ſhall come in.

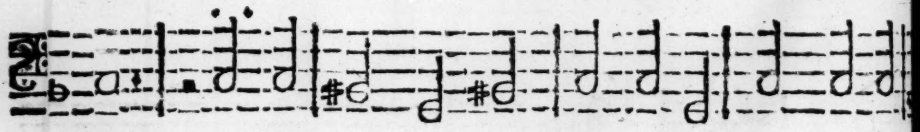
An ANTHEM Sett by Dr. Turner,

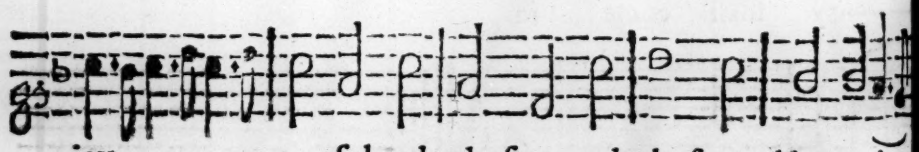
Pſalm 147. The 1, 2, 3, Verſes.

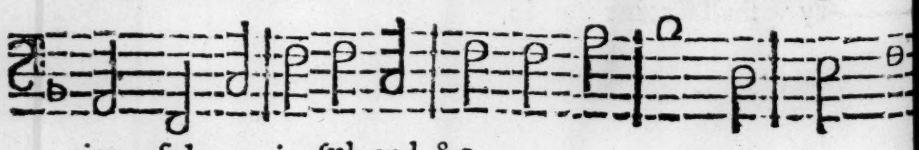
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM II. *A. 2. Vo*



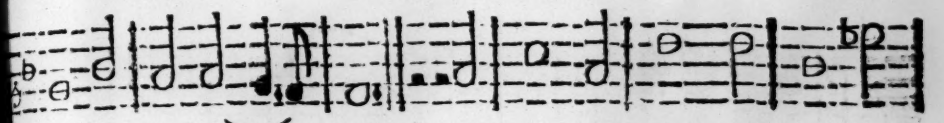




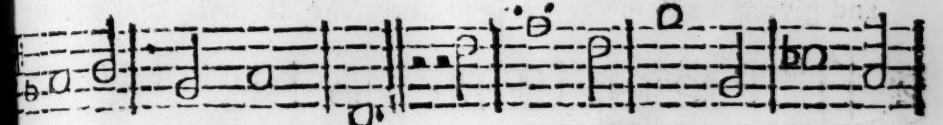




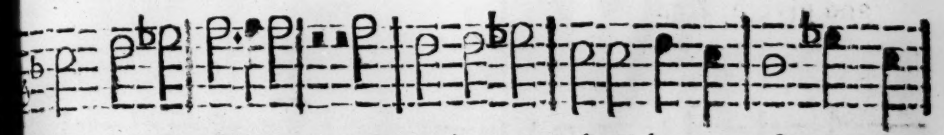
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM II. *A. 2. Voc.*



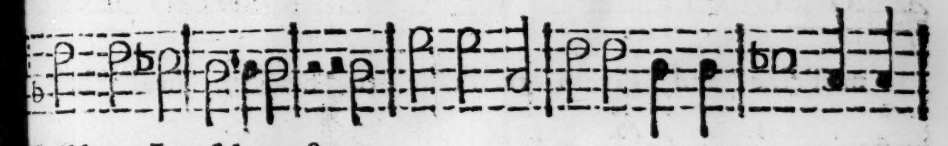
is to be thank—ful. The Lord doth build, the Lord doth



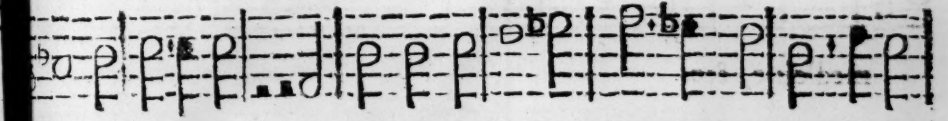
is to be &c.



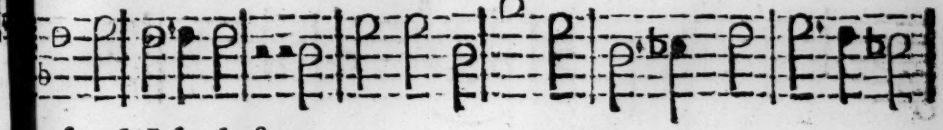
build up Jeruſalem, and gather to-gether the out-caſts, the out-



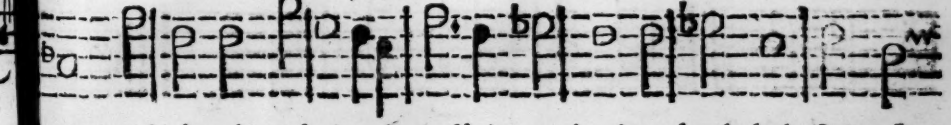
build up Jeruſalem, &c.



-caſts of I-ſrael. He healeth, he healeth thoſe that are broken in



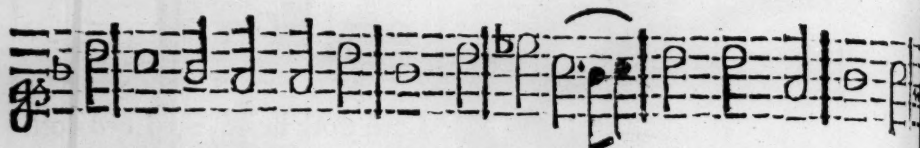
-caſts of I-ſrael. &c.



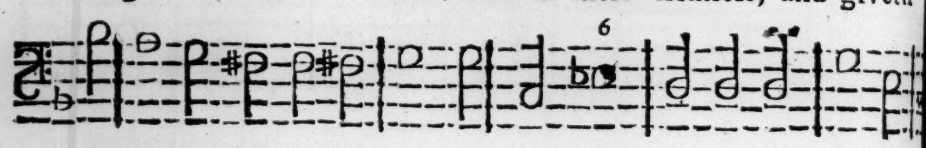
heart: and giveth, and giveth med'cine to heal, to heal their ſickneſs,

heart: and giveth, &c.

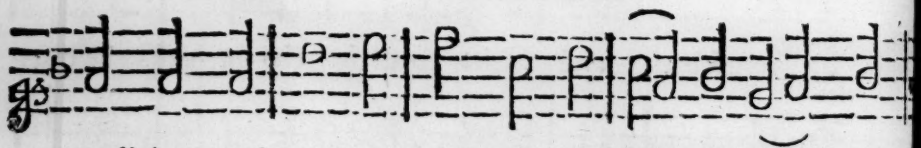
and



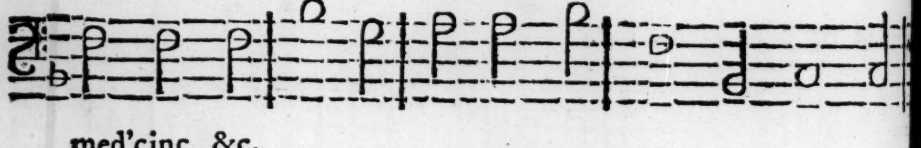
and giveth med'cine to heal, to heal their ſickneſs, and giveth



and giveth, &c.

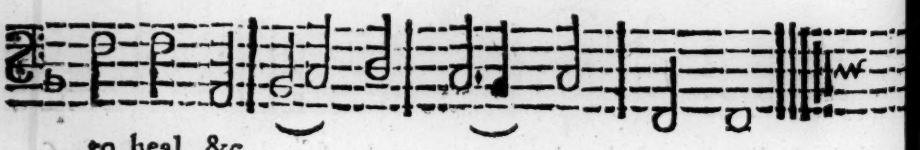


med'cine, and giveth med'cine to heal, to heal their,



med'cinc, &c.

to heal, to heal, to heal their ſickneſs.

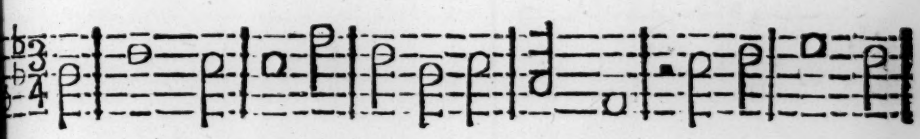


to heal, &c.

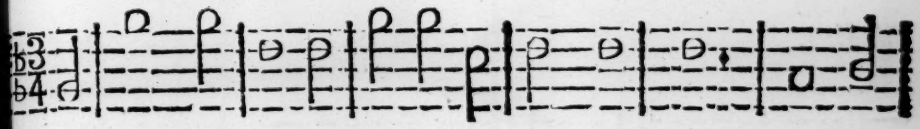
An ANTHEM *Sett by Mr.* Jer. Clark.

Pſalm 101. The 1, 2, 3, Verſes.

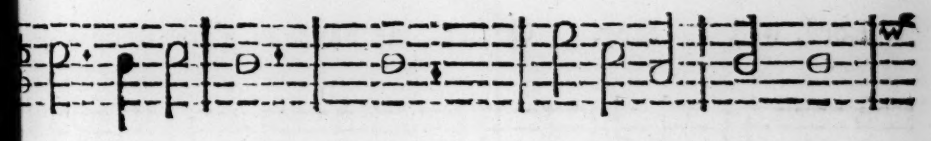
antus & Baſſus. ANTHEM III. *A. 2. Voc.*

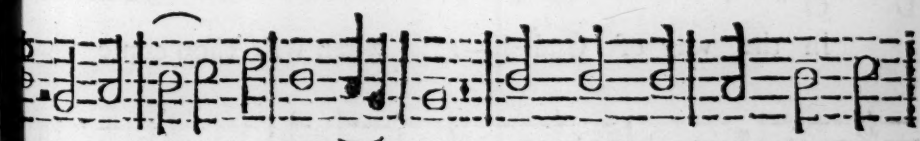


MY Song ſhall be of mercy and judgment: and to thee, O

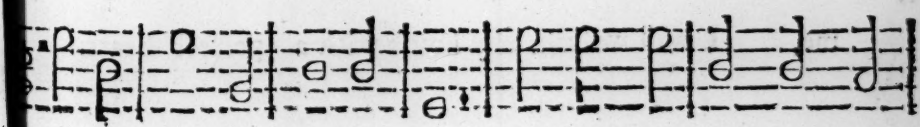


Lord, will I Sing. O let me have un—der—ſtand-ing



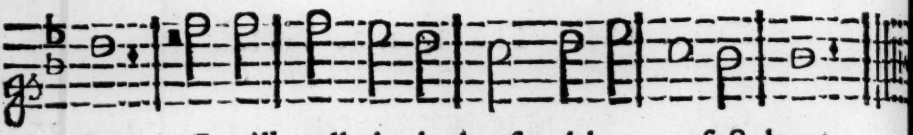


in the way of God--li—neſs, when wilt thou come un--to

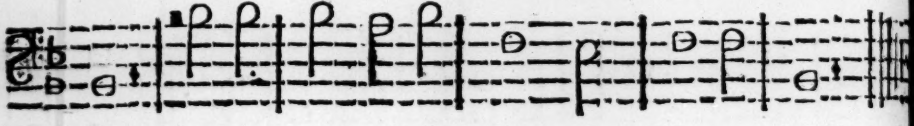


me,

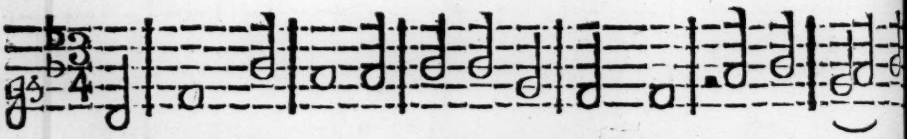
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM III. *A. 2. V*



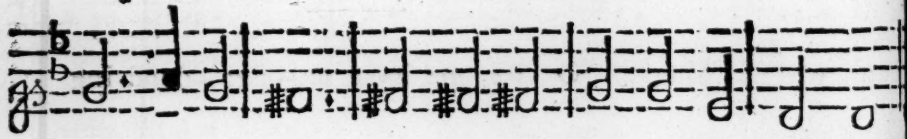
me, I will walk in thy houſe with a perfect heart.



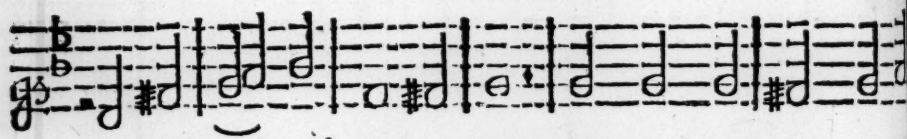
Medius. Anthem 3. *A. 2. V*



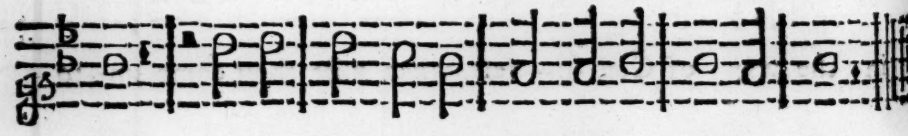
My Song ſhall be of mercy and judgment: and to thee, O



Lord, will I Sing. O let me have un-der—ſtand-ing



in the way of God--li—neſs, when wilt thou come un--t

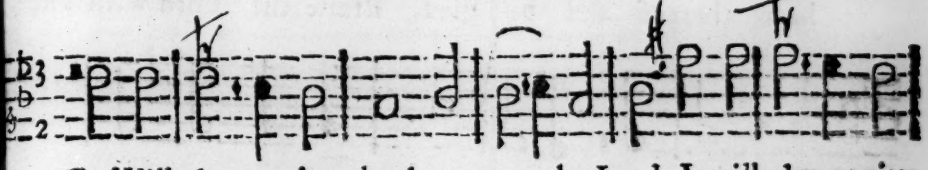


me, I will walk in thy houſe with a perfect heart.

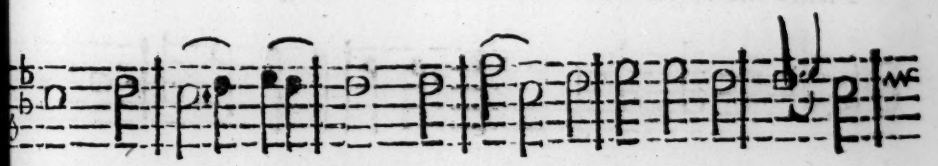
An ANTHEM *Set by Mr.* Robert King.

Pſalm 34. The 1, 2, 3, Verſes.

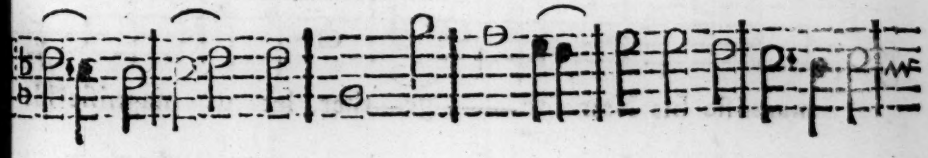
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM IV. *A. 3. Voc.*

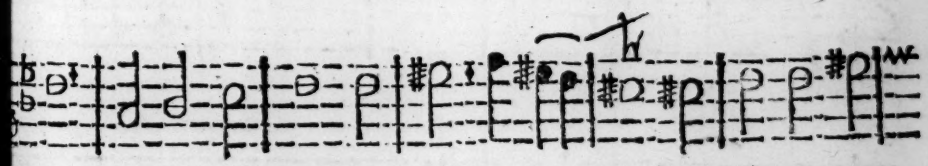


I Will always give thanks un—to the Lord, I will always give

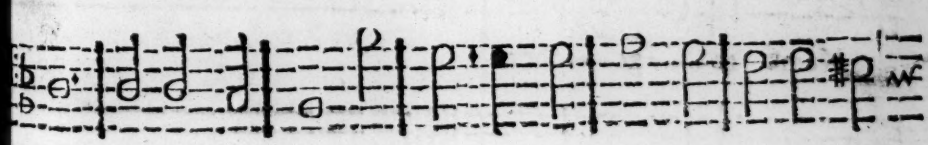


thanks un——to the Lord, his Praiſe ſhall e--ver be in my

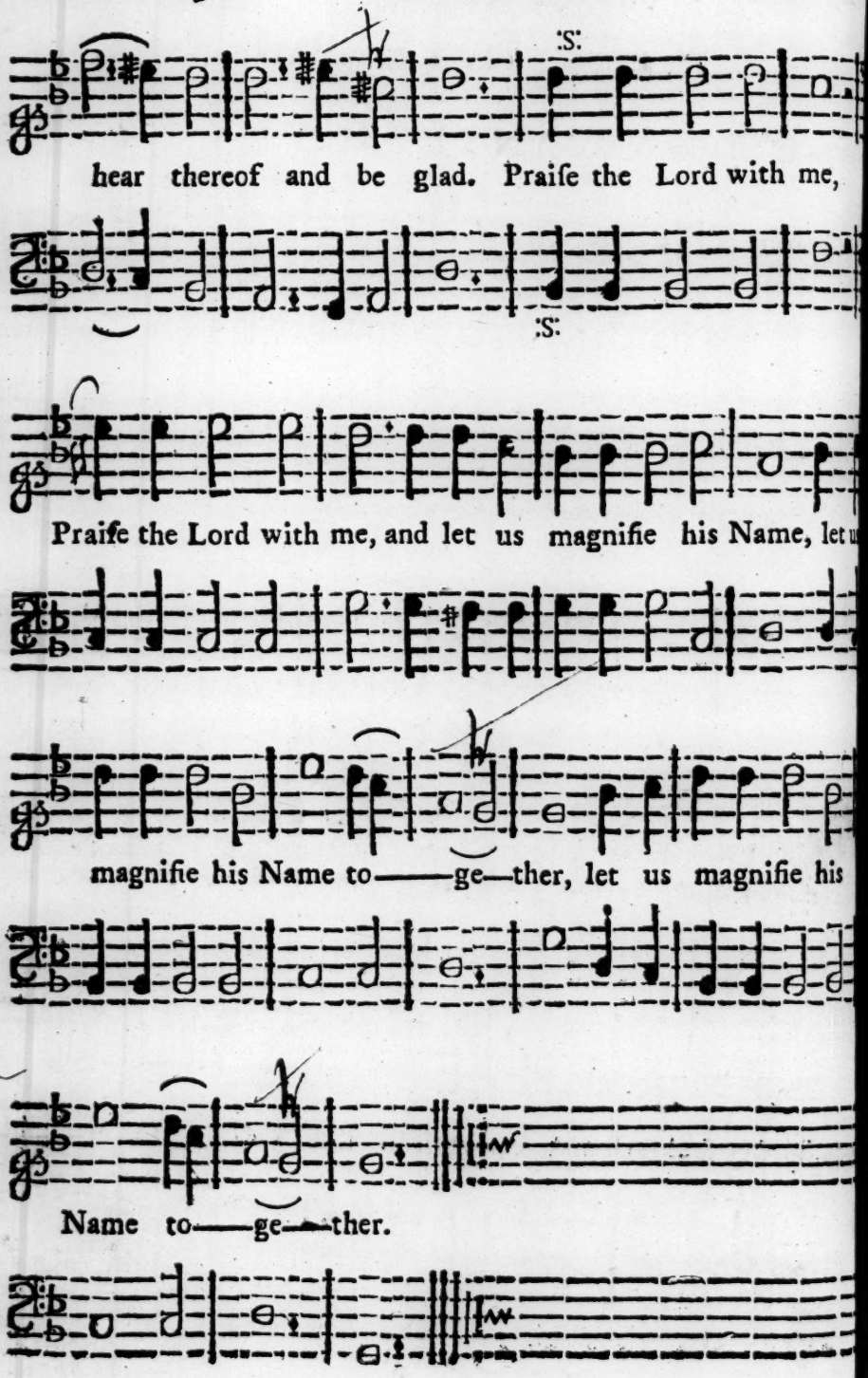


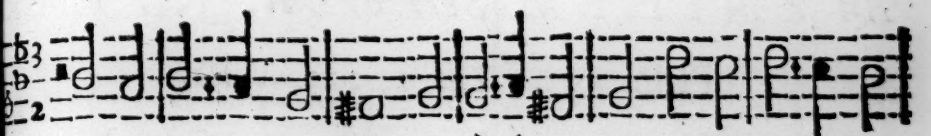


mouth: My ſoul ſhall make her boaſt in the Lord, the humble ſhall

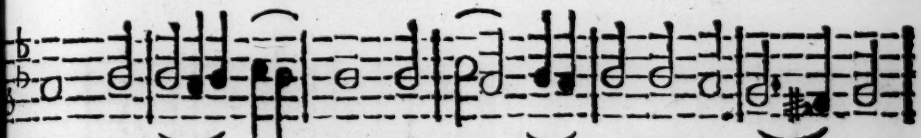


Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM IV. *A. 3. Vo*

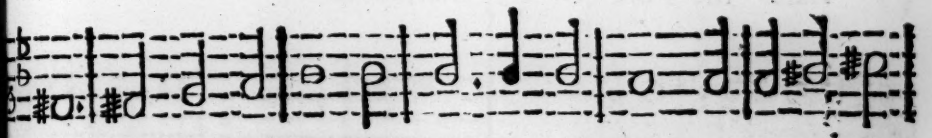




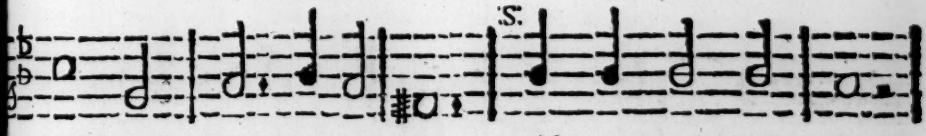
I will always give thanks un—to the Lord, I will always give



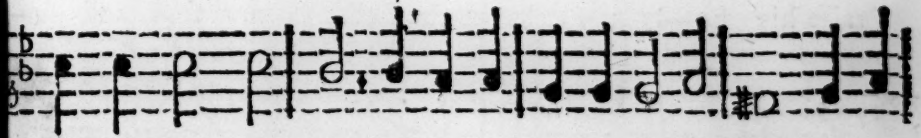
thanks un—to the Lord, his Praiſe ſhall e—ver be in my



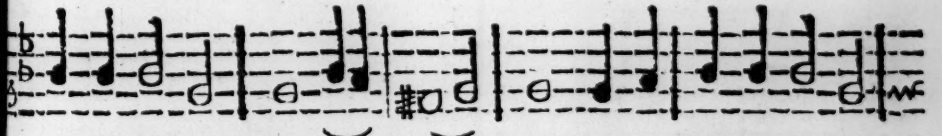
mouth ; My ſoul ſhall make her boaſt in the Lord, the humble ſhall



hear there—of and be glad. Praiſe the Lord with me,



Praiſe the Lord with me, and let us mag-ni--fie his Name, let us



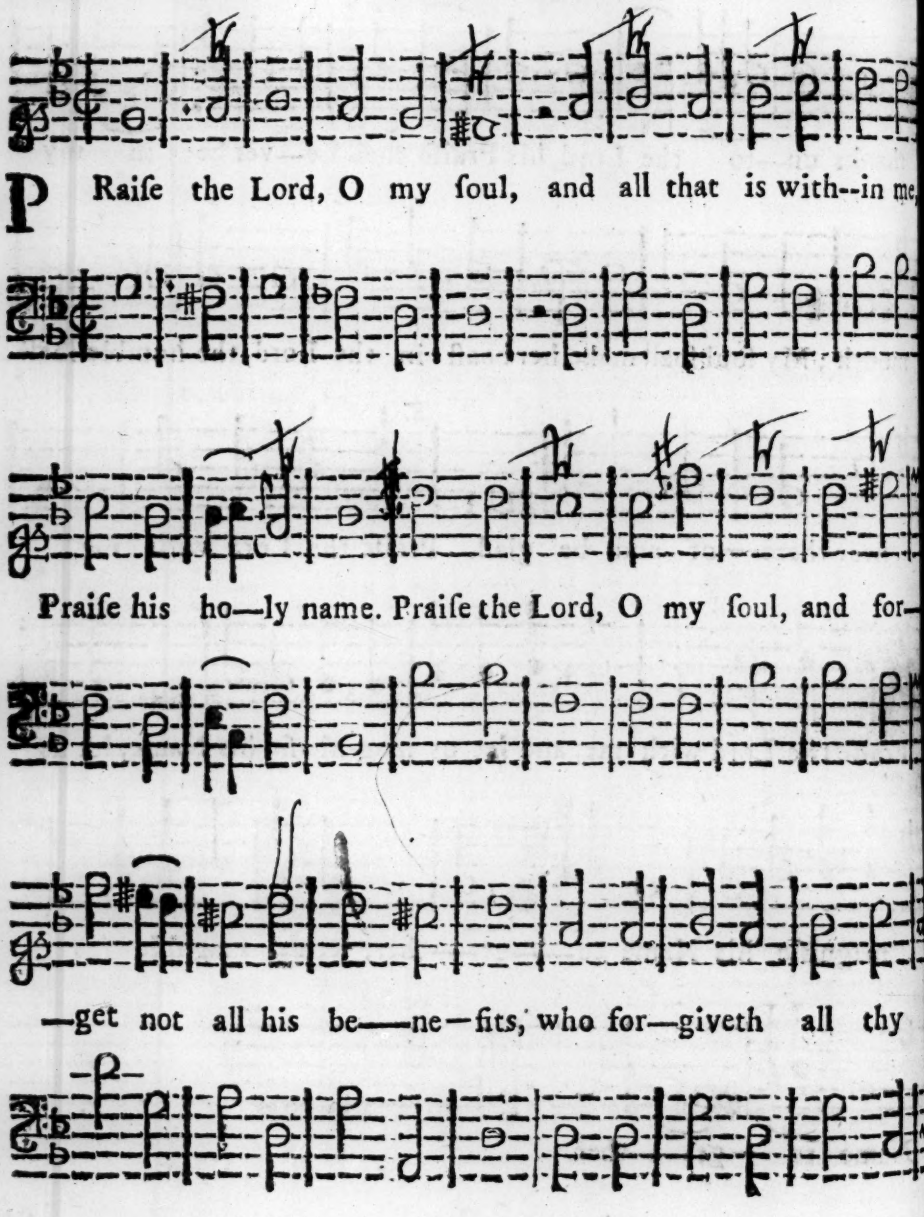
magnifie his Name to——ge——ther, let us magnifie his

Name to——ge——ther.

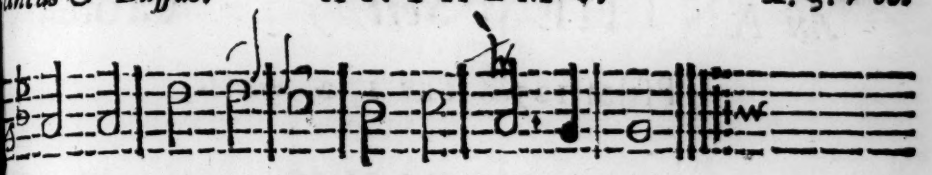
An ANTHEM *Sett by Mr.* Jer. Clark

Pſalm 103. The 1, 2, 3, Verſes.

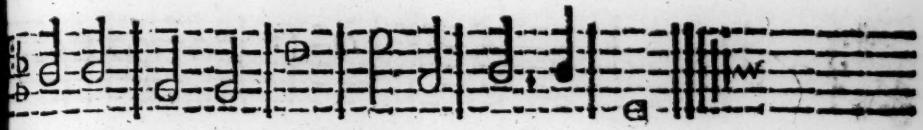
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM V. *A. 3. Vo*



antus & Baſſus. ANTHEM V. *A. 3. Voc.*

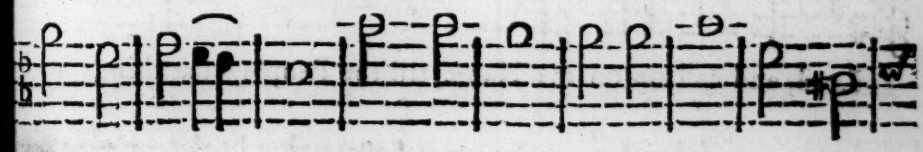


ſins, and healeth all thine in—fir—mi—ties.

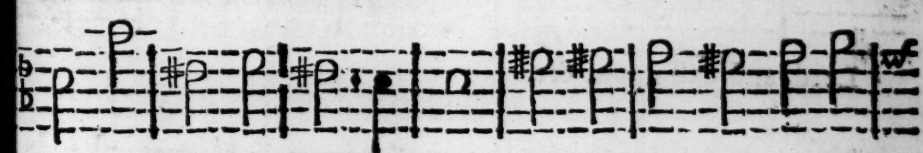


ledius. Anthem 5. *A. 3. Voc.*

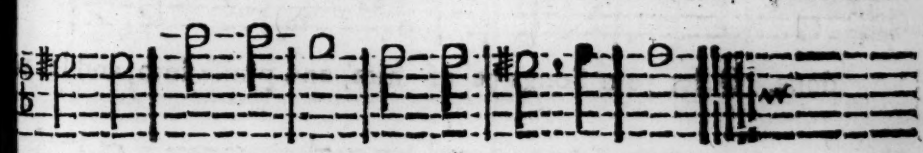
Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me,



Praiſe his ho—ly name. Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and for—



—get not all his be—ne—fits, who for—giveth all thy



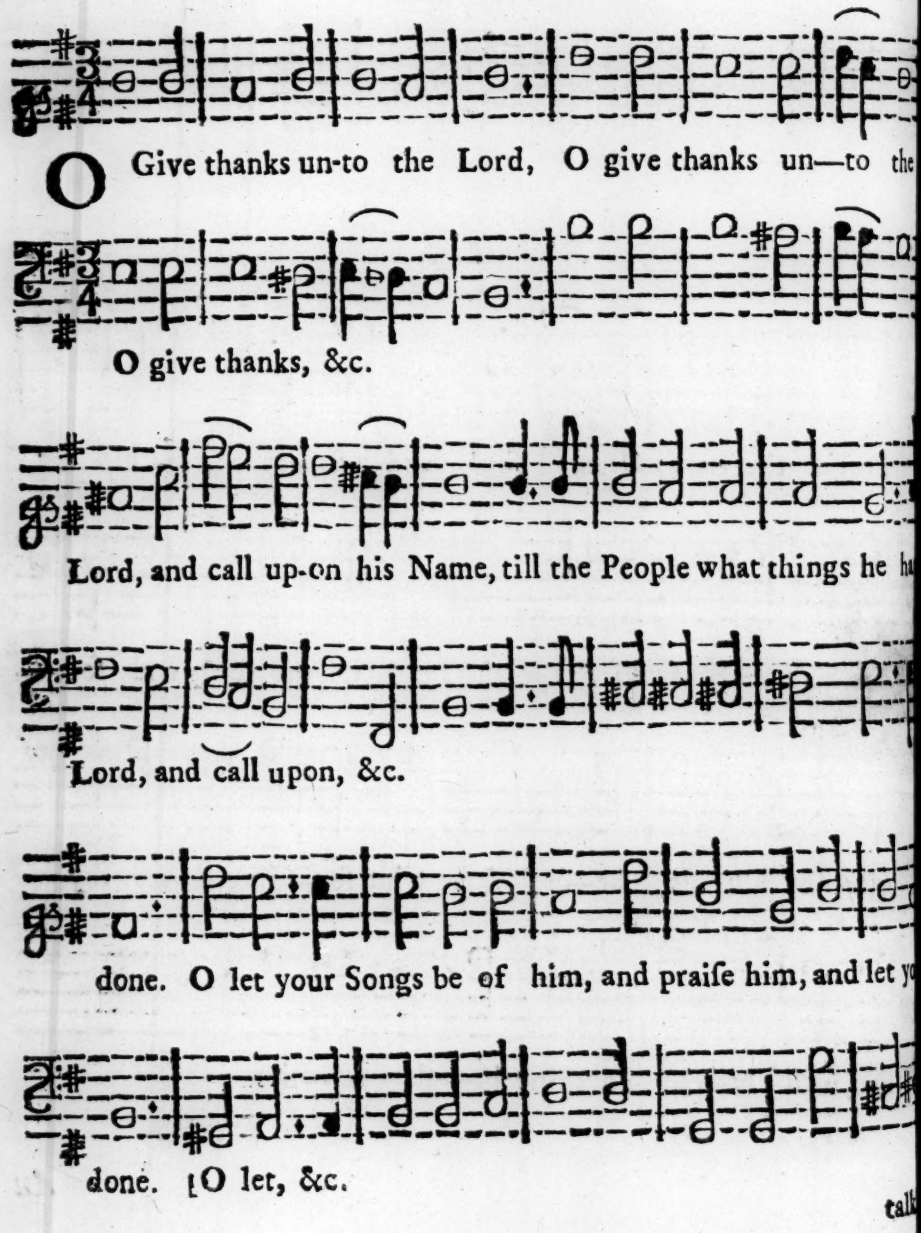
ſins, and healeth all thine in—fir—mi—ties.

An

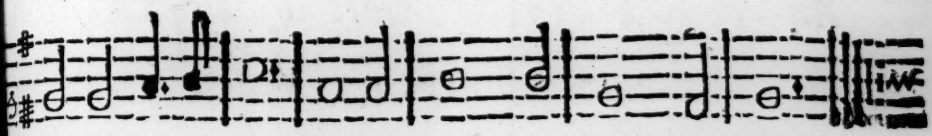
An ANTHEM *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

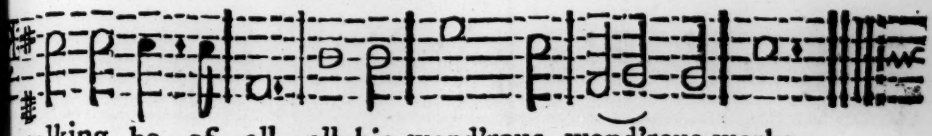
Pſalm 105. The 1, 2, Verſes,

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM VI. *A. 3. Vo*

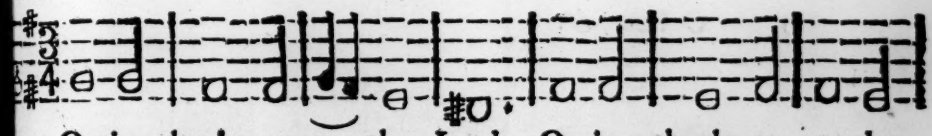


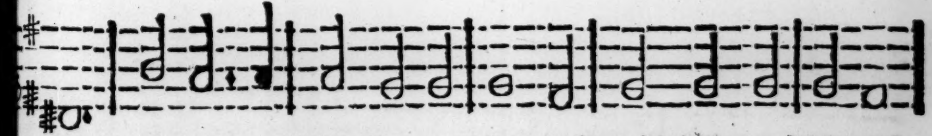
Cantus & Baſſus. **ANTHEM VI.** *A. 3. Voc.*





Medius. **Anthem 6.** *A. 3. Voc.*

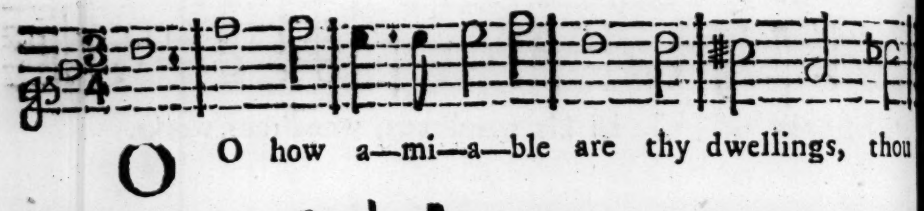


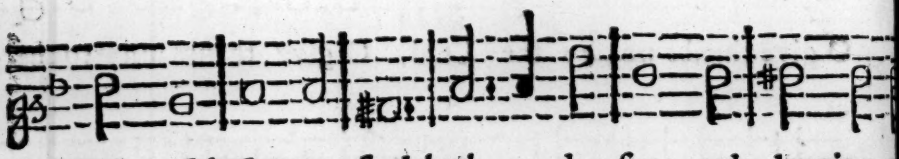


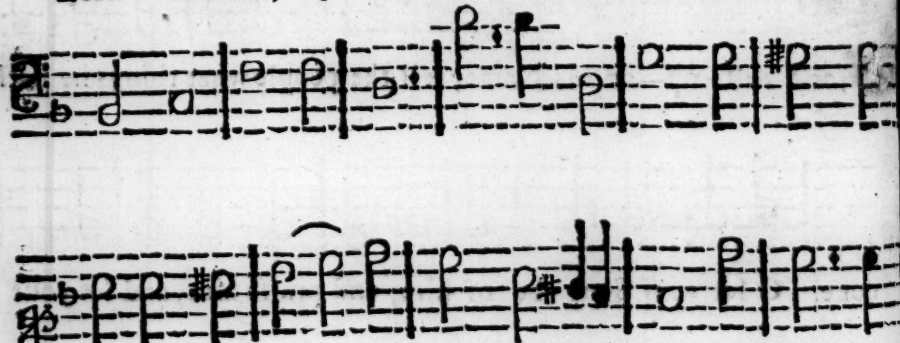
An ANTHEM *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

Pſalm 84. The 1, 2, Verſes.

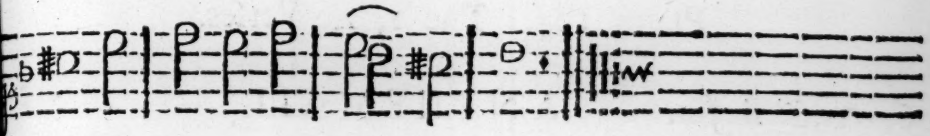
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM VII. *A.* 3. *V*



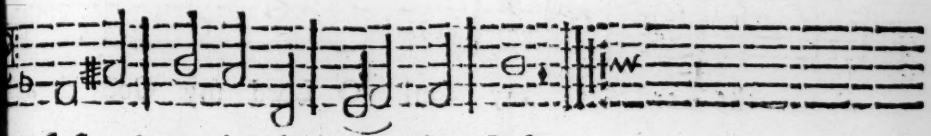




Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM VII. *A. 3. Voc.*

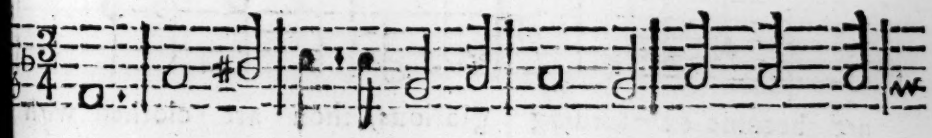


fleſh rejoyce in the live—ing God.

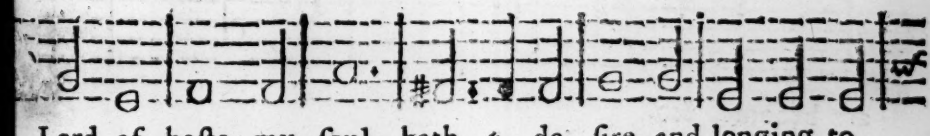


fleſh rejoyce in the live—ing God.

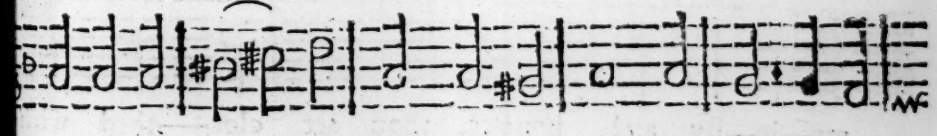
Medius. Anthem 7. *A. 3. Voc*



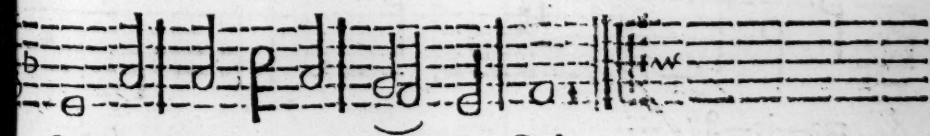
O, O how a—mi—a—ble are thy dwellings, thou



Lord of hoſts, my ſoul hath a de—ſire, and longing to



enter in—— to the houſe of the Lord, my heart and my

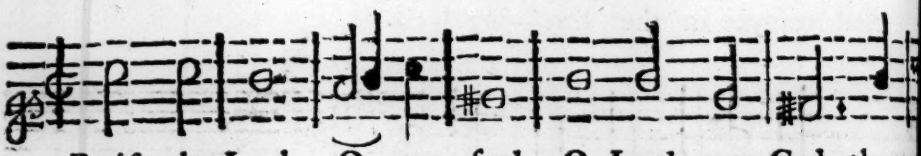


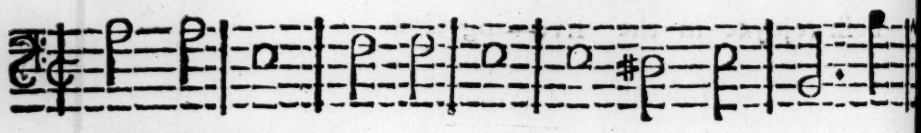
fleſh rejoyce in the live—ing God.

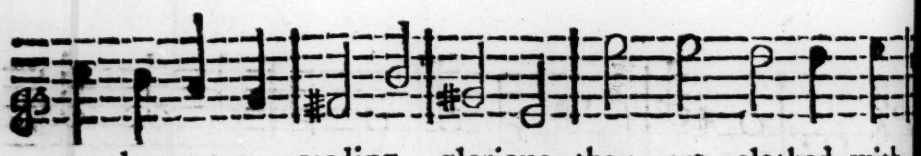
An ANTHEM *Sett by* Dr. Crofts.

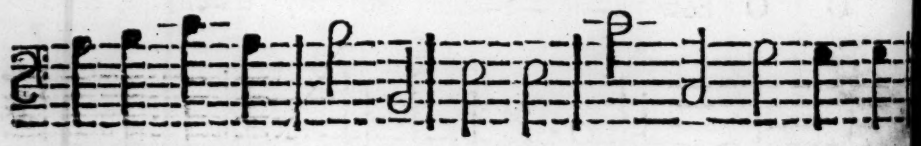
Pſalm 104. The 1, 2, Verſes.

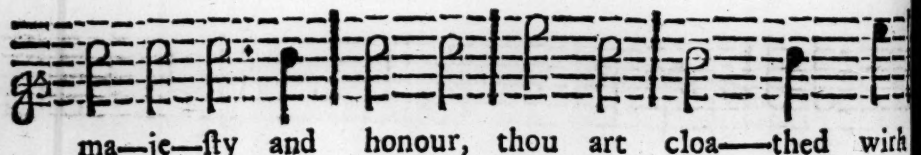
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM VIII. *A. 3. Vo*

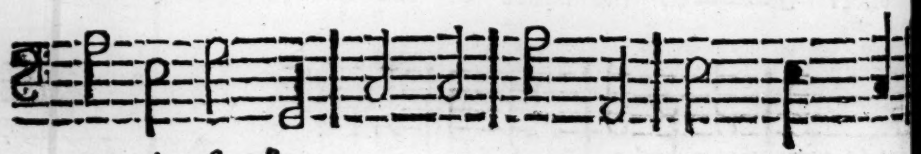




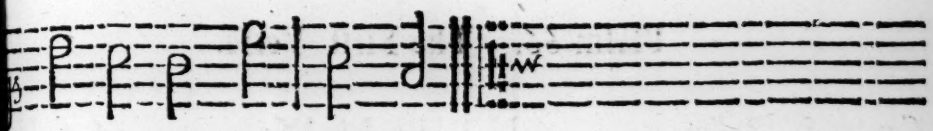




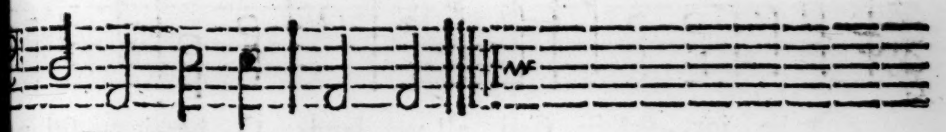




Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEN VIII. *A. 3. Voc.*

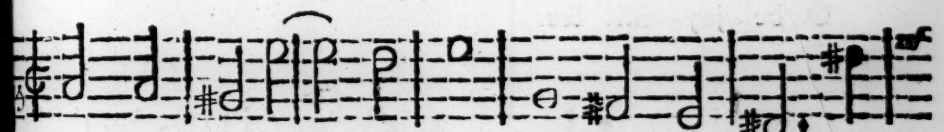


ma—je—ſty and honour.

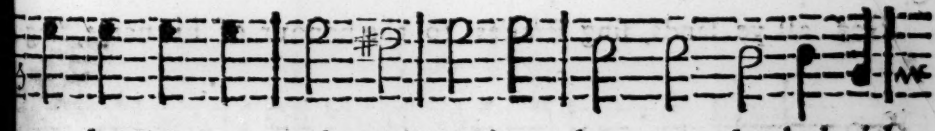


ma—je—ſty and honour.

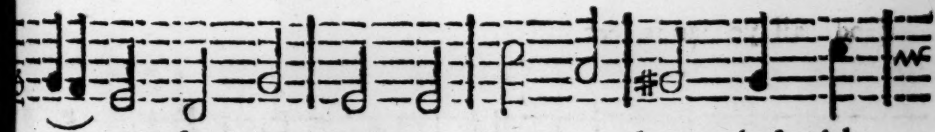
Medius. Anthem 8. *A. 3. Voc.*



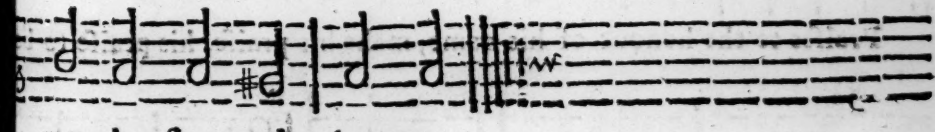
Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul. O Lord my God, thou



art become ex—ceed—ing glorious, thou art cloathed with



ma—je—ſty and honour, thou art cloa——thed with

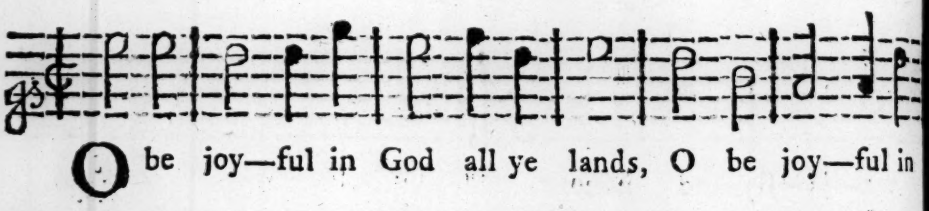


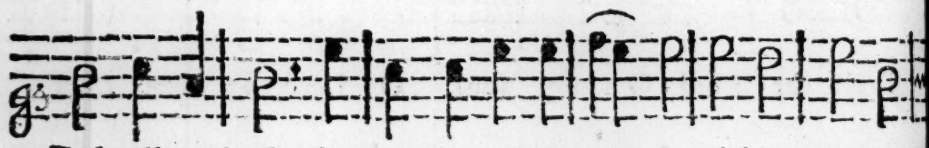
ma—je—ſty and honour.

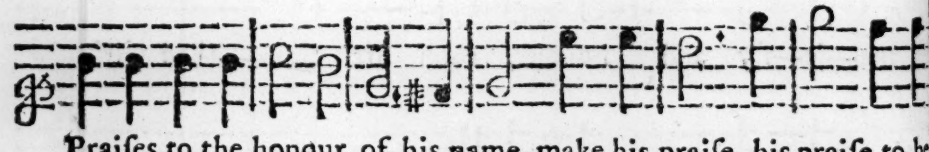
An ANTHEM Sett by Dr. Crofts.

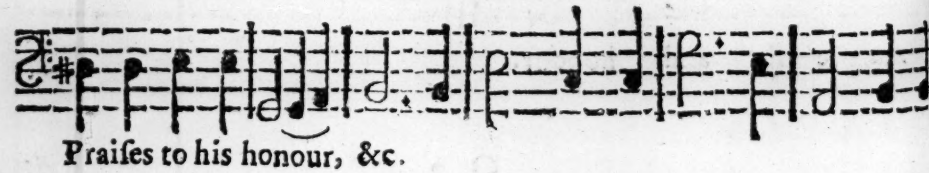
Pſalm 66. The Firſt Verſe.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM IX. *A. 3. Voc*









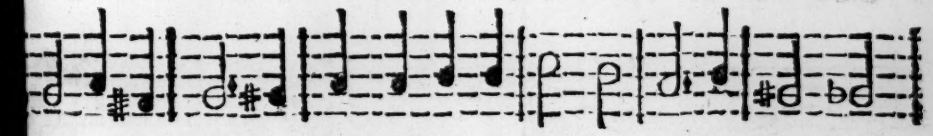
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM IX. *A. 3. Voc.*

glorious; make his praiſe, his praiſe to be glorious.

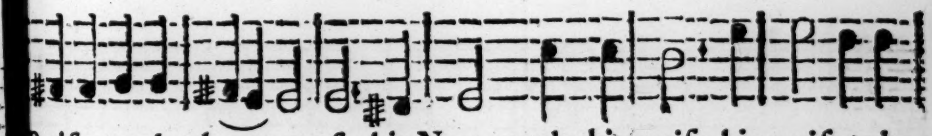
glorious, &c.

Medius. Anthem 9. *A. 3. Voc.*

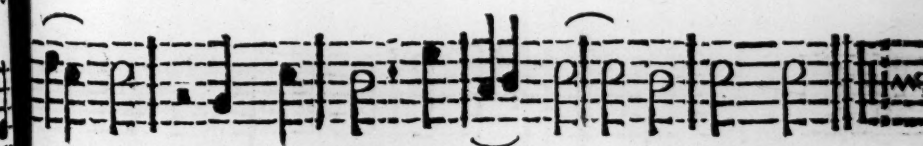
O be joyful in God all ye lands, O be joyful in



God all ye lands, ſing Praiſes to the honour of his Name, ſing



Praiſes to the honour of his Name, make his praiſe, his praiſe to be

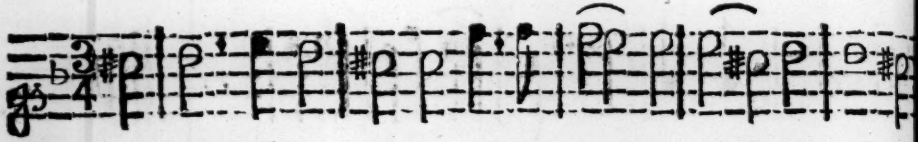


glorious; make his praiſe, his praiſe to be glorious.

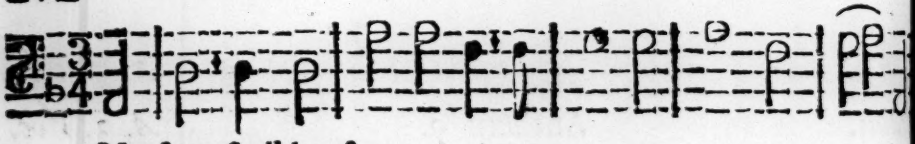
An ANTHEM, *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

Pſalm 89. The Firſt Verſe.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM X. *A.* 3. *Vo*

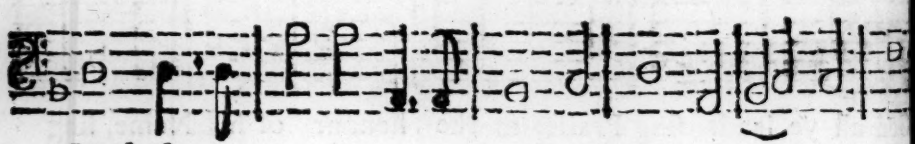


M Y ſong ſhall be alway of the loving kindneſs of the

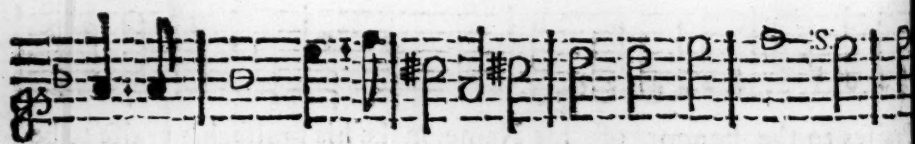


My ſong ſhall be, &c.

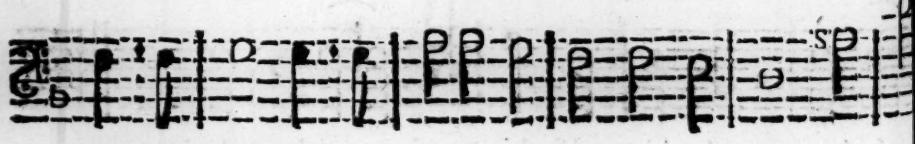
Lord, ſhall be alway of the loving kindneſs of the Lord



Lord, &c.



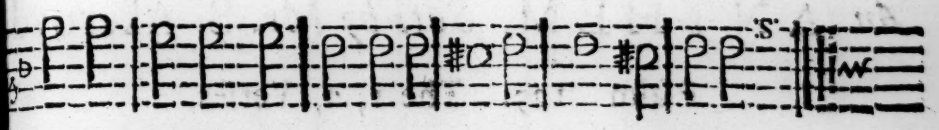
with my mouth will I ever be ſhewing thy truth, from one



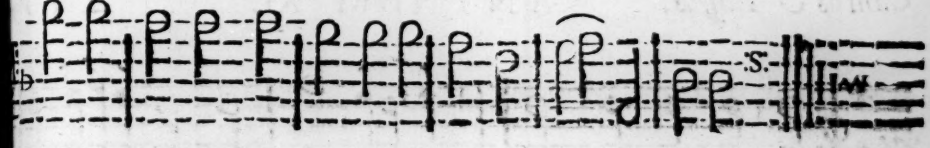
with my mouth, &c.

Ge

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM X. *A. 3. Voc.*



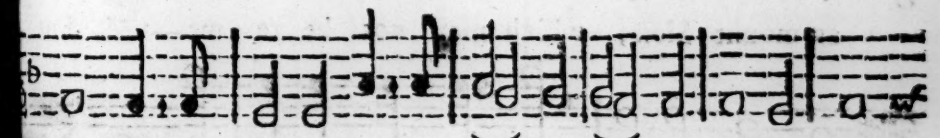
ge--ne-ration, from one gene—ration to another.



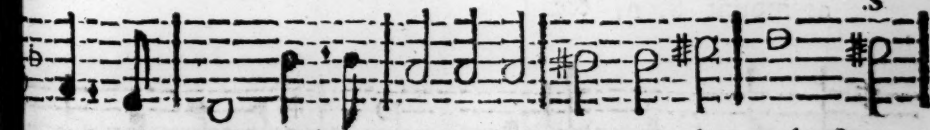
ge--ne-ration, &c.

Medius. Anthem 10. *A. 3. Voc.*

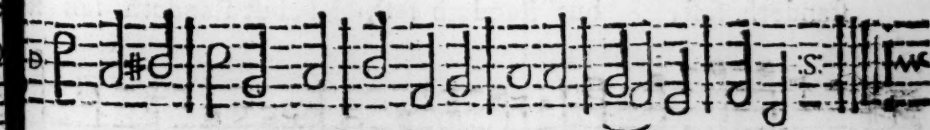
My ſong ſhall be alway of the loving kindneſs of the



Lord, ſhall be alway of the loving kindneſs of the Lord;



with my mouth will I ever be ſhewing thy truth, from



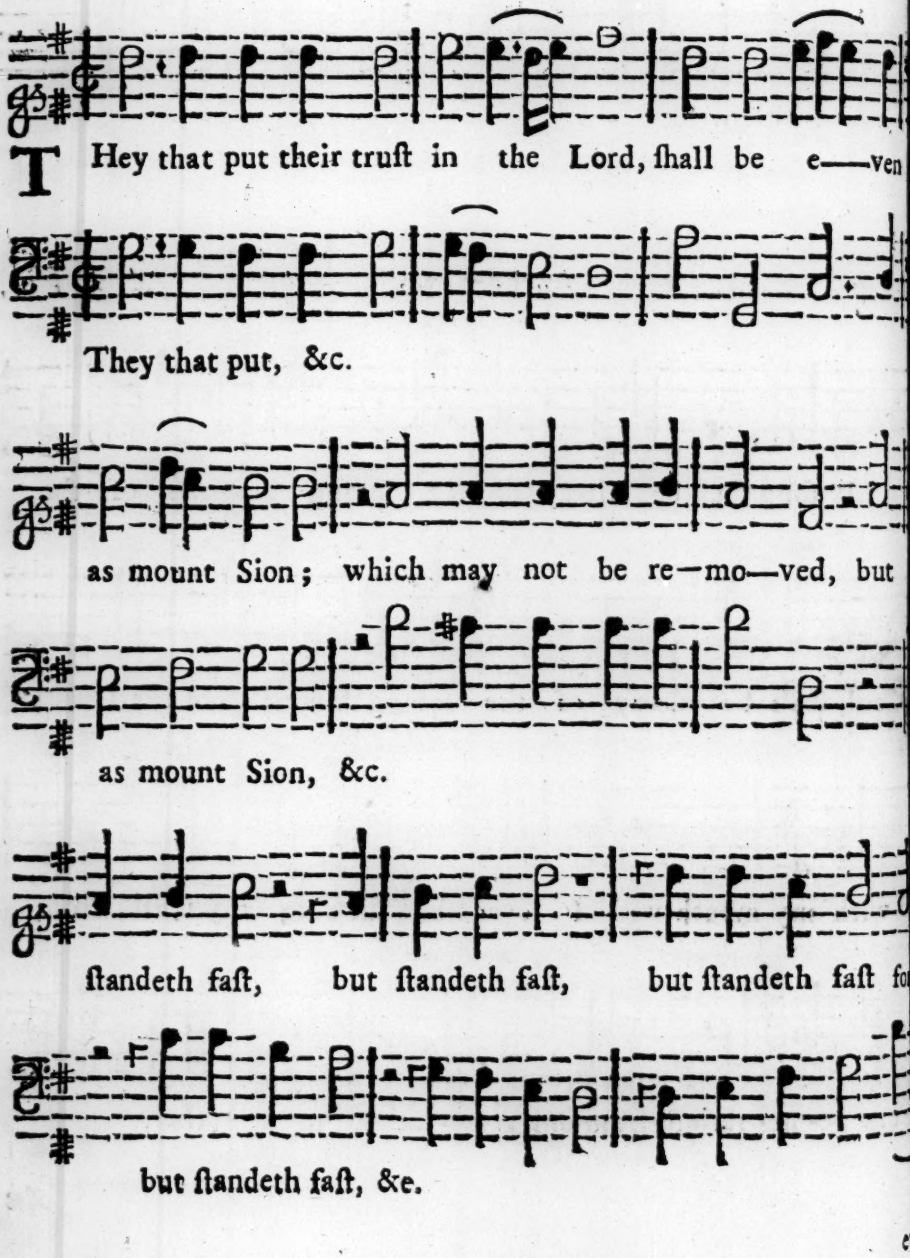
one ge--ne--ration, from one gene--ration to an—other.

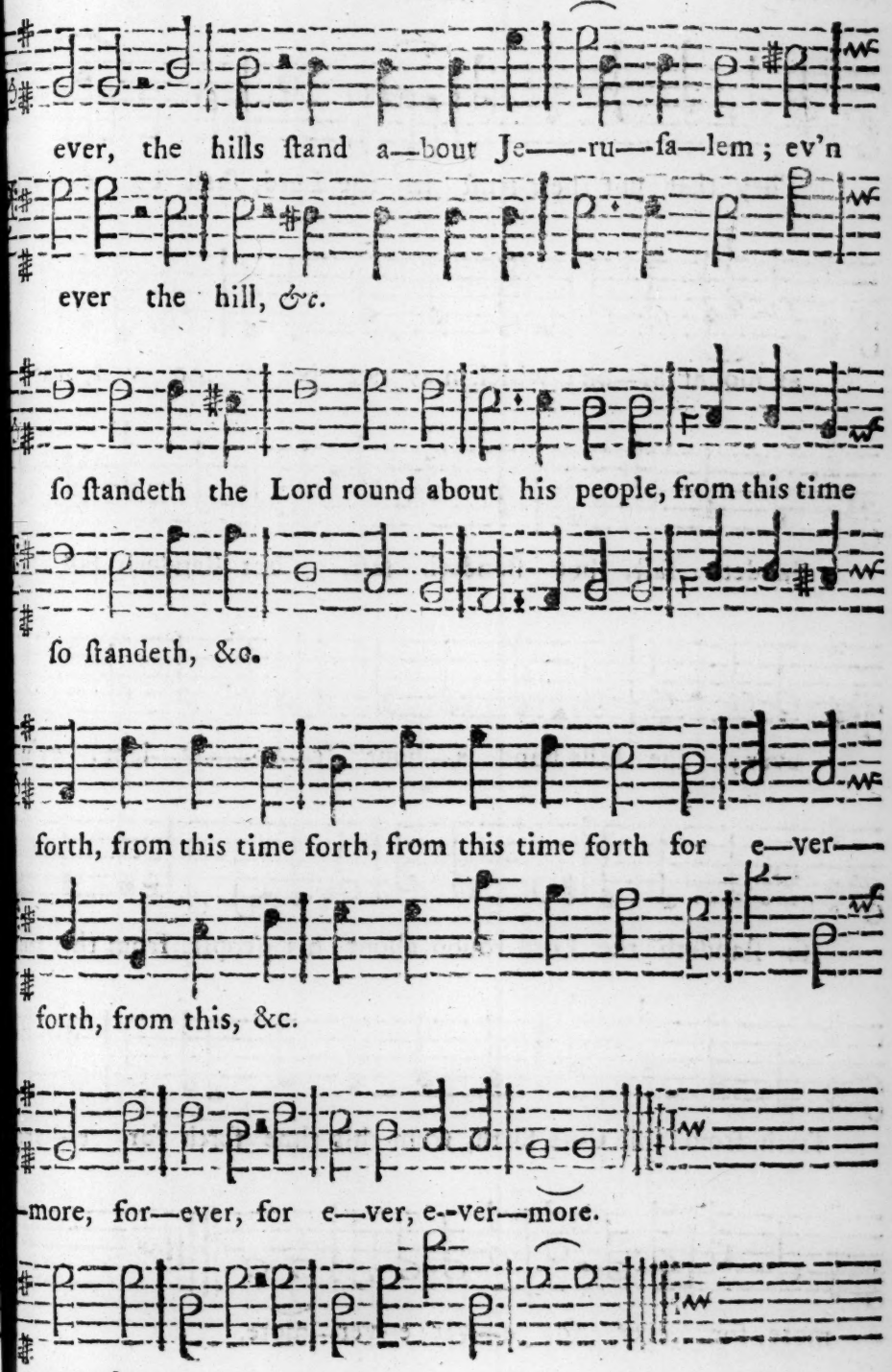
An

An ANTHEM, *Sett by Mr.* S. Akeroyd

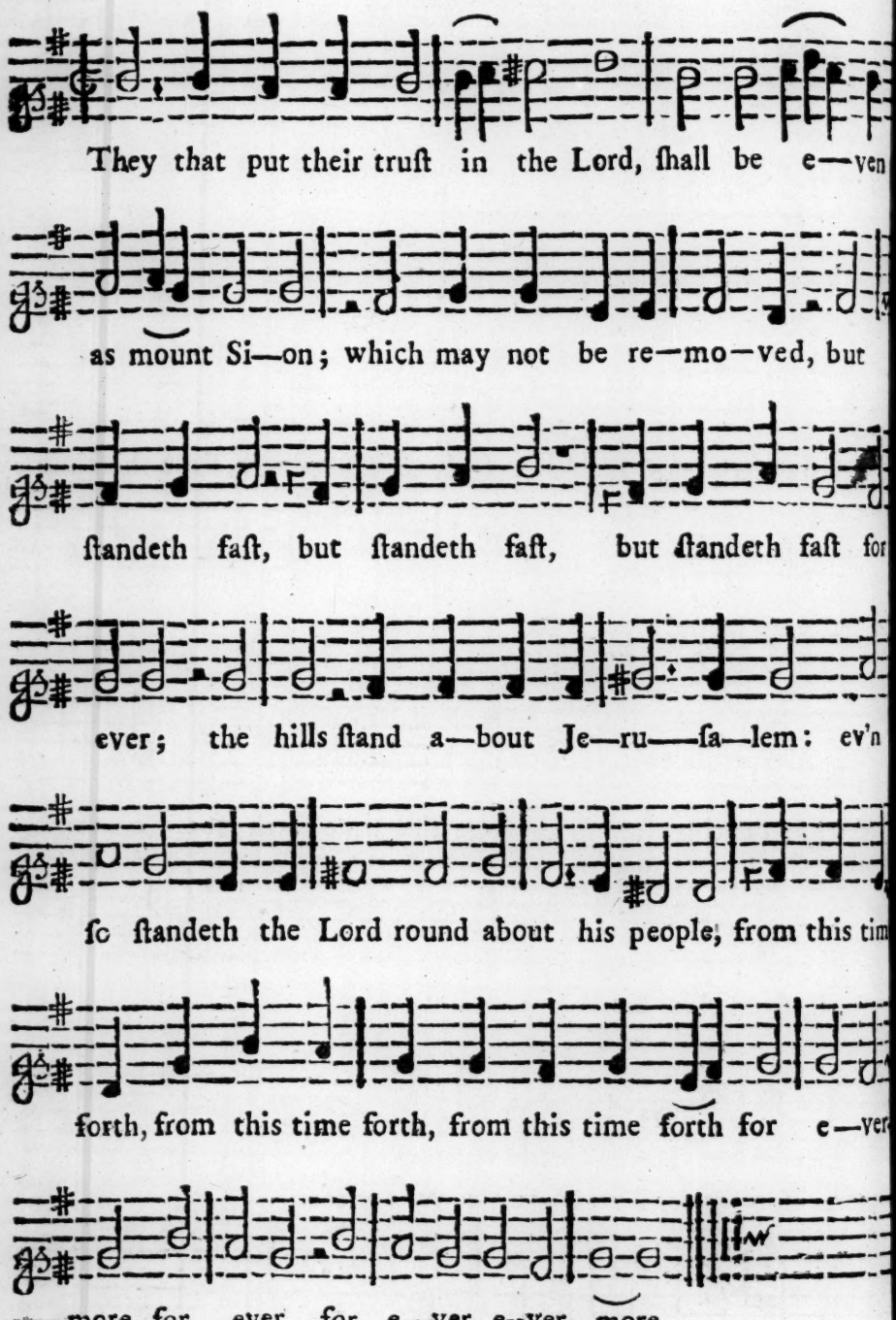
Pſalm 125. The 1, 2, Verſes.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XI. *A.* 3. *V*




ever, the hills ſtand a—bout Je——ru—ſa—lem; ev'n
ever the hill, &c.
ſo ſtandeth the Lord round about his people, from this time
ſo ſtandeth, &c.
forth, from this time forth, from this time forth for e—ver—
forth, from this, &c.
more, for—ever, for e—ver, e--ver—more.
more, &c.

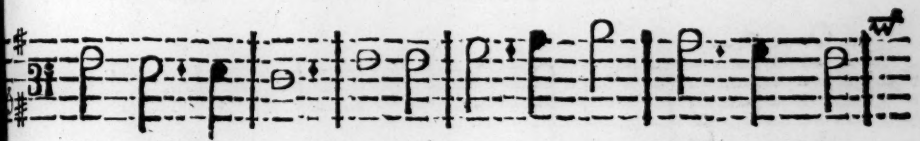
Medius. Anthem 11. *A.* 3. *Vo*



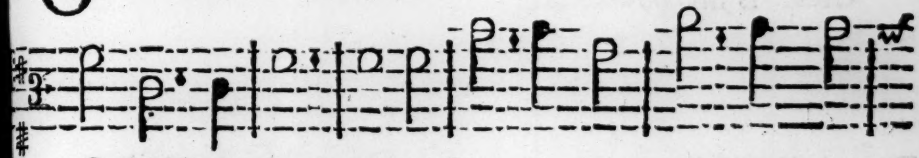
An ANTHEM, *Set by Mr.* Weldon.

Pſalm 147. The firſt Verſe.

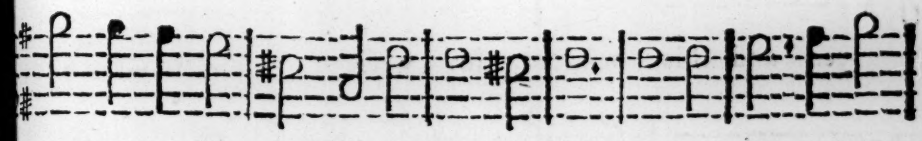
antus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XII. *A. 3. Voc.*



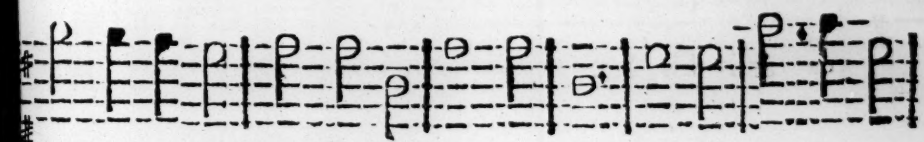
O Praiſe the Lord, for it is a good thing to ſing



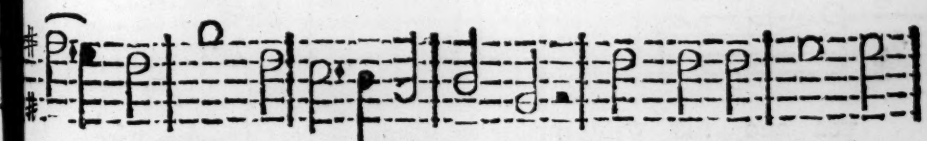
O Praiſe the Lord, &c.



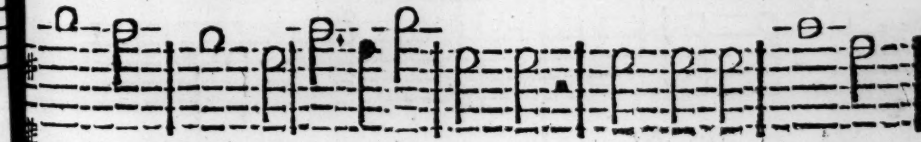
Praiſes, to ſing Praiſes un—to our God: ye a joy-ful and



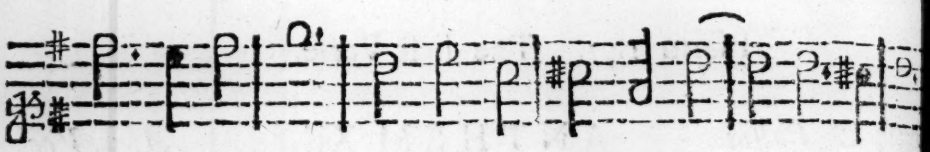
Praiſes, to ſing Praiſes, &c.



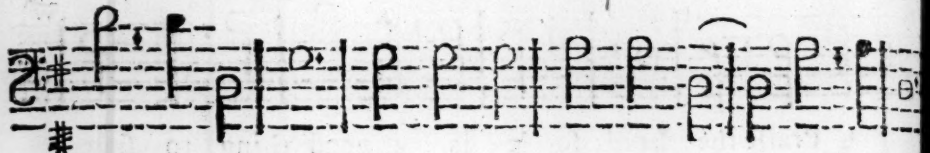
Pleaſant thing it is to be thankful. Great is our Lord, and



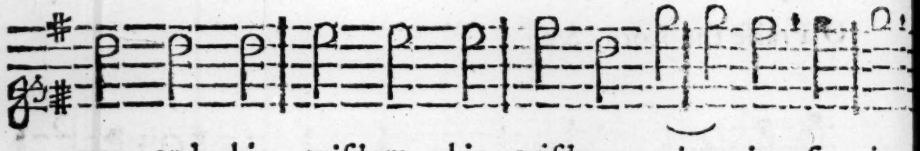
Pleaſant thing, &c.



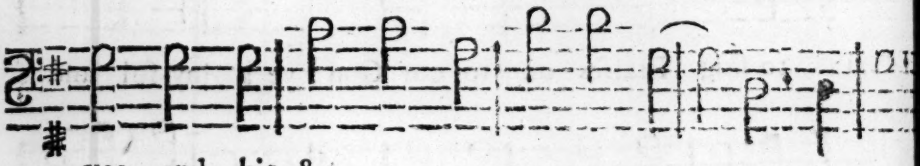
Great is his pow'r; yea and his wiſdon is in—fi—nite,



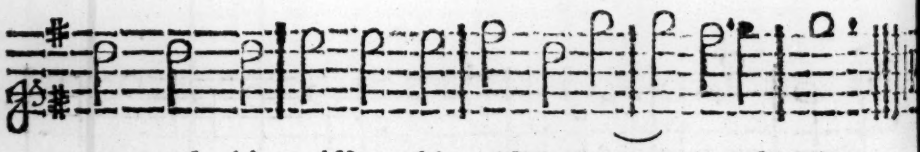
Great is his pow'r; &c.



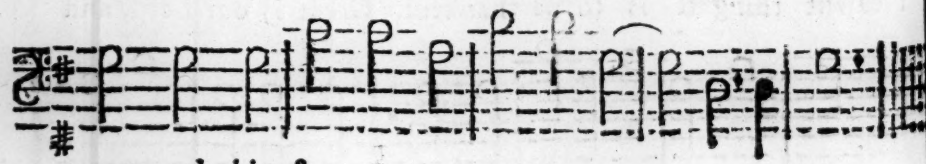
yea and his wiſdom, his wiſdom is in—fi—nite;



yea and his, &c.

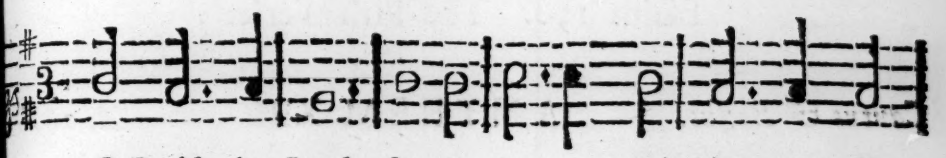


yea and his wiſdom, his wiſdom is in—fi—nite.

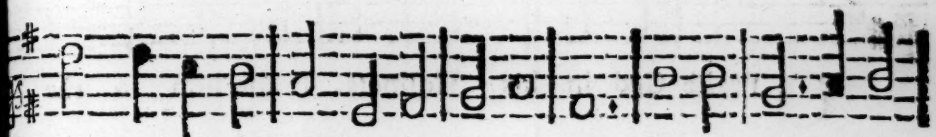


yea and his, &c.

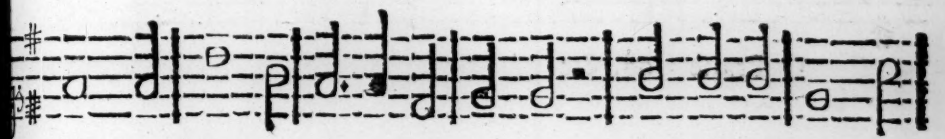
Medius. **Anthem 12.** A. 3. Voc.



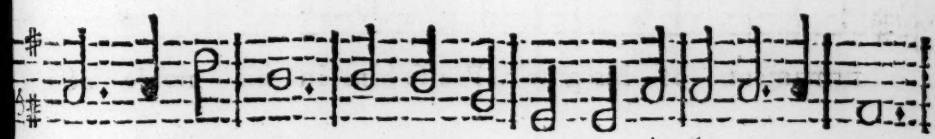
O Praiſe the Lord, for it is a good thing to ſing



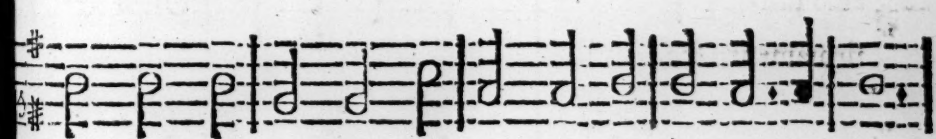
Praiſes, to ſing Praiſes un—to our God; yea a joyful and



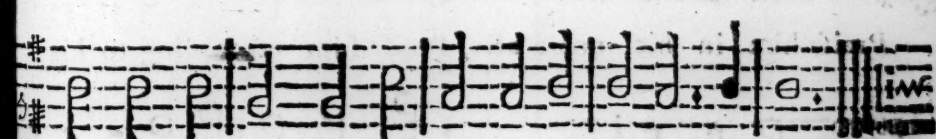
Pleaſant thing it is to be thankful. Great is our Lord, and



Great is his pow'r; yea and his wiſdom is in-fi—nite;



yea and his wiſdom, his wiſdom is in—fi—nite;



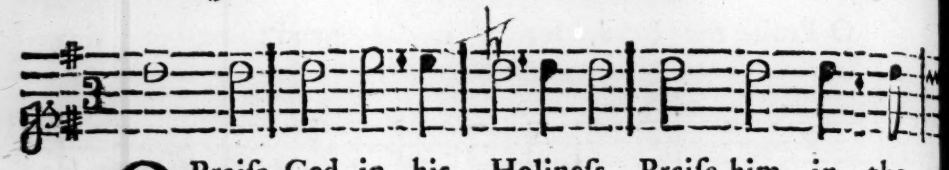
yea and his wiſdom, his wiſdom is in—fi—nite.

An

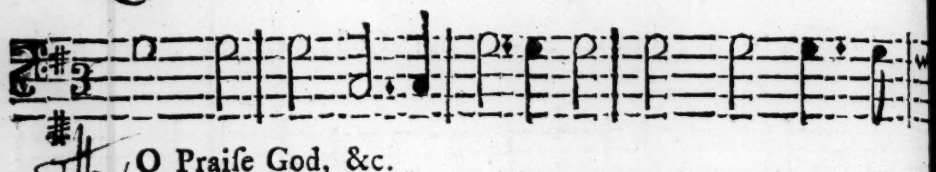
An ANTHEM, *Sett by Mr.* Weldon.

Pſalm 150. The Firſt Verſe.

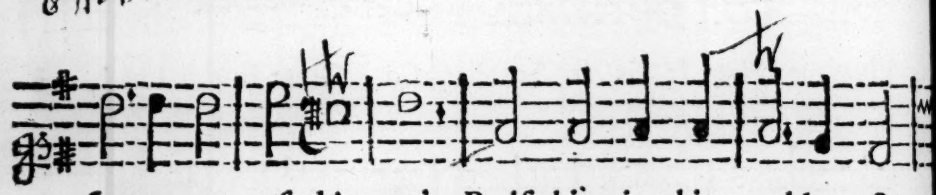
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XIII. *A. 3. Voc*



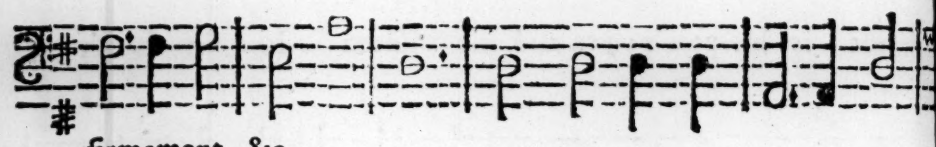
O Praiſe God in his Holineſs. Praiſe him in the



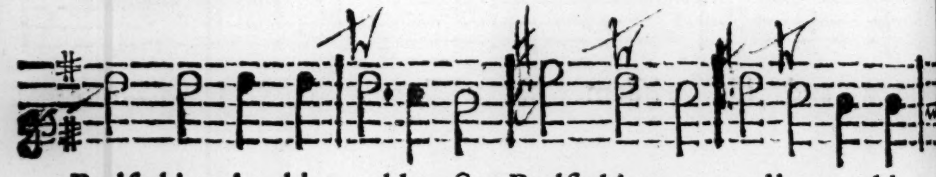
O Praiſe God, &c.



firmament of his pow'r, Praiſe him in his noble acts,



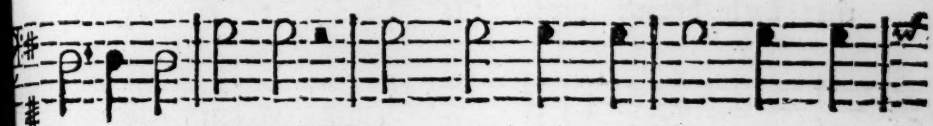
firmament, &c.



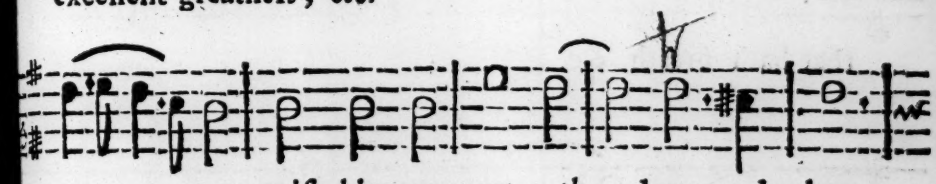
Praiſe him in his noble acts, Praiſe him ac-cording to his

Praiſe him, &c.

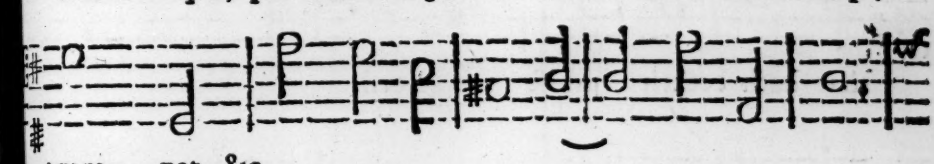
excellent greatneſs; Praiſe him in the ſound of the



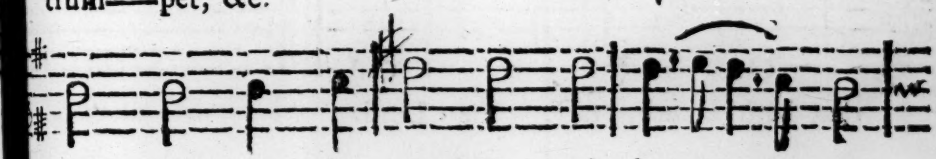
excellent greatneſs; &c.



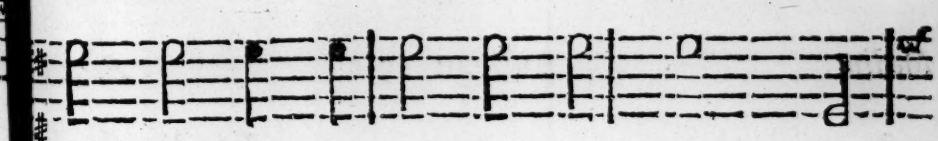
trum——pet, praiſe him up—on the lute and harp;



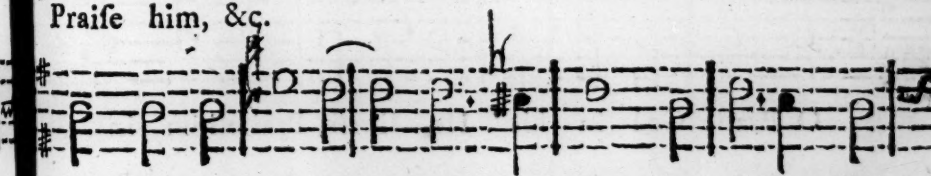
trum——pet, &c.



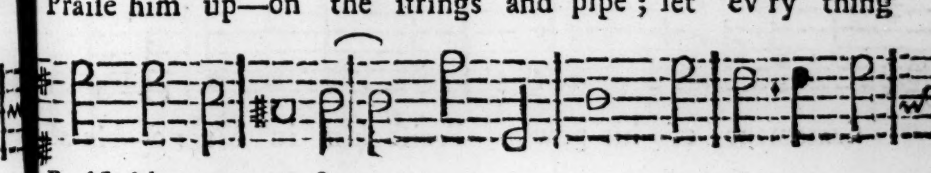
Praiſe him in the cymbals and dan————ces



Praiſe him, &c.



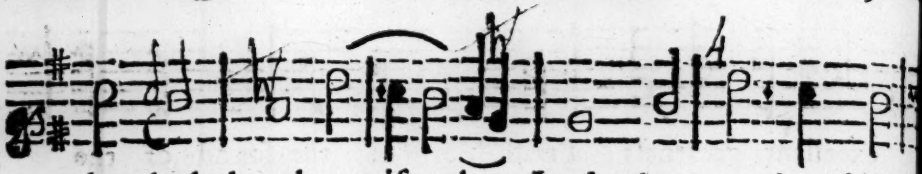
Praiſe him up—on the ſtrings and pipe; let ev'ry thing

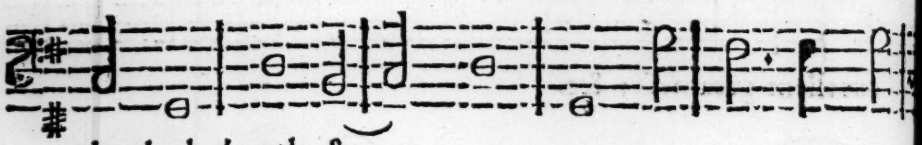


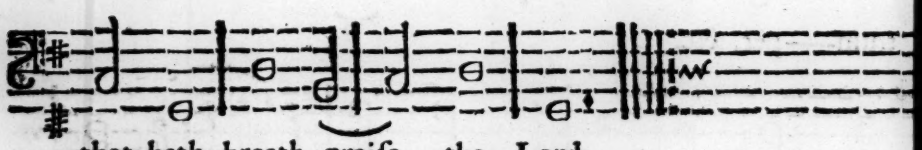
Praiſe him up—on &c.

that

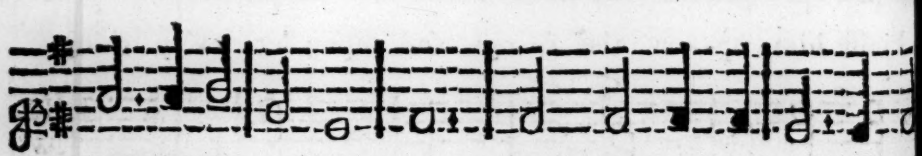
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XIII. *A. 3. Vo*

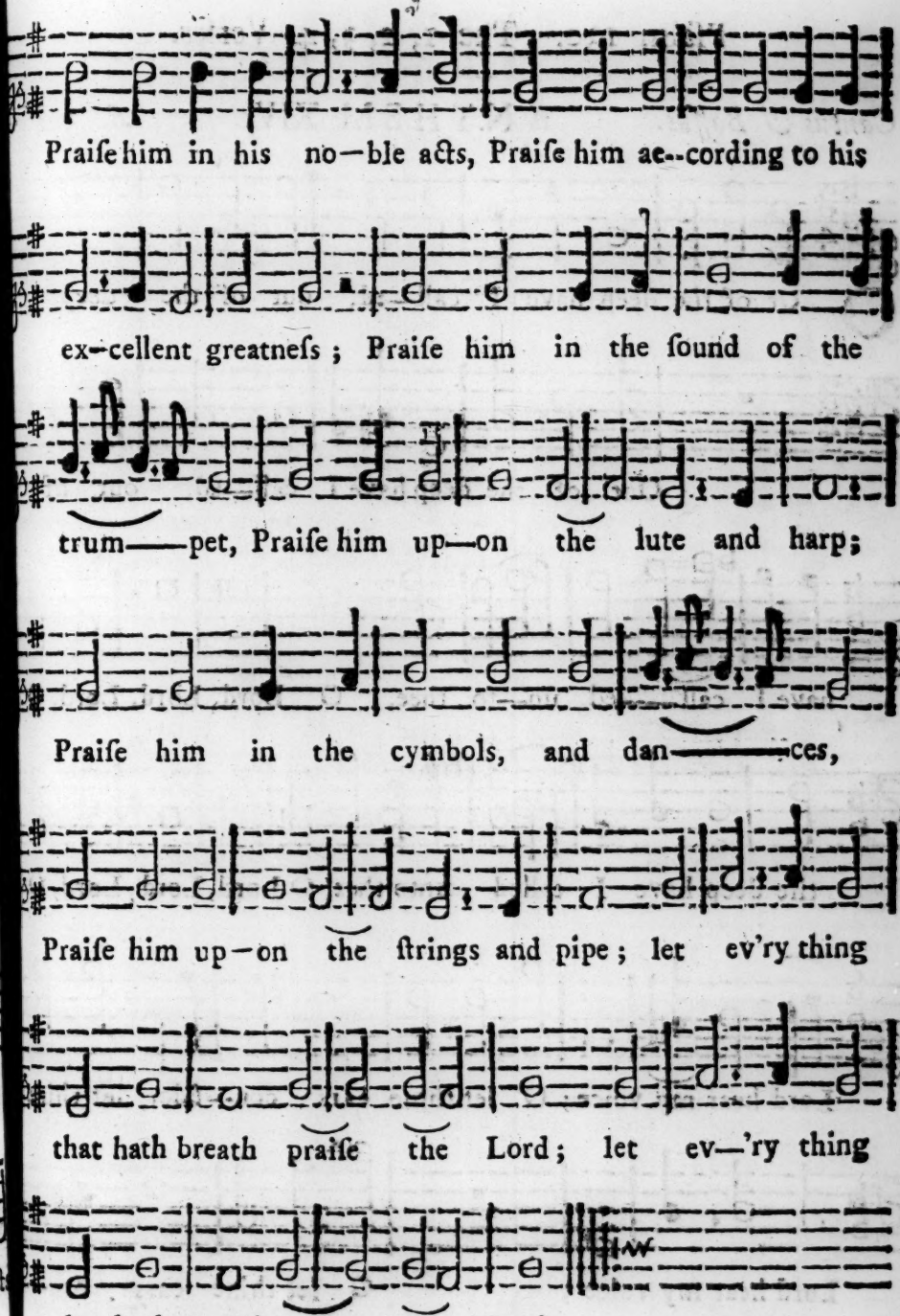






Medius. Anthem 13. *A. 3. V*

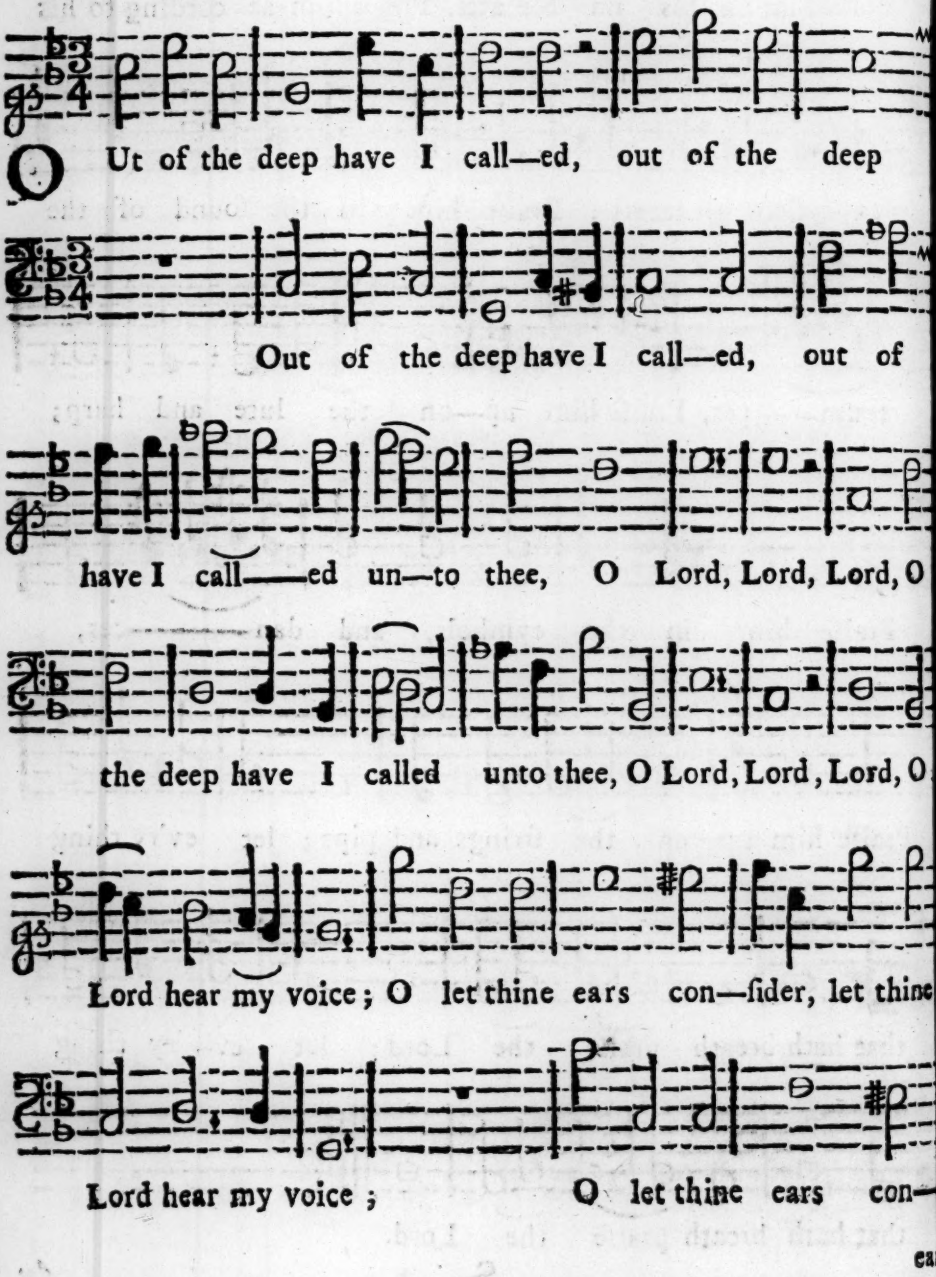


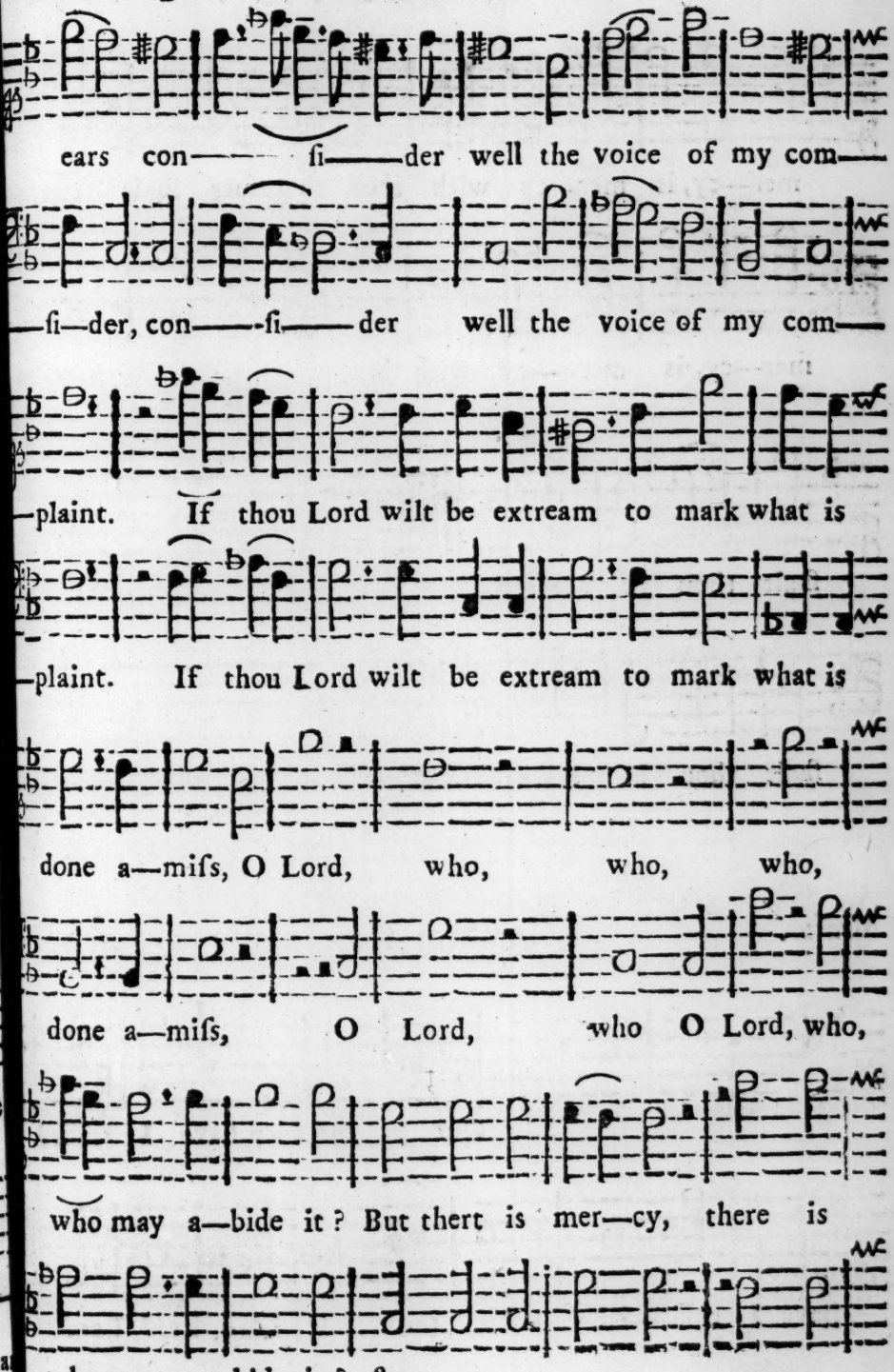

Praiſe him in his no—ble acts, Praiſe him ac--cording to his
ex—cellent greatneſs ; Praiſe him in the ſound of the
trum——pet, Praiſe him up—on the lute and harp;
Praiſe him in the cymbols, and dan———ces,
Praiſe him up—on the ſtrings and pipe ; let ev'ry thing
that hath breath praiſe the Lord ; let ev—'ry thing
that hath breath praiſe the Lord.

An ANTHEM *Sett by Mr.* J. Church.

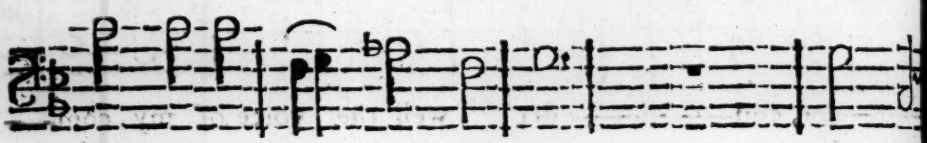
Pſalm 130. The 1, 2, 3, 4, Verſes.

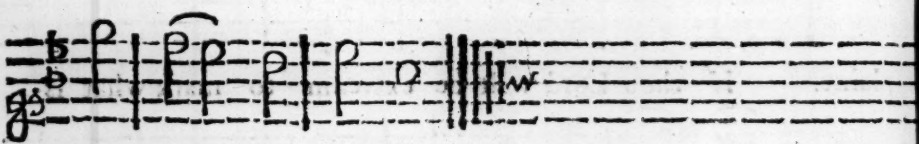
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XIV. *A. 3. Voc*

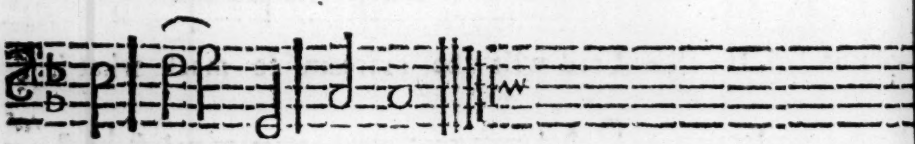



ears con——— ſi——der well the voice of my com—
—ſi—der, con——ſi——der well the voice of my com—
—plaint. If thou Lord wilt be extream to mark what is
—plaint. If thou Lord wilt be extream to mark what is
done a—miſs, O Lord, who, who, who,
done a—miſs, O Lord, who O Lord, who,
who may a—bide it? But thert is mer—cy, there is
who may a—bide it? &c.

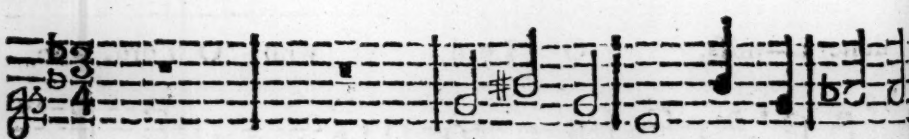
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XIV. *A.* 3. *Vo*

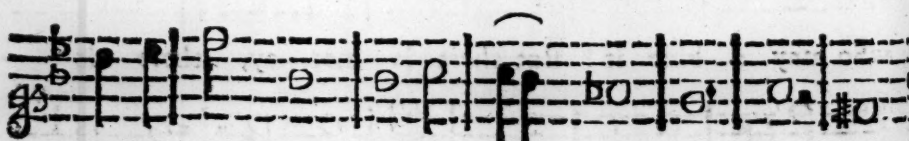




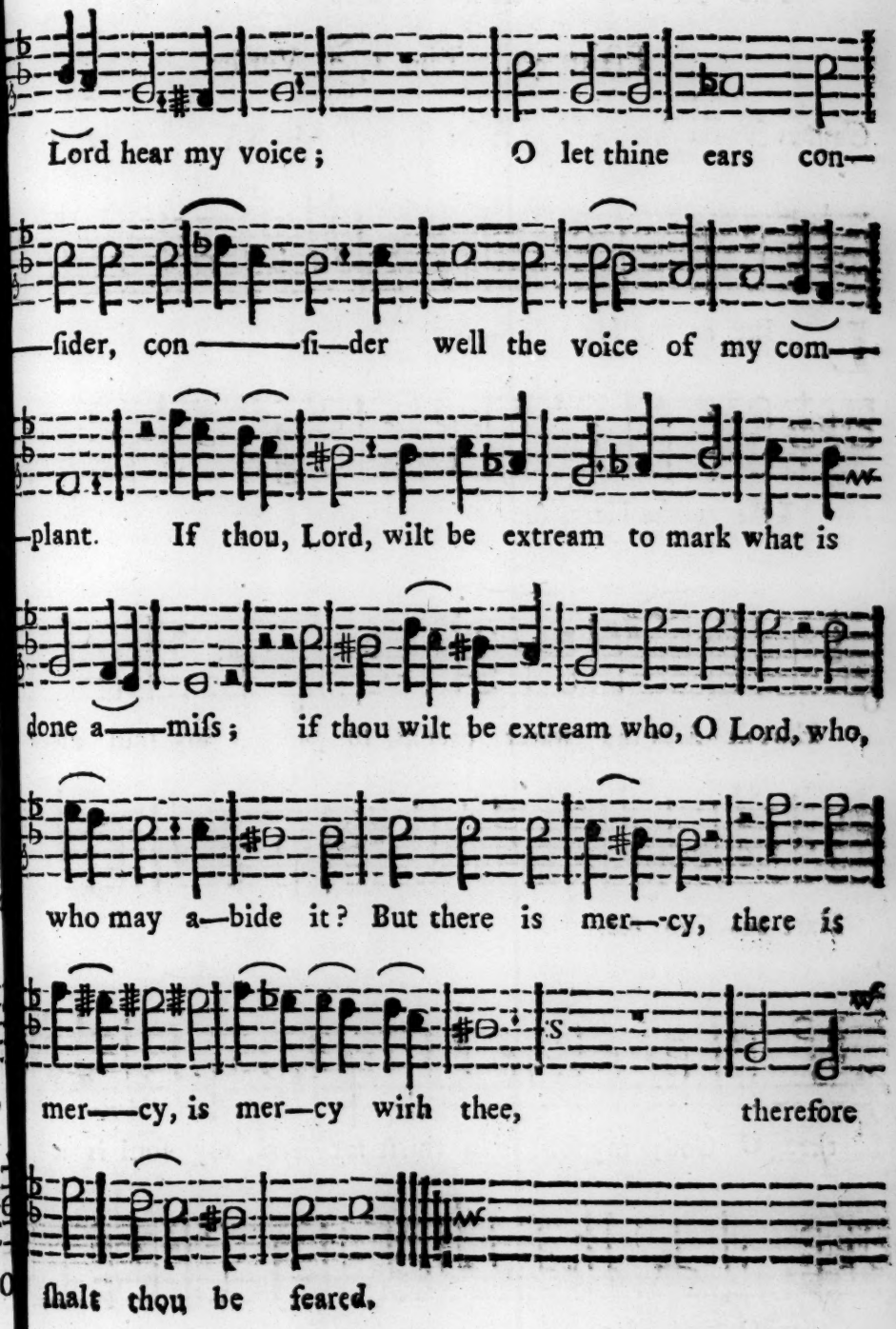


Medius. Anthem 14. *A.* 3. *V*





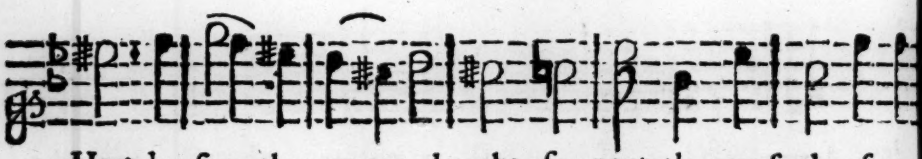
L

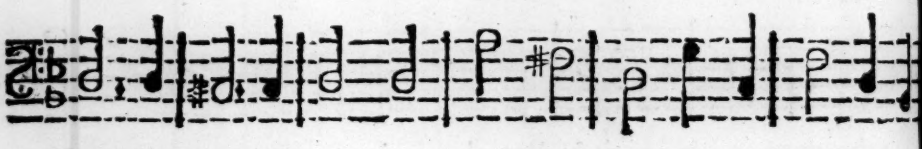

Lord hear my voice; O let thine ears con—
—ſider, con ——— ſi—der well the voice of my com—
—plant. If thou, Lord, wilt be extream to mark what is
done a——miſs; if thou wilt be extream who, O Lord, who,
who may a—bide it? But there is mer—cy, there is
mer——cy, is mer—cy wirh thee, therefore
ſhalt thou be feared.

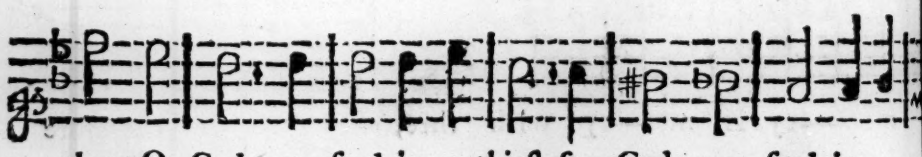
An ANTHEM, *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

Pſalm 42. The 1, 2, Verſes.

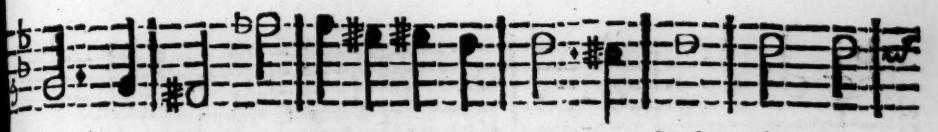
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XV. *A. 3. Vo*





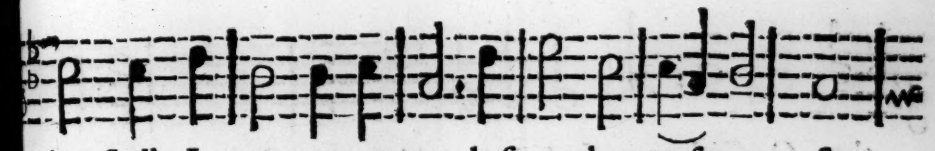


thir



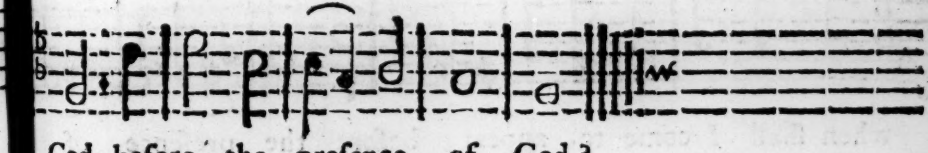
thirſt for God, yea even for the living God; when, O

thirſt for God, &c.

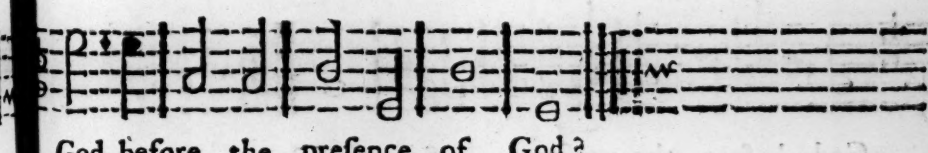


when ſhall I come to appear before the preſence of

when ſhall I, &c.

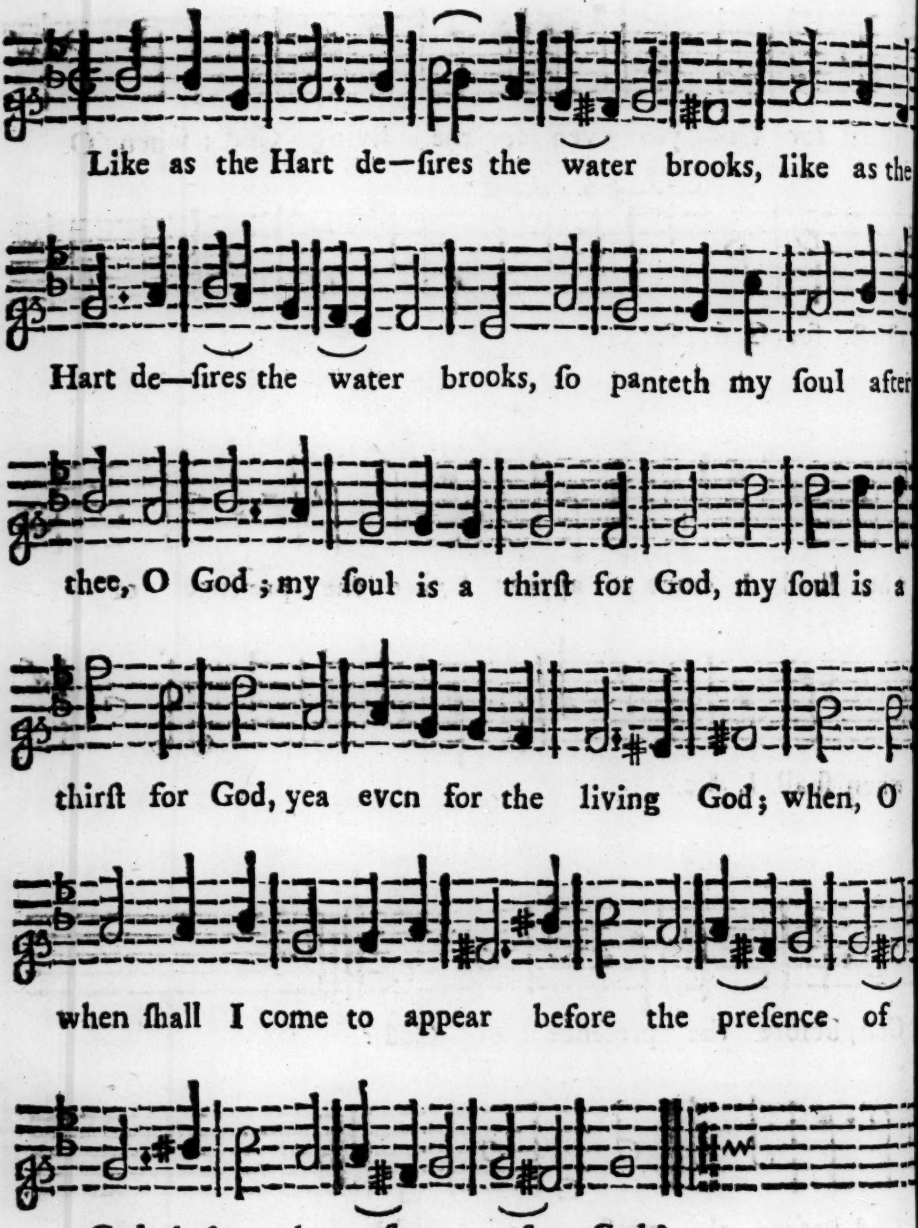


God, before the preſence of God?



God, before the preſence of God?

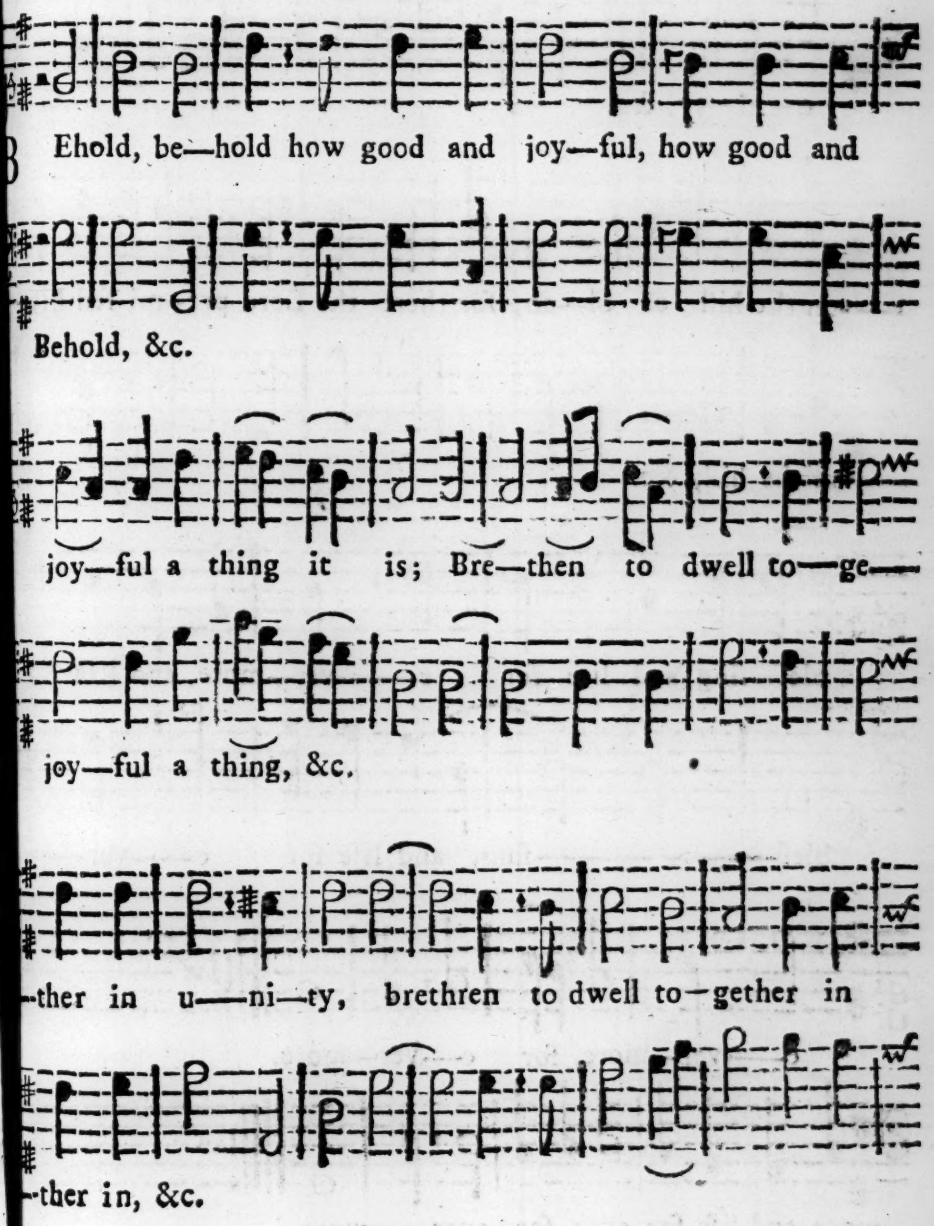
Like

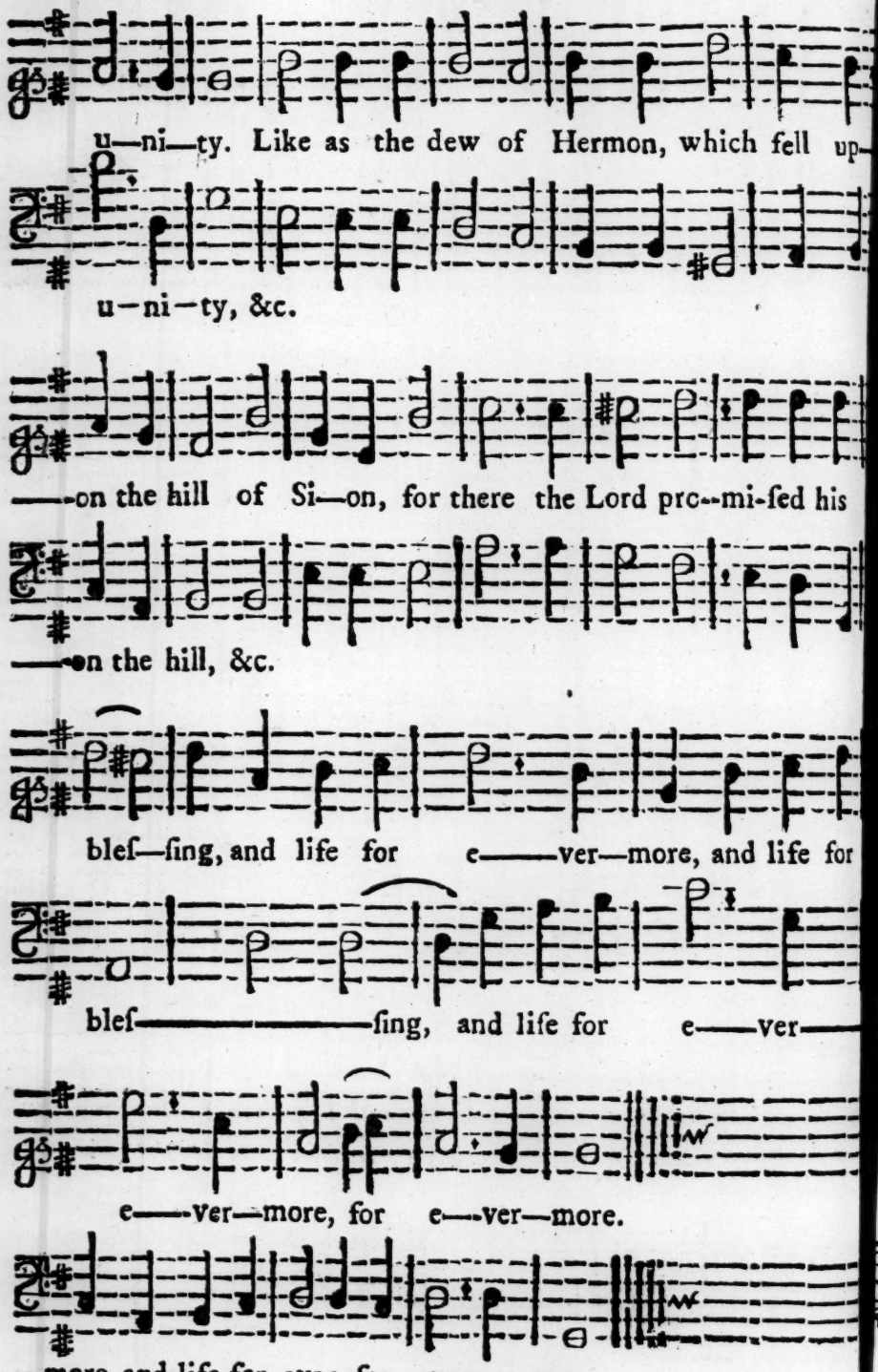

Like as the Hart de—ſires the water brooks, like as the
Hart de—ſires the water brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after
thee, O God; my ſoul is a thirſt for God, my ſoul is a
thirſt for God, yea evcn for the living God; when, O
when ſhall I come to appear before the preſence of
God, before the preſence of God?

An ANTHEM, *Sett by Mr.* Tho. Clarke.

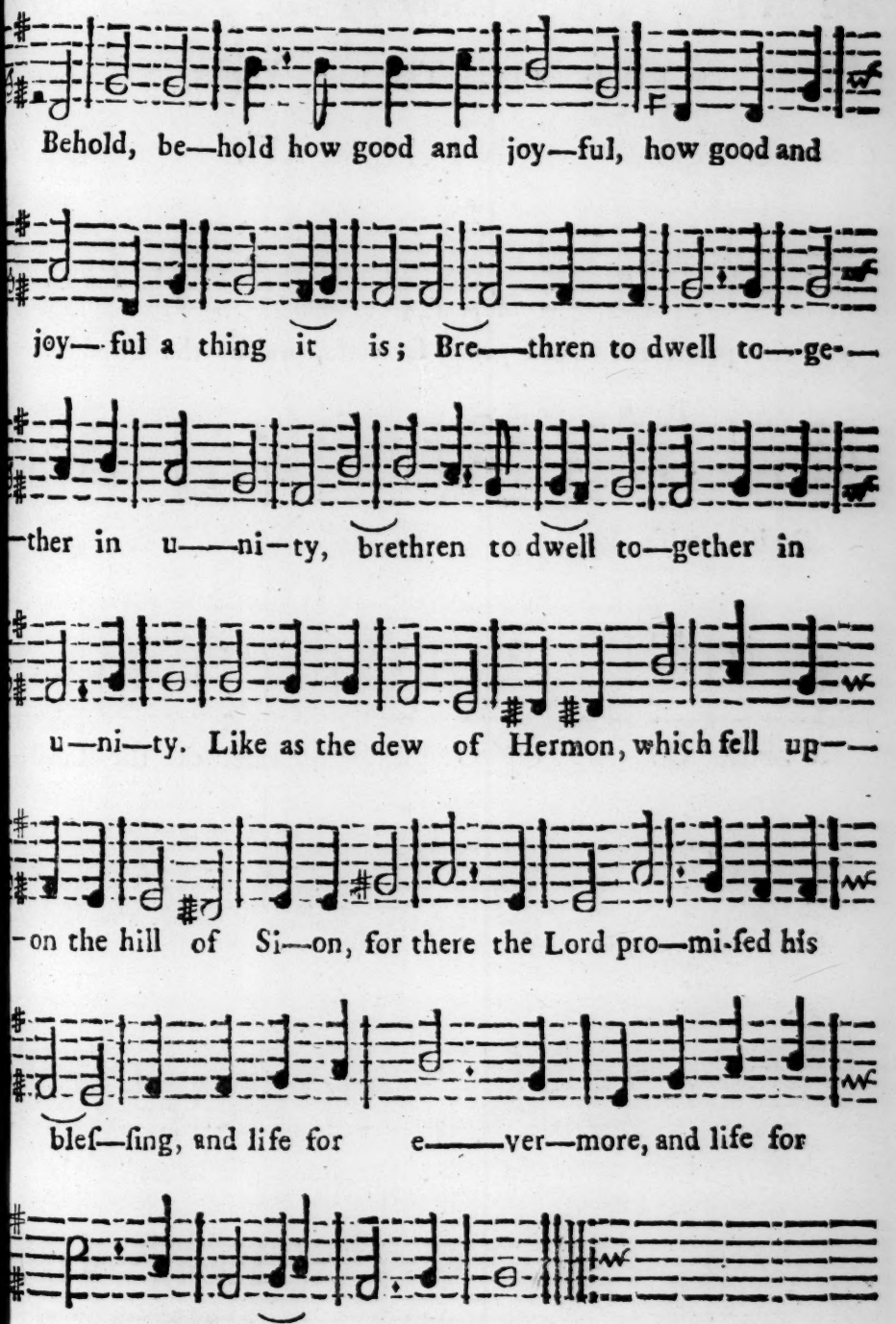
Pſalm 133. The Firſt, third, and fourth Verſes.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XVI. *A.* 3. *Voc.*




u—ni—ty. Like as the dew of Hermon, which fell up-
u—ni—ty, &c.
—on the hill of Si—on, for there the Lord pro—mi-ſed his
—on the hill, &c.
bleſ—ſing, and life for e——ver—more, and life for
bleſ——————ſing, and life for e——ver—
e——ver—more, for e—ver—more.
—more, and life for ever, for ever——more.

Medius. Anthem 16. A. 3. Voc.

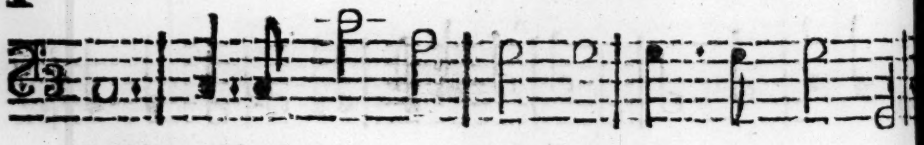


An ANTHEM, *Sett by Mr.* Tho. Clark

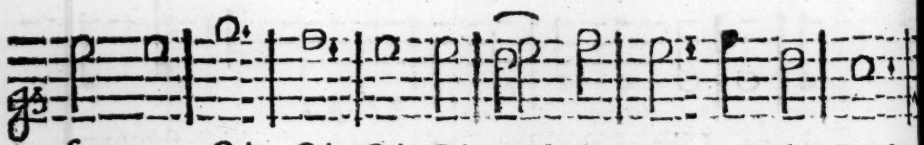
Pſalm 113. The 1, 2, Verſes.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XVII. *A.* 3. *V*

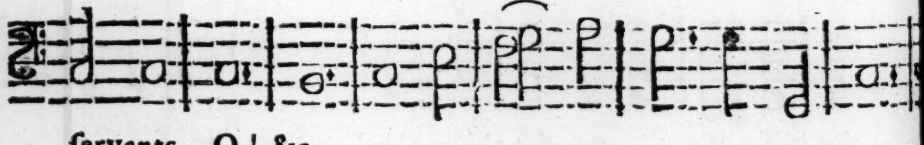
PRriſe, praiſe the Lord yea ſervants, praiſe the Lord yea



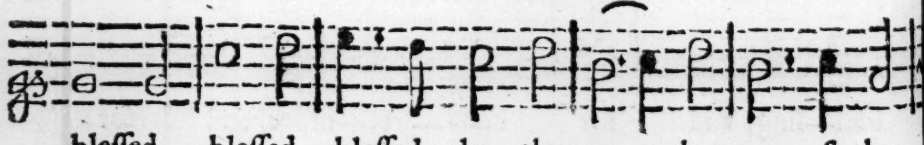
Praiſe, praiſe, &c.



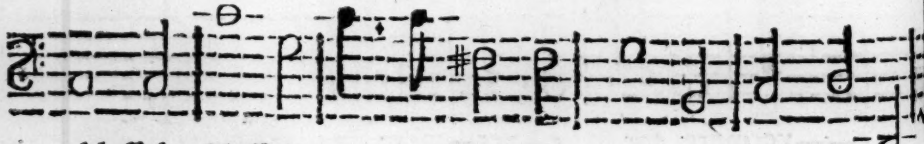
ſervants, O! O! O! O! praiſe the name of the Lord;



ſervants, O! &c.



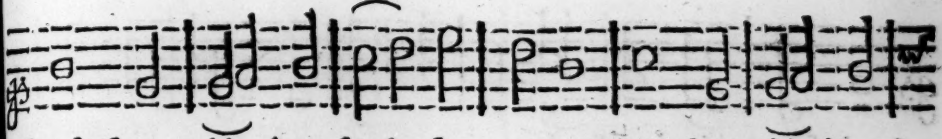
bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed be the name, the name of the

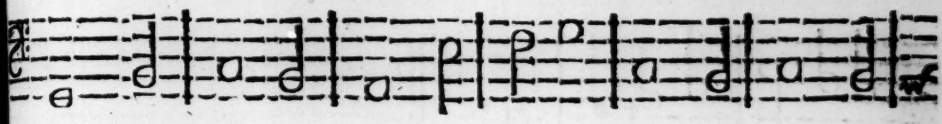


bleſſed, bleſſed, &c.

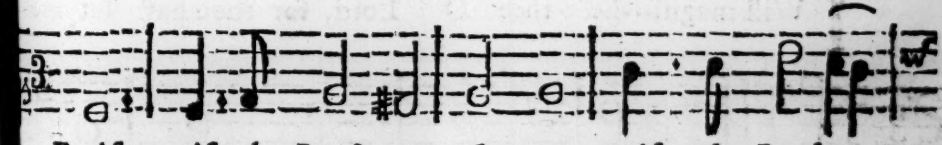
Lor

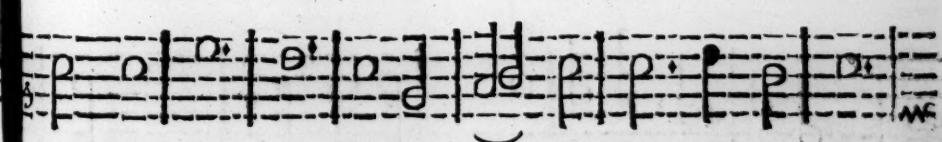
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XVII. *A. 3. Voc.*



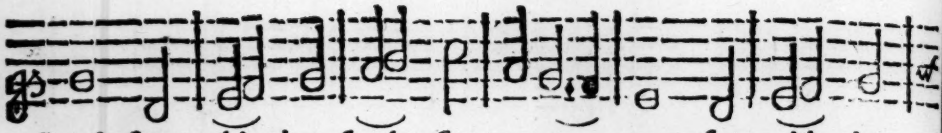


Medius. Anthem 17. *A. 3. Voc.*

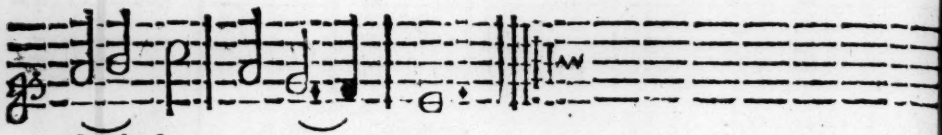




Medius. Anthem 17. *A.* 3. *Voc.*



Lord, from this time forth, fot e—ver--more, from this time

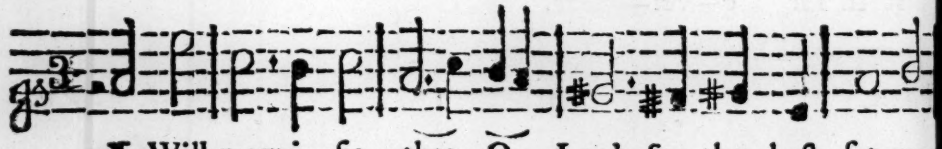


forth for e—-ver—-more.

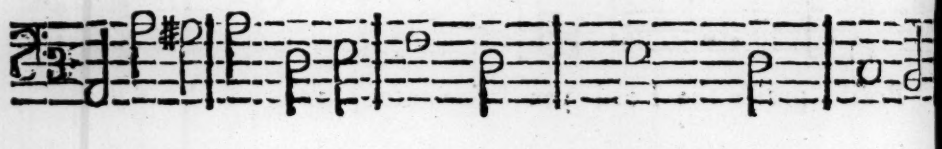
An ANTHEM, *Set by Mr.* Tho. Clarke.

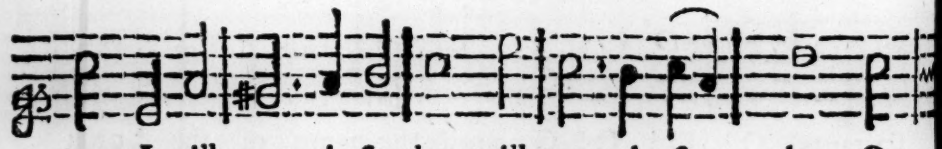
Pſalm 30. The Firſt and third Verſes

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM XVIII. *A.* 1. *Voc.*

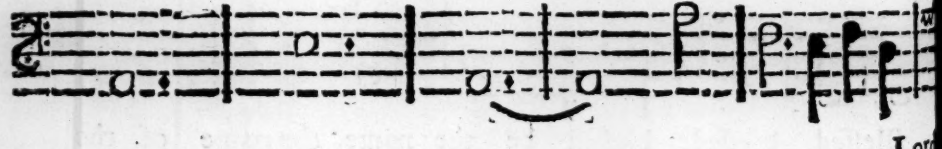


I Will magni---fie thee O Lord, for thou haſt ſet me

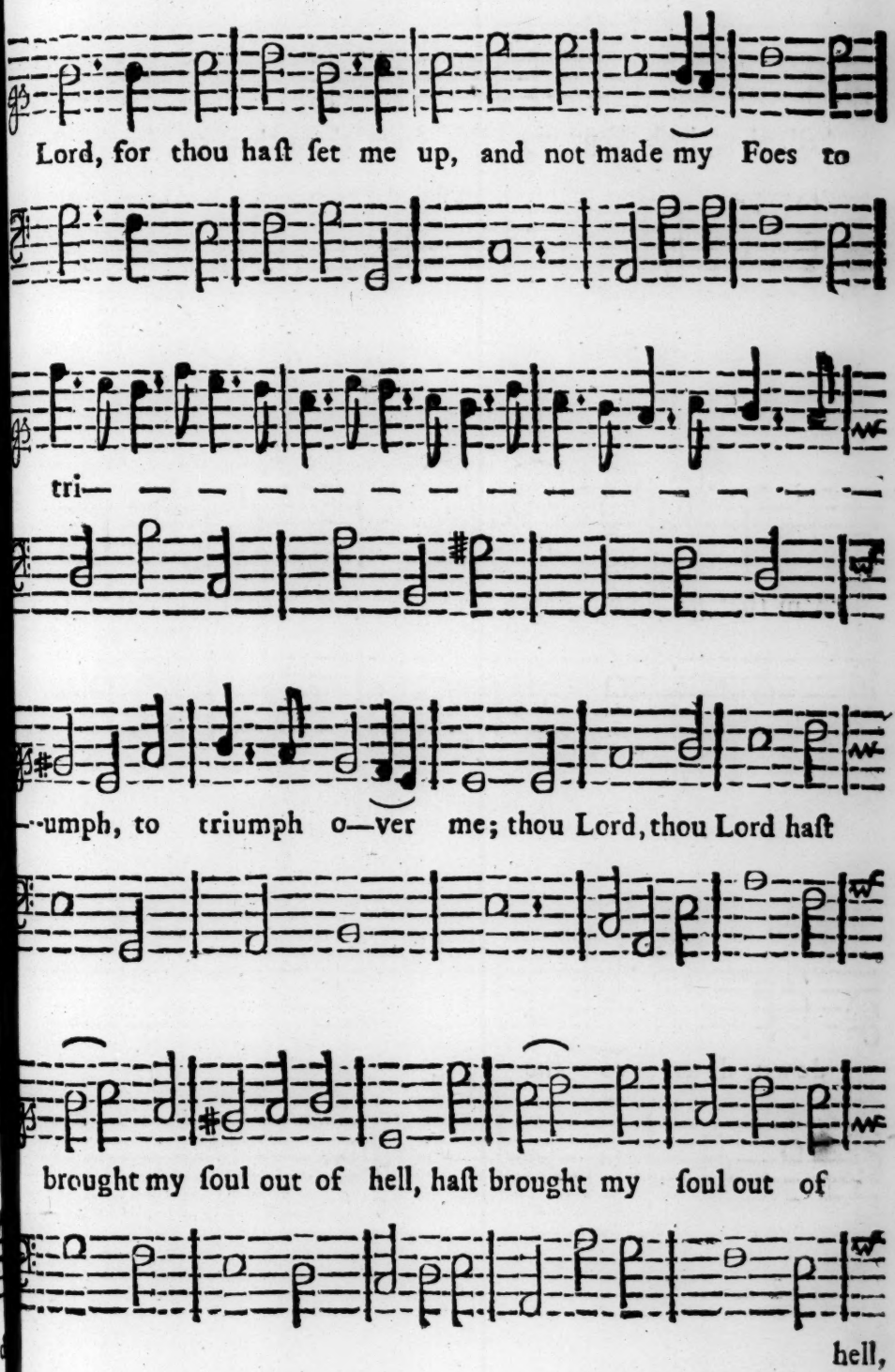


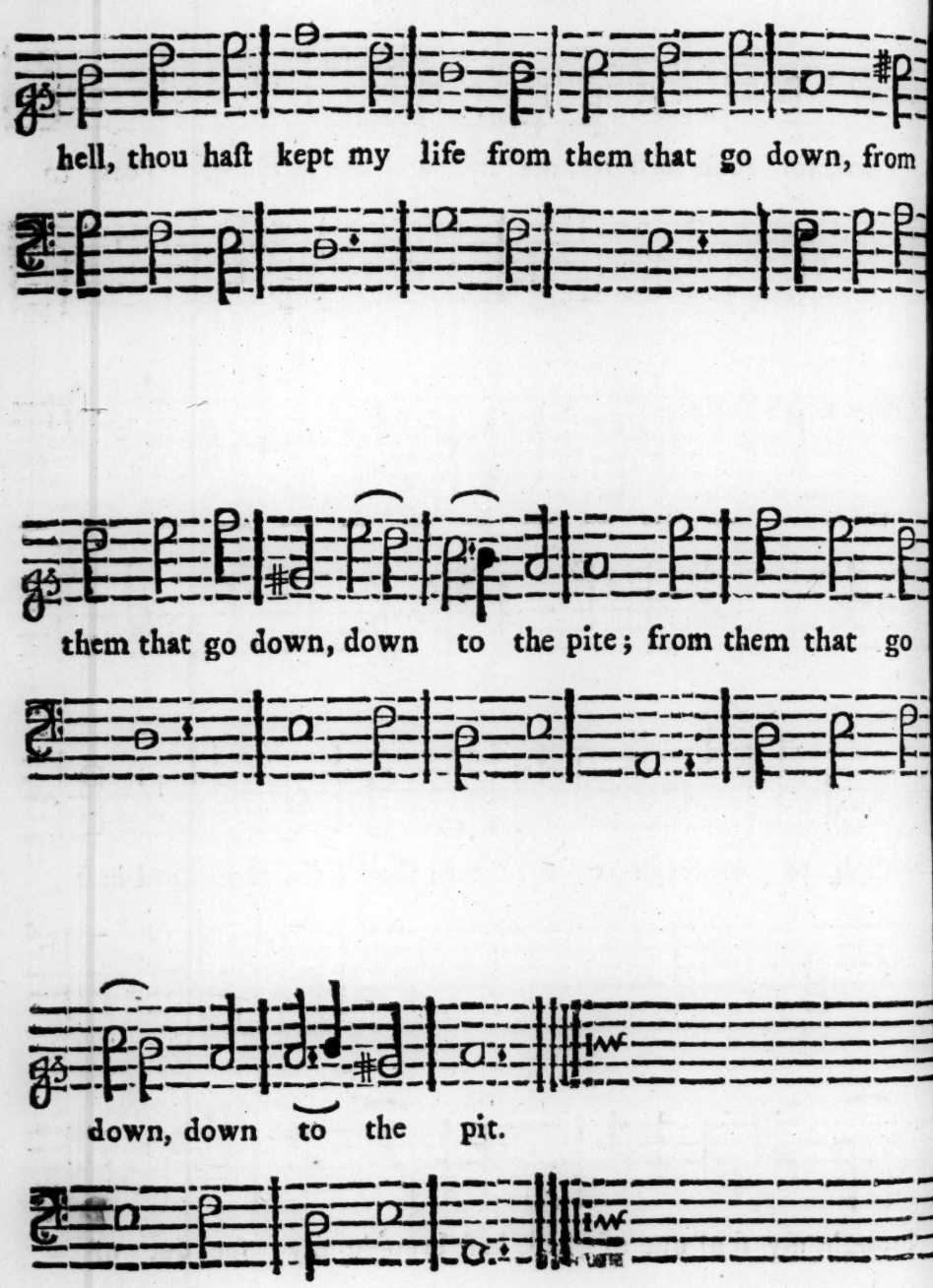


up; I will mag--ni--fie thee, will mag--ni—fie thee O



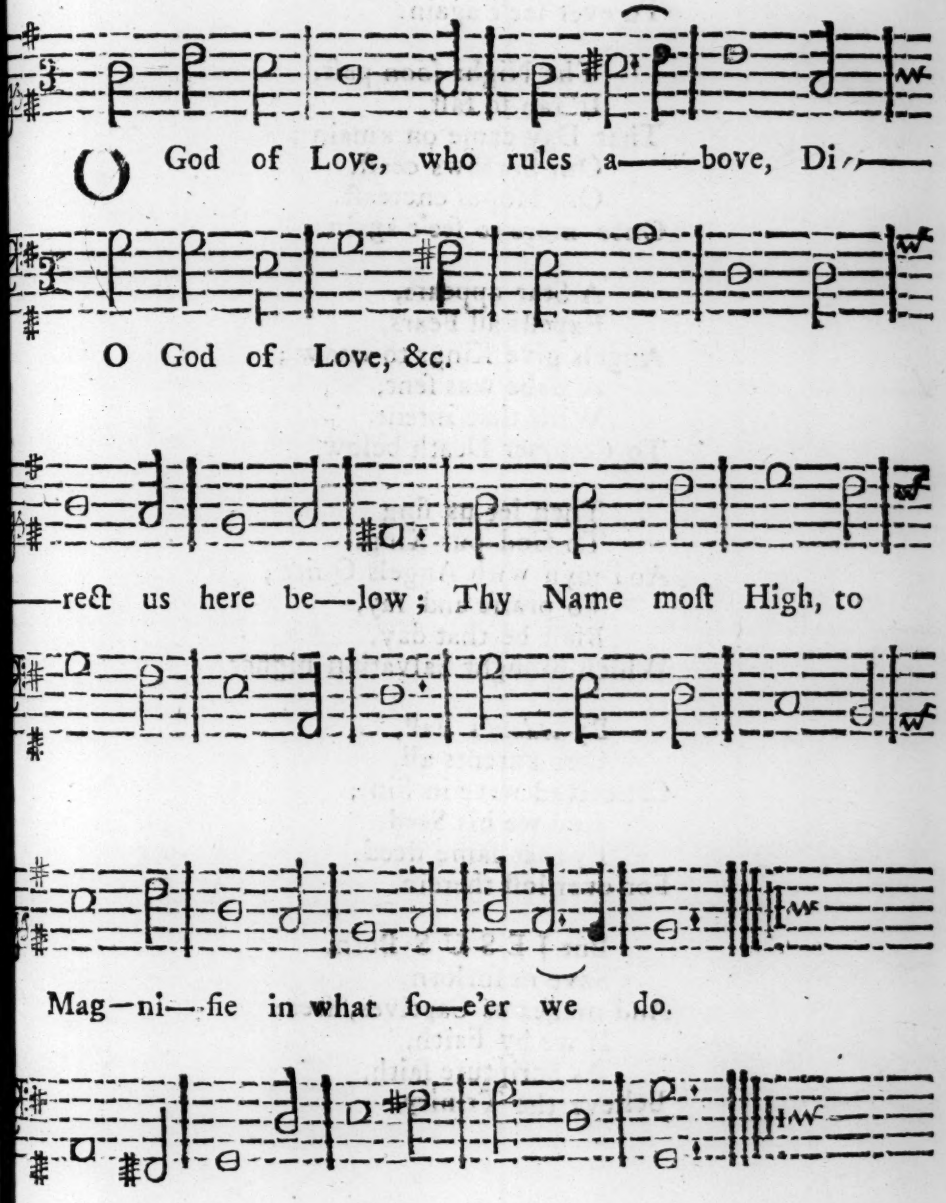
Lord


Lord, for thou haſt ſet me up, and not made my Foes to
tri— — — — — — — — — — — — — —
—umph, to triumph o—ver me; thou Lord, thou Lord haſt
brought my ſoul out of hell, haſt brought my ſoul out of
hell,


hell, thou haſt kept my life from them that go down, from
them that go down, down to the pite; from them that go
down, down to the pit.

An HYMN *for* Chriſtmas-Day. B. R.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN. *A. 2. Voc.*



The Day ſoon paſt,
it ran ſo faſt,
That Night came on amain;
Our joys were croſt,
Our Hopes were loſt,
To ever ſee't again.

The Night ſoon paſt,
It ran ſo faſt,
That Day came on amain;
Our Sorrows ceaſt,
Our Hopes encreaſt,
Once more to ſee't again.

A Star appears,
Expells all Fears,
Angels give Kings to know;
A Babe was ſent,
With that intent,
To Conquer Death below.

Then let us ſing
To God our King,
And joyn with Angels Quire;
To praiſe and ſay,
Bleſt be that day,
Which brought Salvation nigher.

By *Adam*'s Fall,
Our Parents all,
Conceived were in Sin;
And we his Seed,
By that ſame deed,
For ever loſt therein.

But J E S U S Born,
Save us forlorn.
And makes us Captives, free;
If we by Faith,
As Scripture ſaith,
Believe the Trinity.

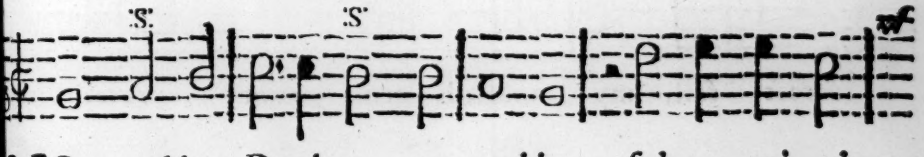
CANONS, or HYMNS

OF

Three and Four Parts in One.

A CANON *in the* 4. *&* 8. *below.*

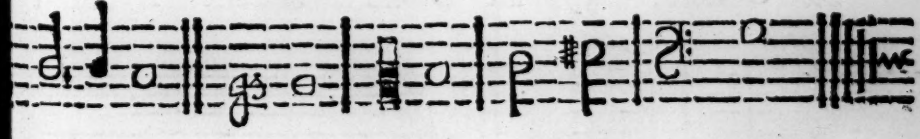
Canon 1. *A.* 3. *Voc*



NOn nobis Domine, non nobis, ſed no—mi—ni

tuo da Glori--am, ſed nomi--ni tuo da

Treble. *Tenor.* *Baſs.*

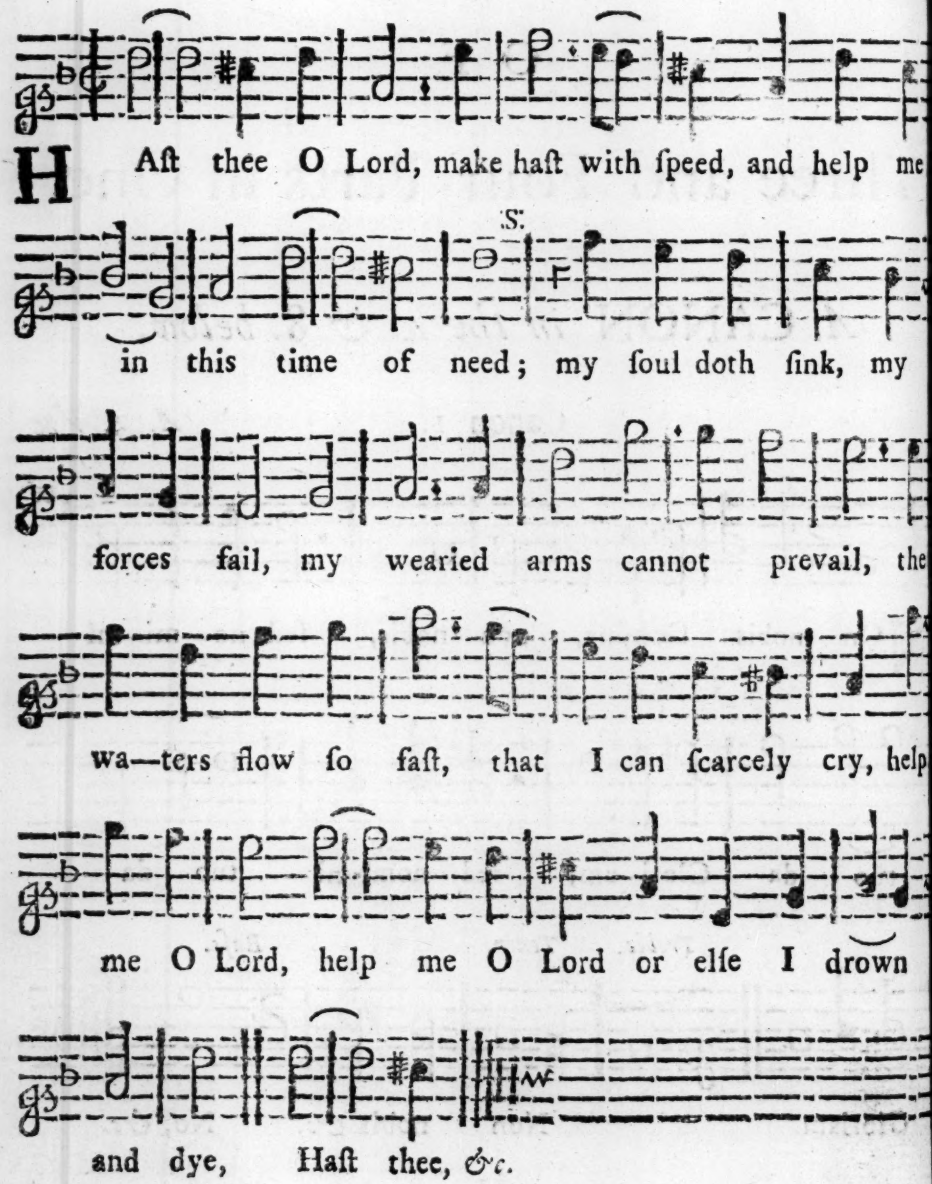


Gloriam. Non nobis *&c.* No, *&c.*

A CANON *in the* Uniſon.

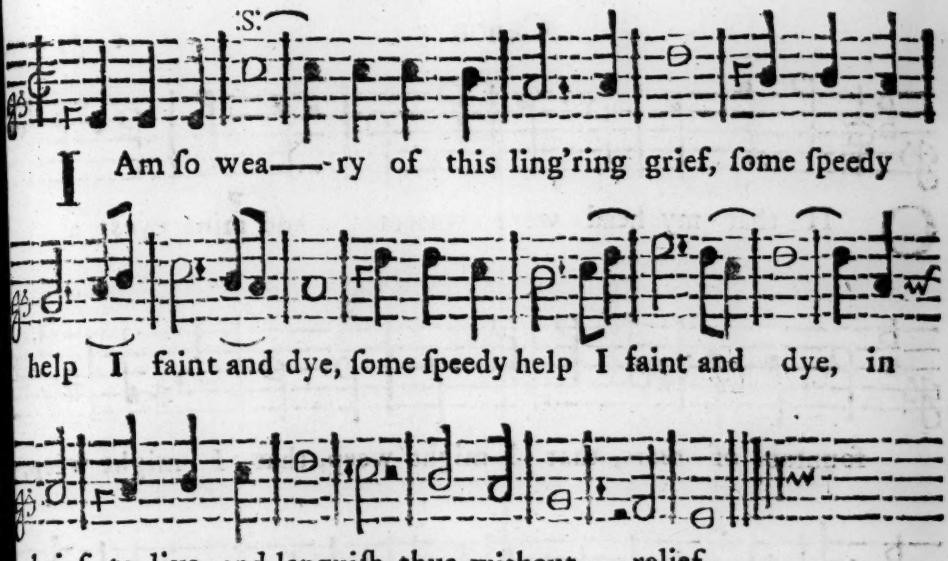
By Mr. *Thomas Ford.*

Canon 2. *A.* 4. *Vo*



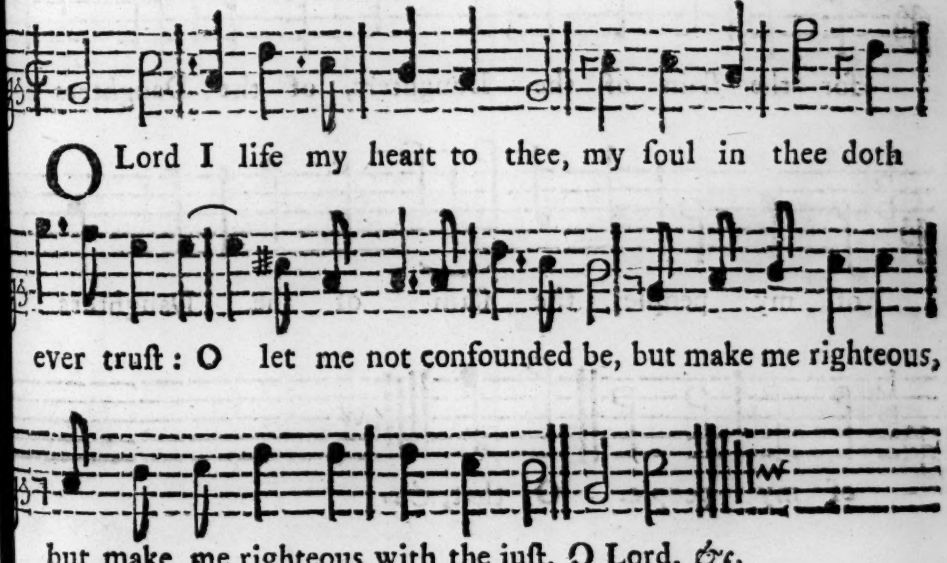
A CANON, *by Mr.* Thomas Ford.

Canon 3. *A.* 3. *Voc.*



A CANON *in the* 5 *below, the* 8 *above. Mr.* T. Ford.

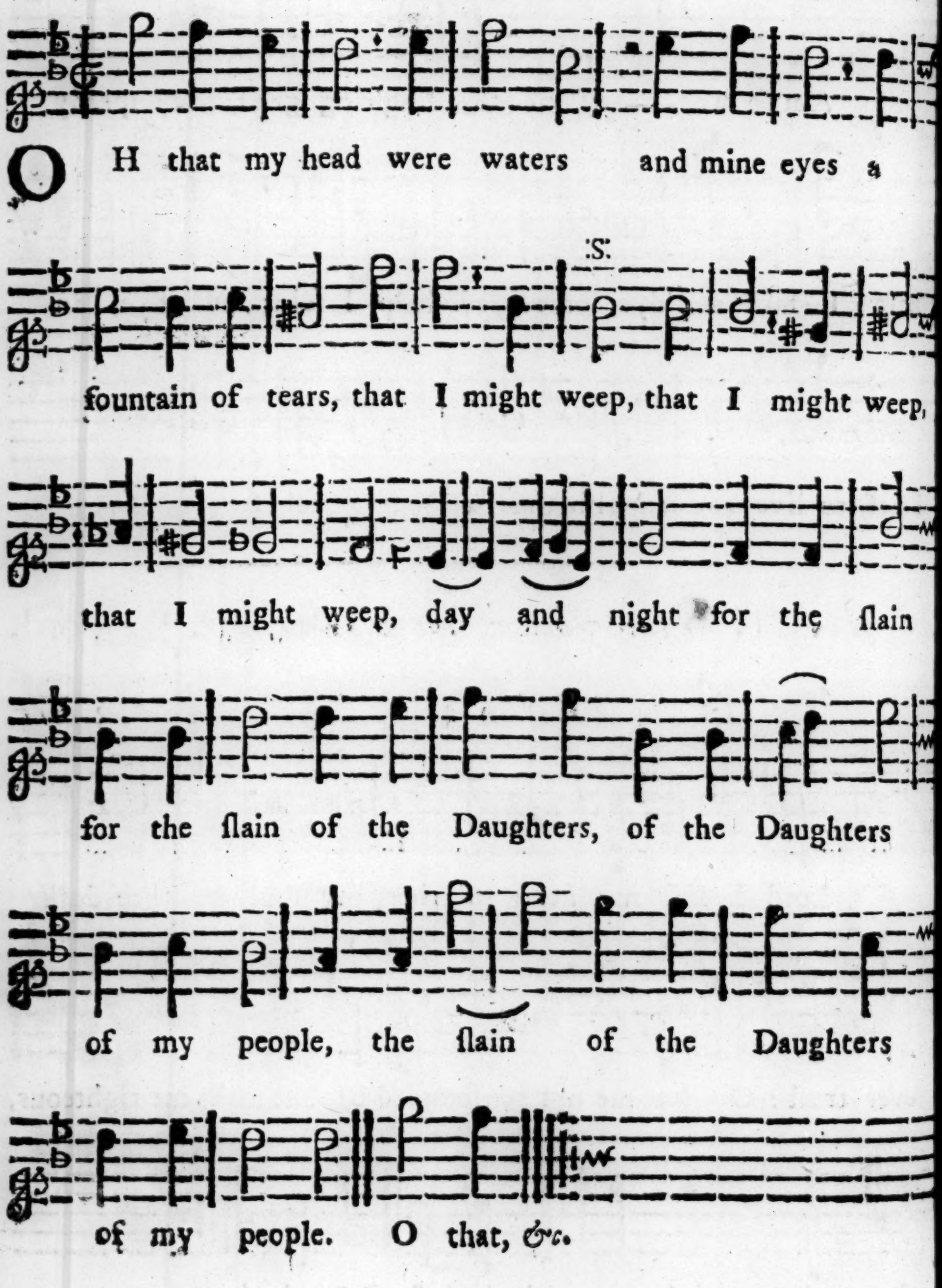
Canon 4. *A.* 3. *Voc.*



A CANON *in the* Uniſon.

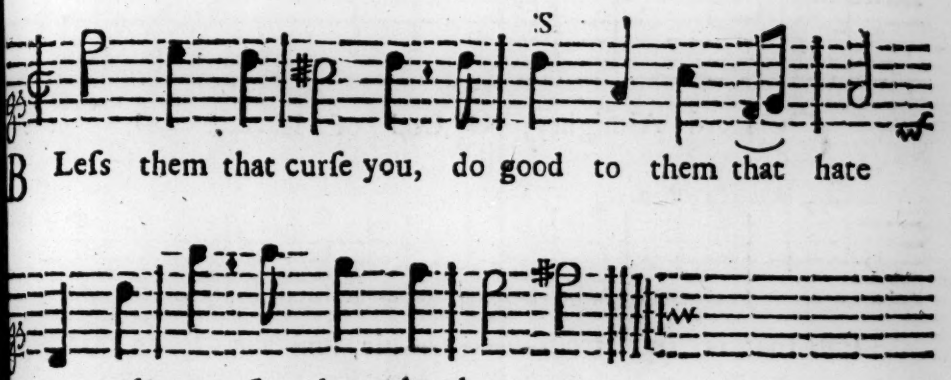
By Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

Canon 5. *A.* 3. *Voc.*



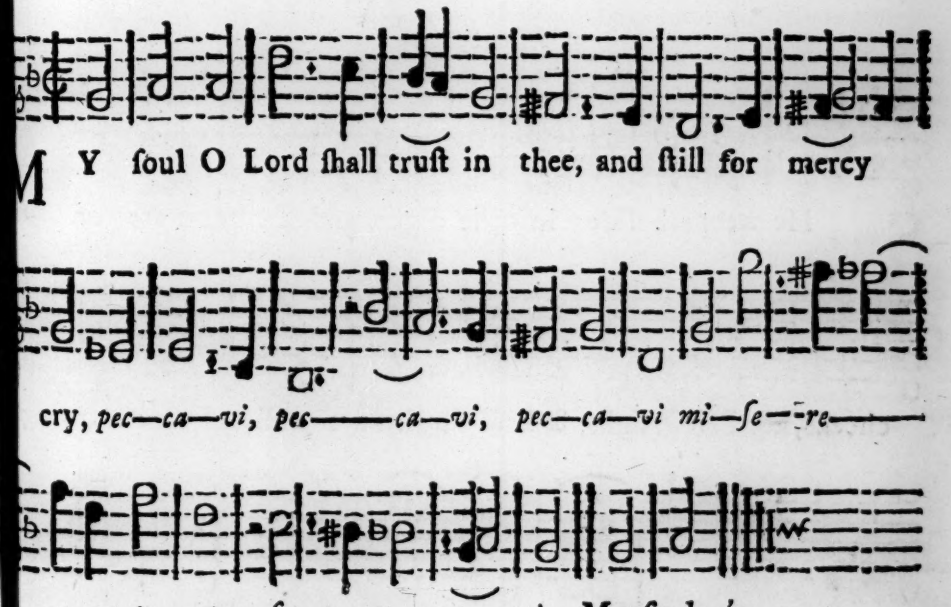
A CANON *in the* Uniſon, *by Mr.* John Hilton.

Canon 6. *A. 3. Voc.*



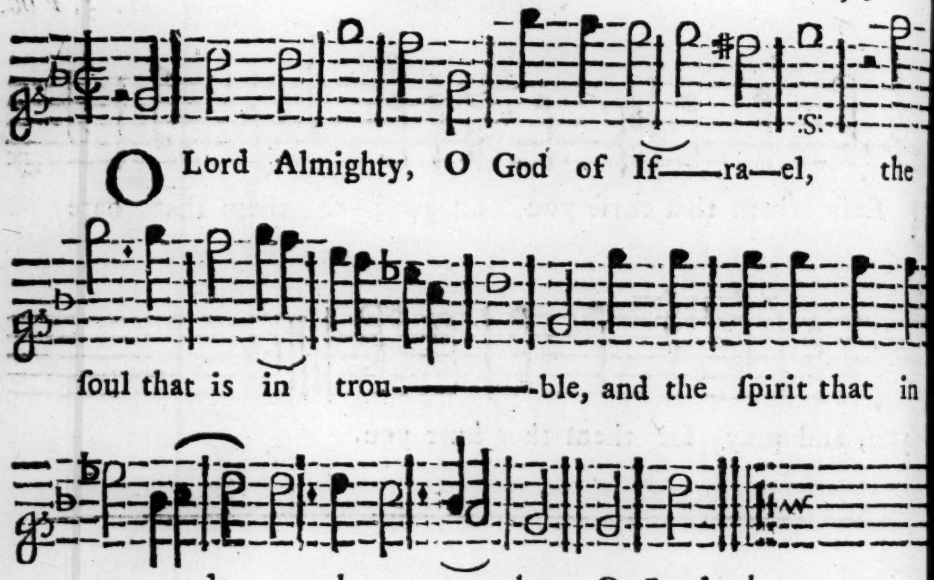
A CANON *in the* Union, *by Mr.* John Hilton.

Canon 7. *A. 3. Voc.*



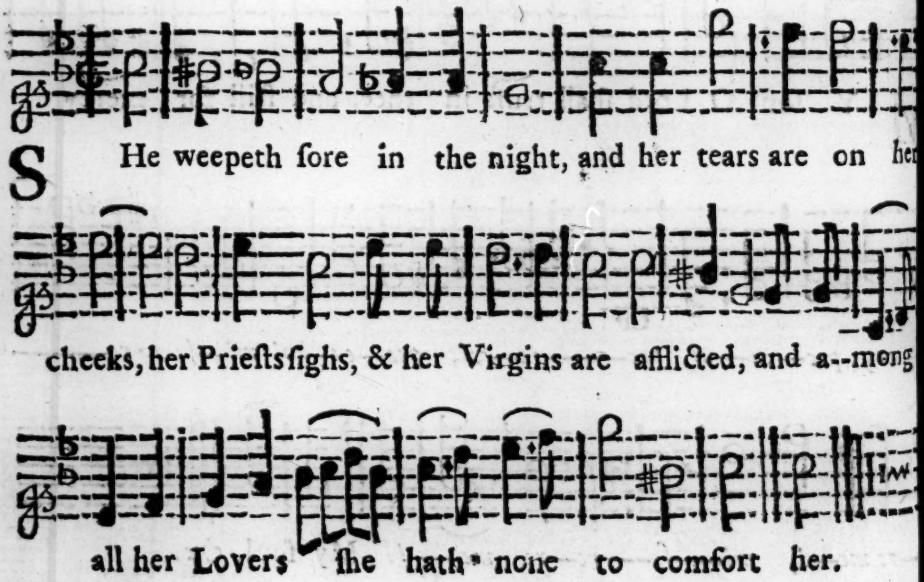
A CANON *in the* Uniſon, *by Mr.* John Hilton.

Canon 8. *A*, 3. *Voc*



A CANON *in the* Uniſon *by Mr.* William Lawes.

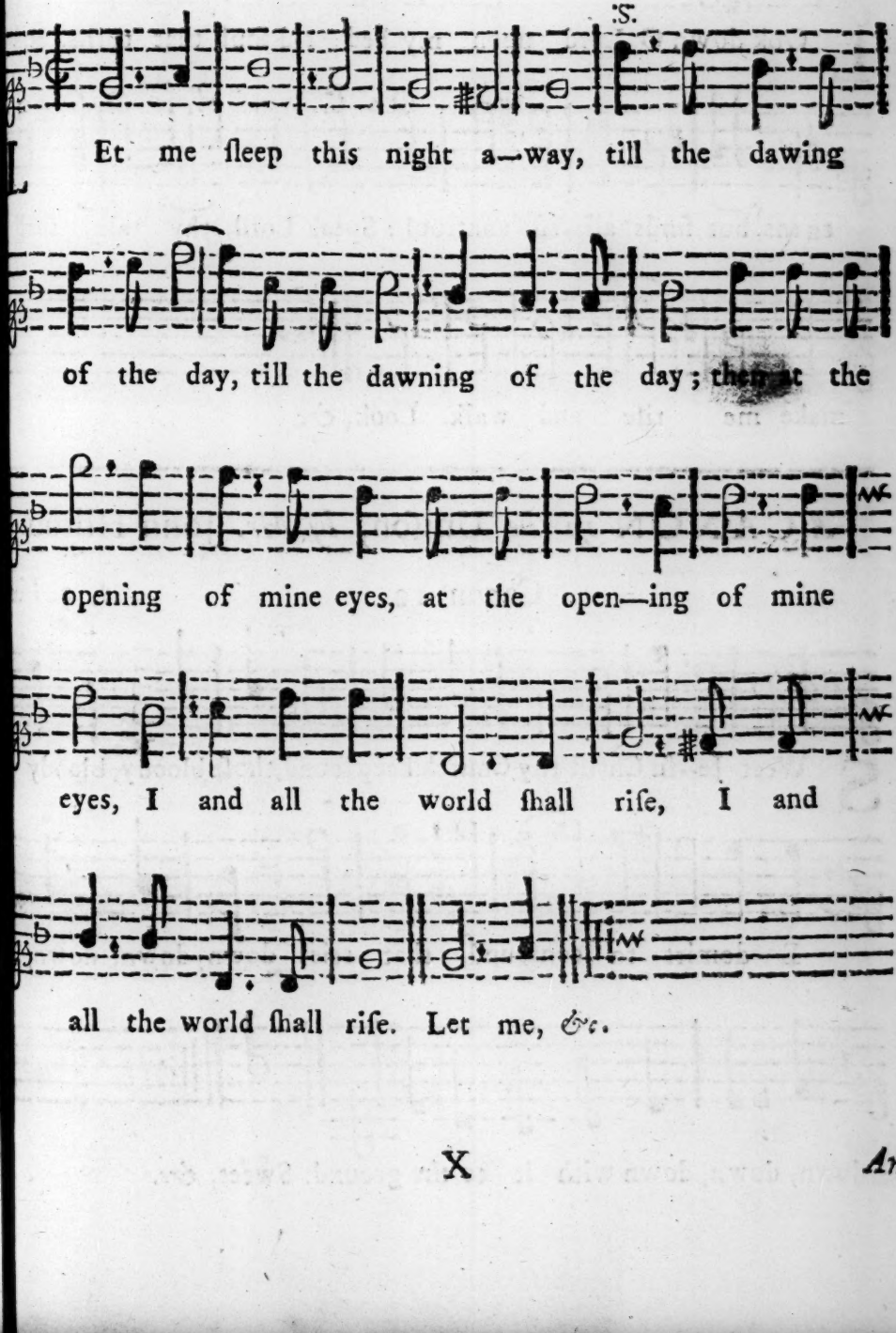
Canon 9. *A.* 4. *V*



A CANON *in the* Uniſon;

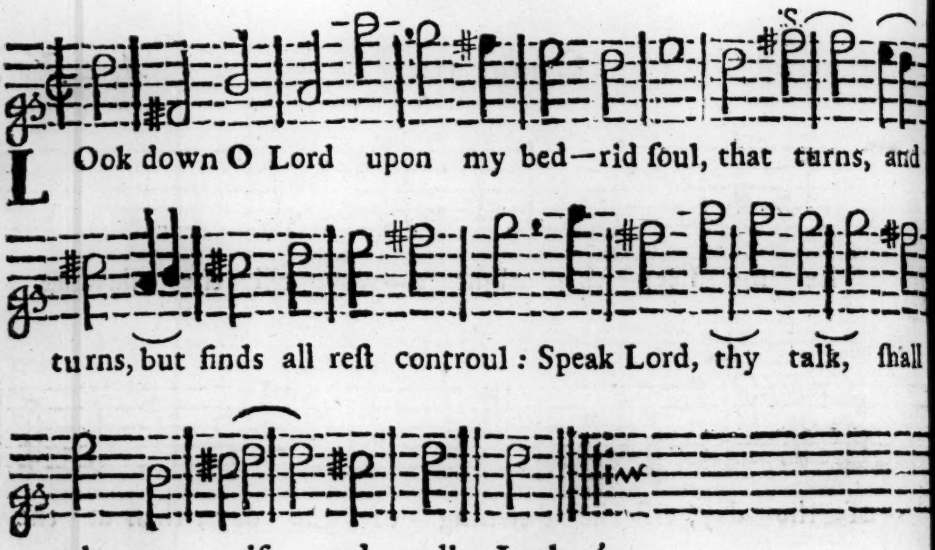
By Mr. *William Webb.*

Canon 10. *A.* 4. *Voc.*



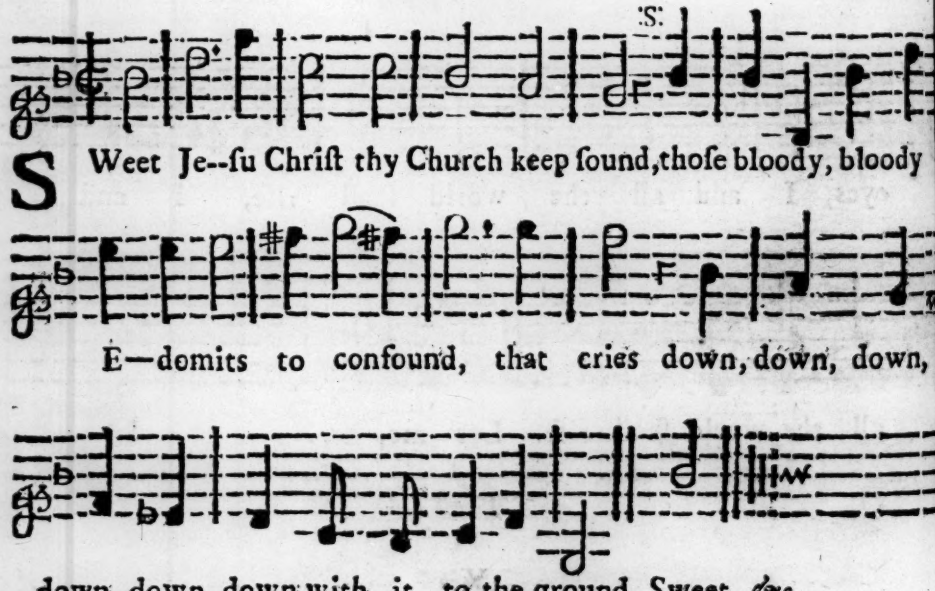
A CANON *in the* Uniſon, *by Mr.* Tho. Ford.

Canon 11. *A.* 3. *Voc*



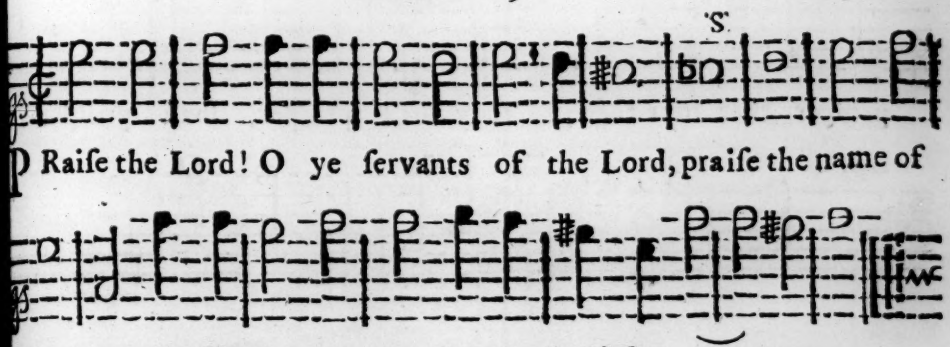
A CANON *in the* Uniſon, *by Mr.* John Hilton.

Canon 12. *A.* 3. *Voc*



A CANON *in the* Uniſon, *by Mr.* William Ellis.

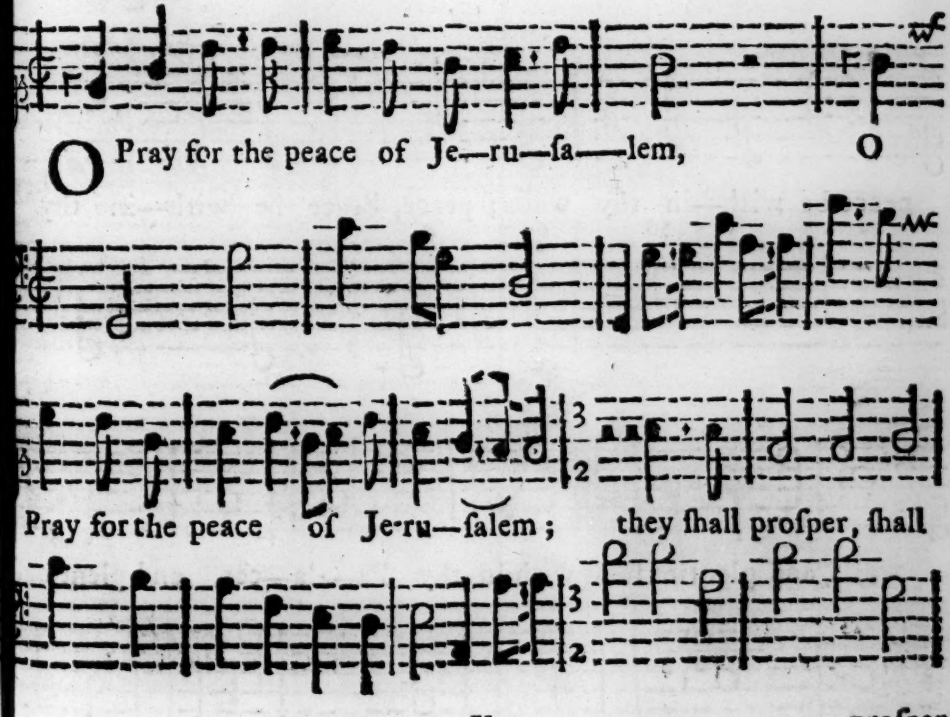
Conon 13. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

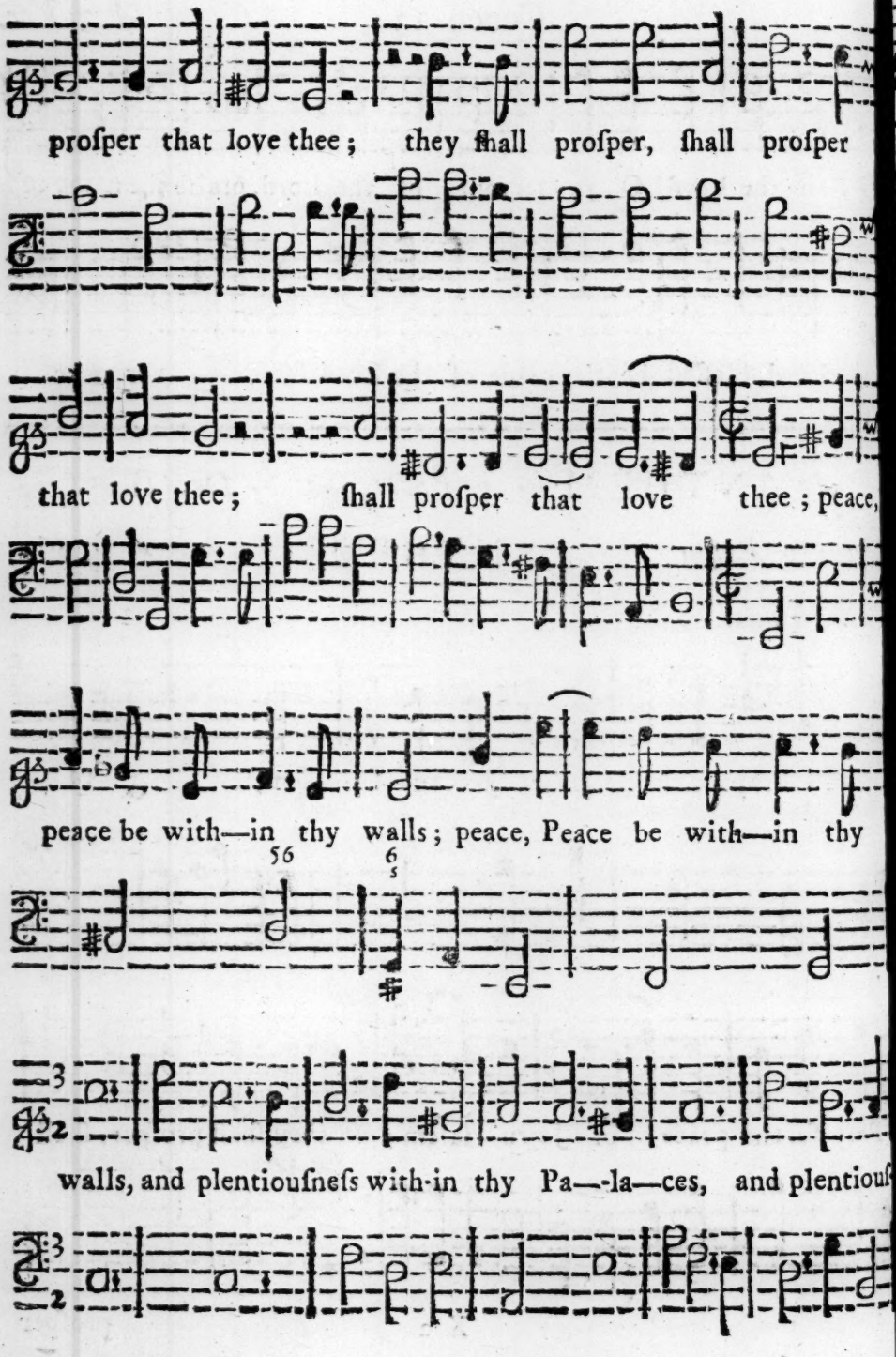


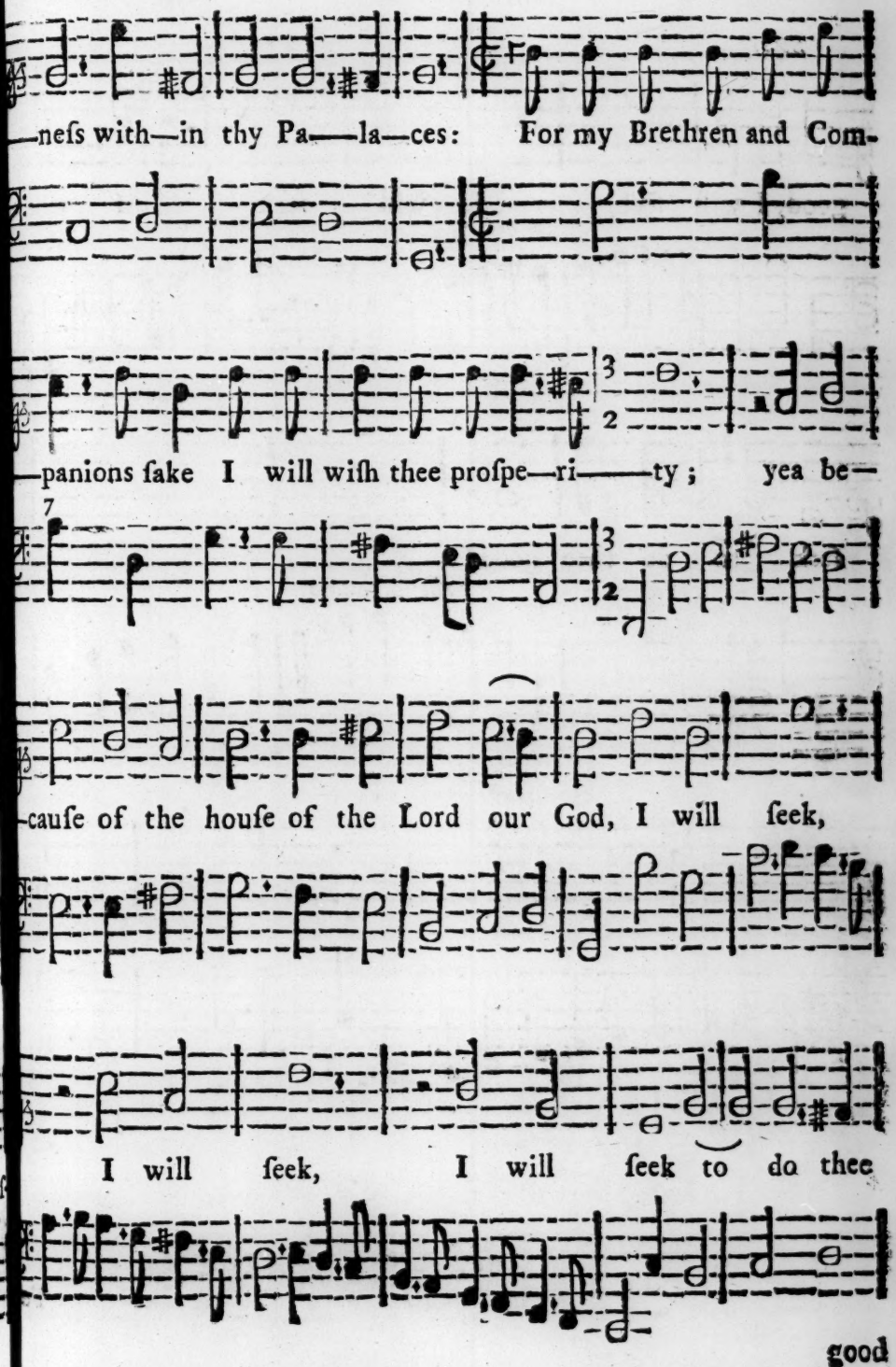
An ANTHEM *in* 4. *Parts, Set by Dr.* Blow.

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Verſe Solus.

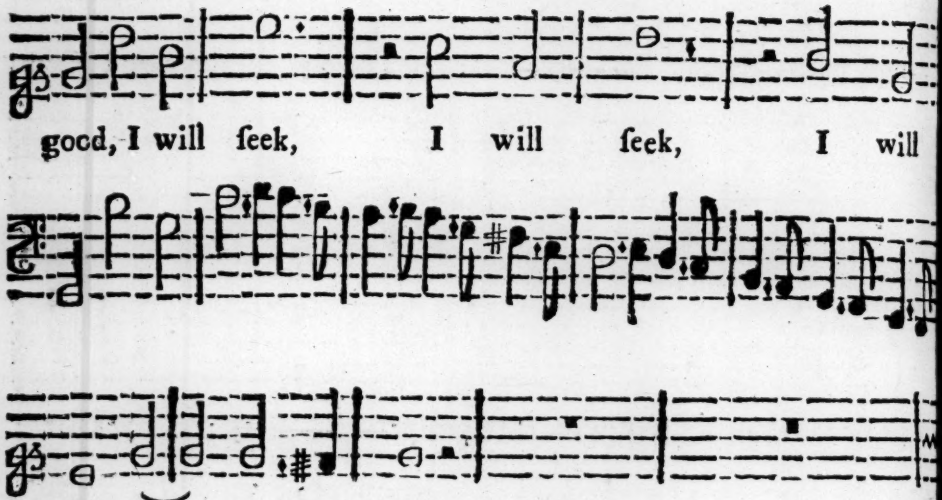



proſper that love thee; they ſhall proſper, ſhall proſper
that love thee; ſhall proſper that love thee; peace,
peace be with—in thy walls; peace, Peace be with—in thy
walls, and plentiouſneſs with-in thy Pa—-la—ces, and plentiouſ

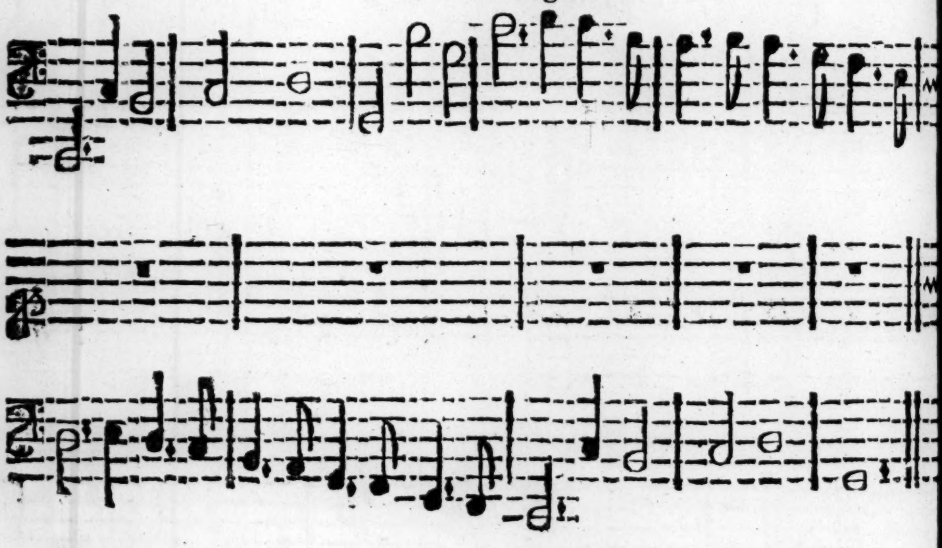

neſs with—in thy Pa——la—ces: For my Brethren and Com-
panions ſake I will wiſh thee proſpe—ri——ty; yea be—
cauſe of the houſe of the Lord our God, I will ſeek,
I will ſeek, I will ſeek to do thee
good

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A.* 4. *Vo*

Soft.

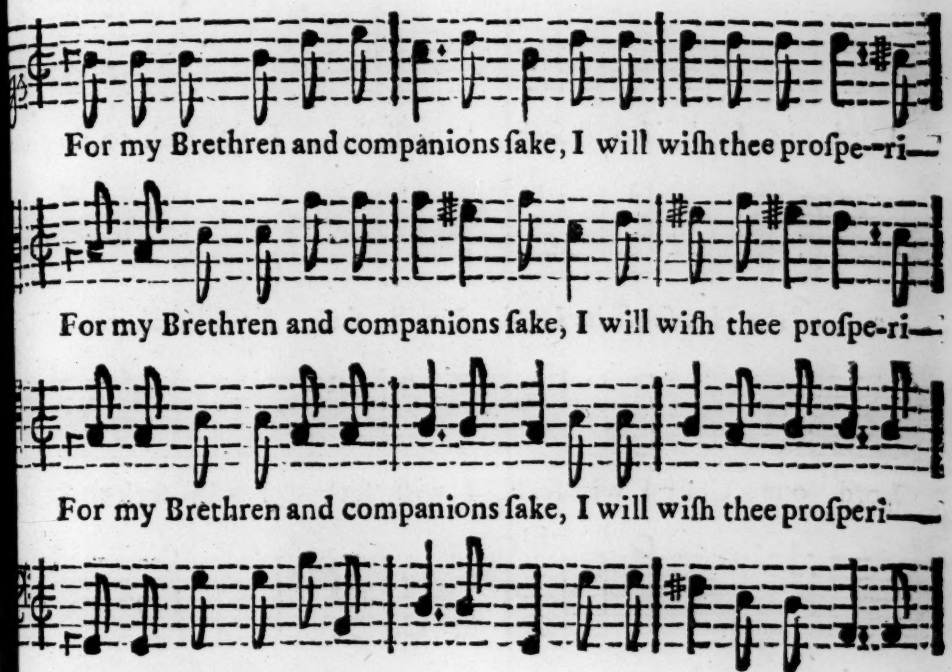


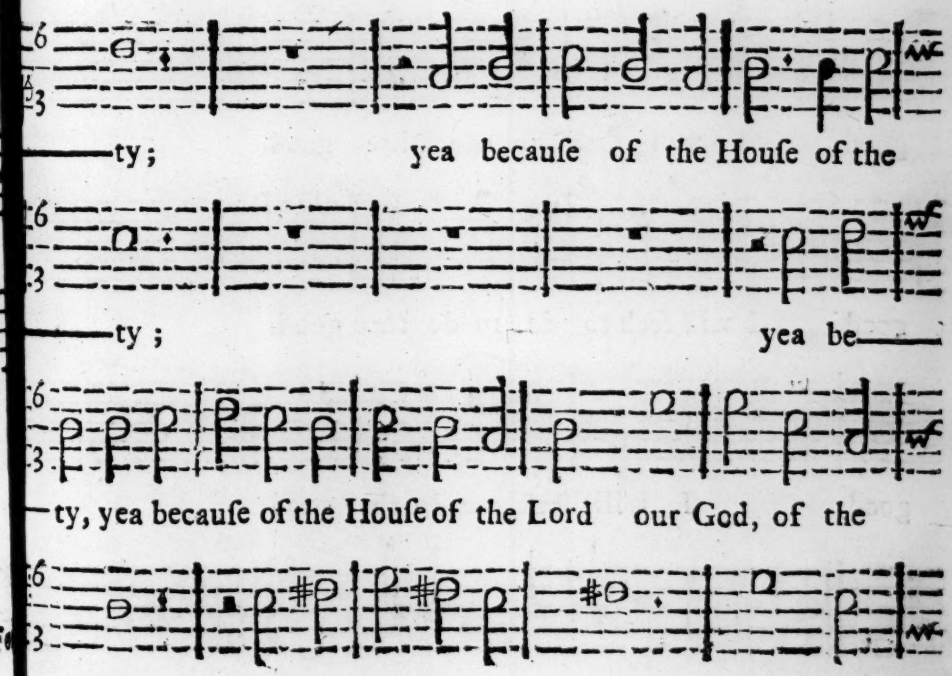
the Organam.



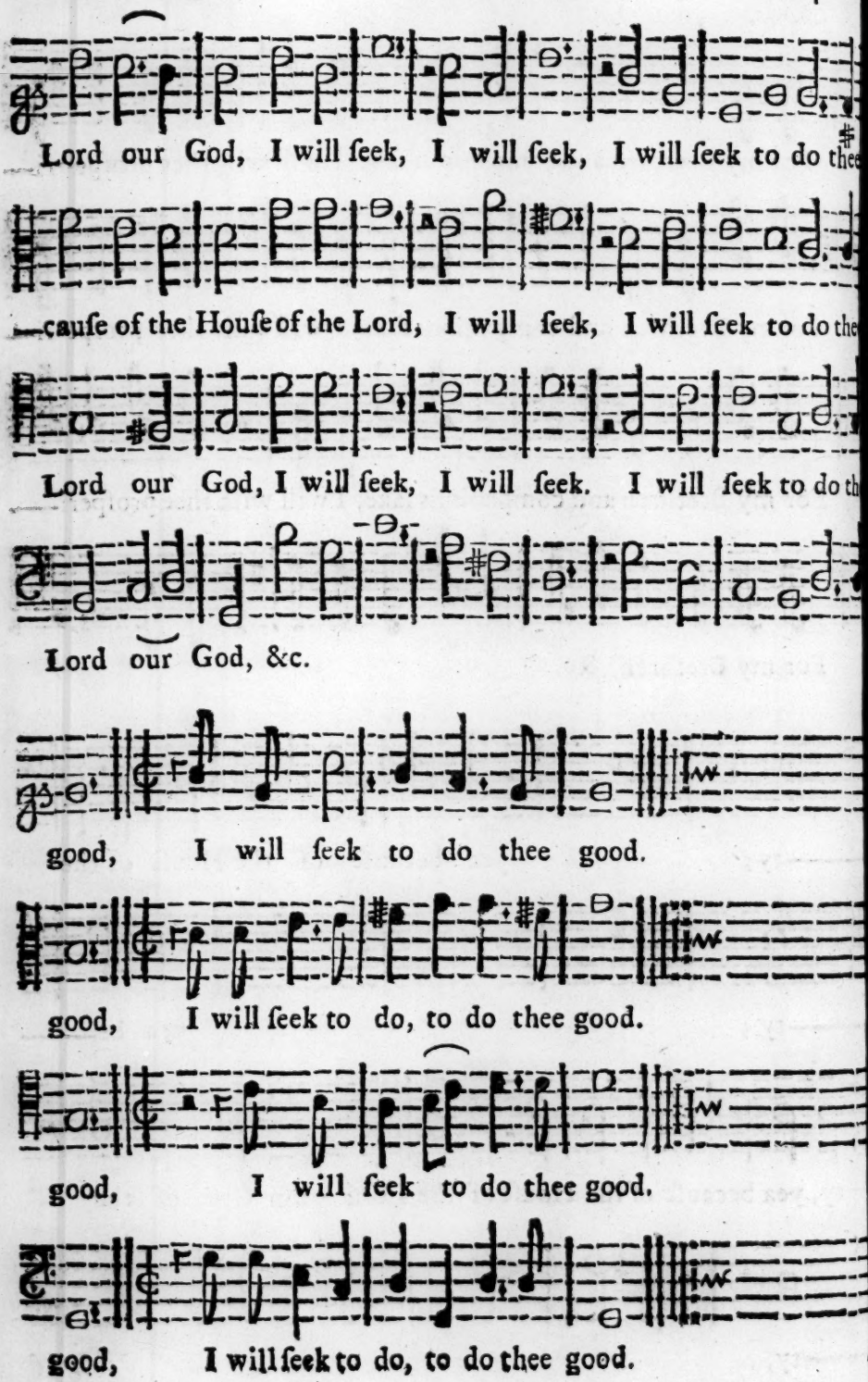
Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A. 4. Voc.*

Chorus.



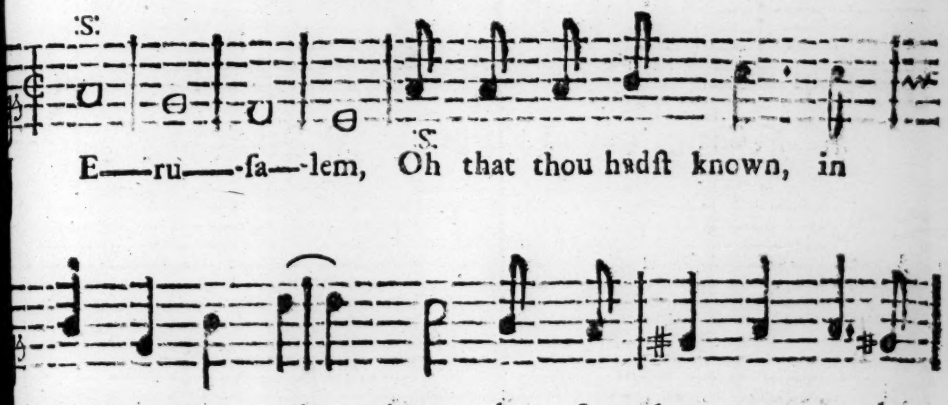


Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM *A. 4. Vo*



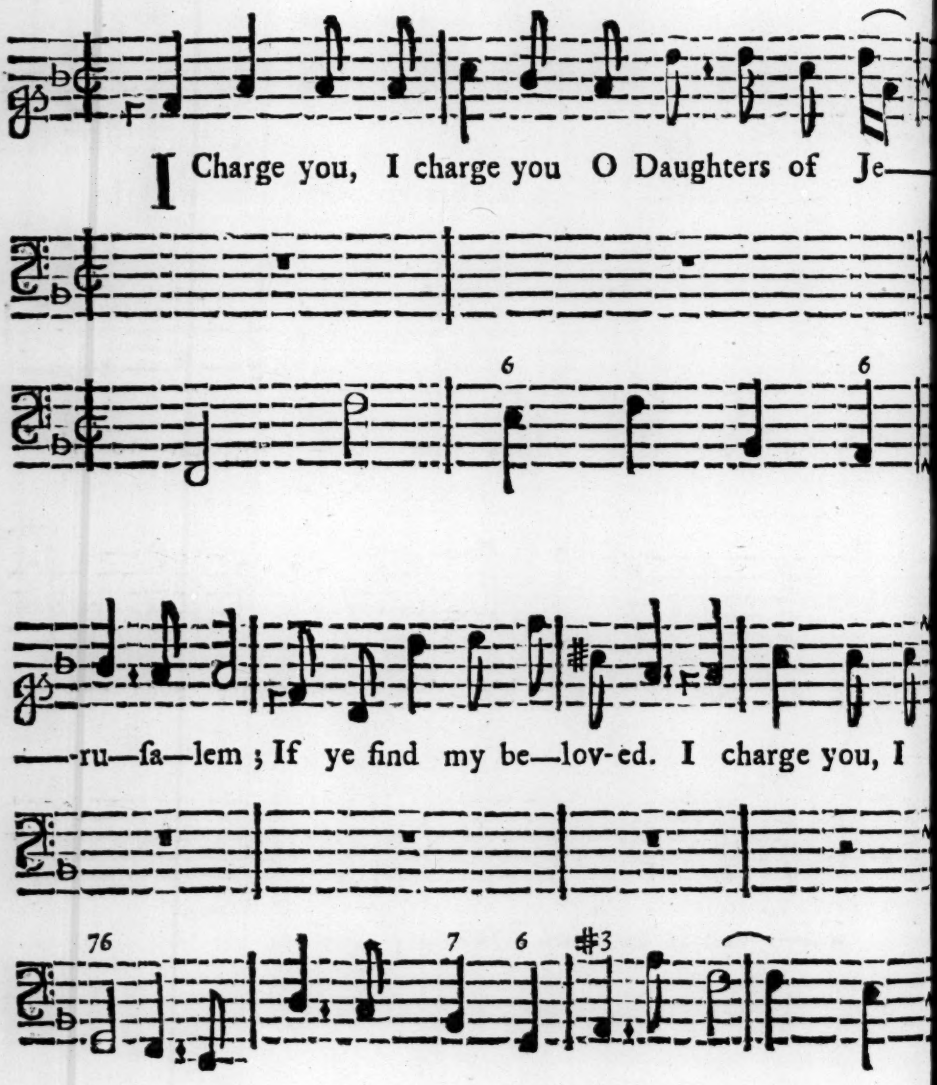
A CANON *for three Voices.*

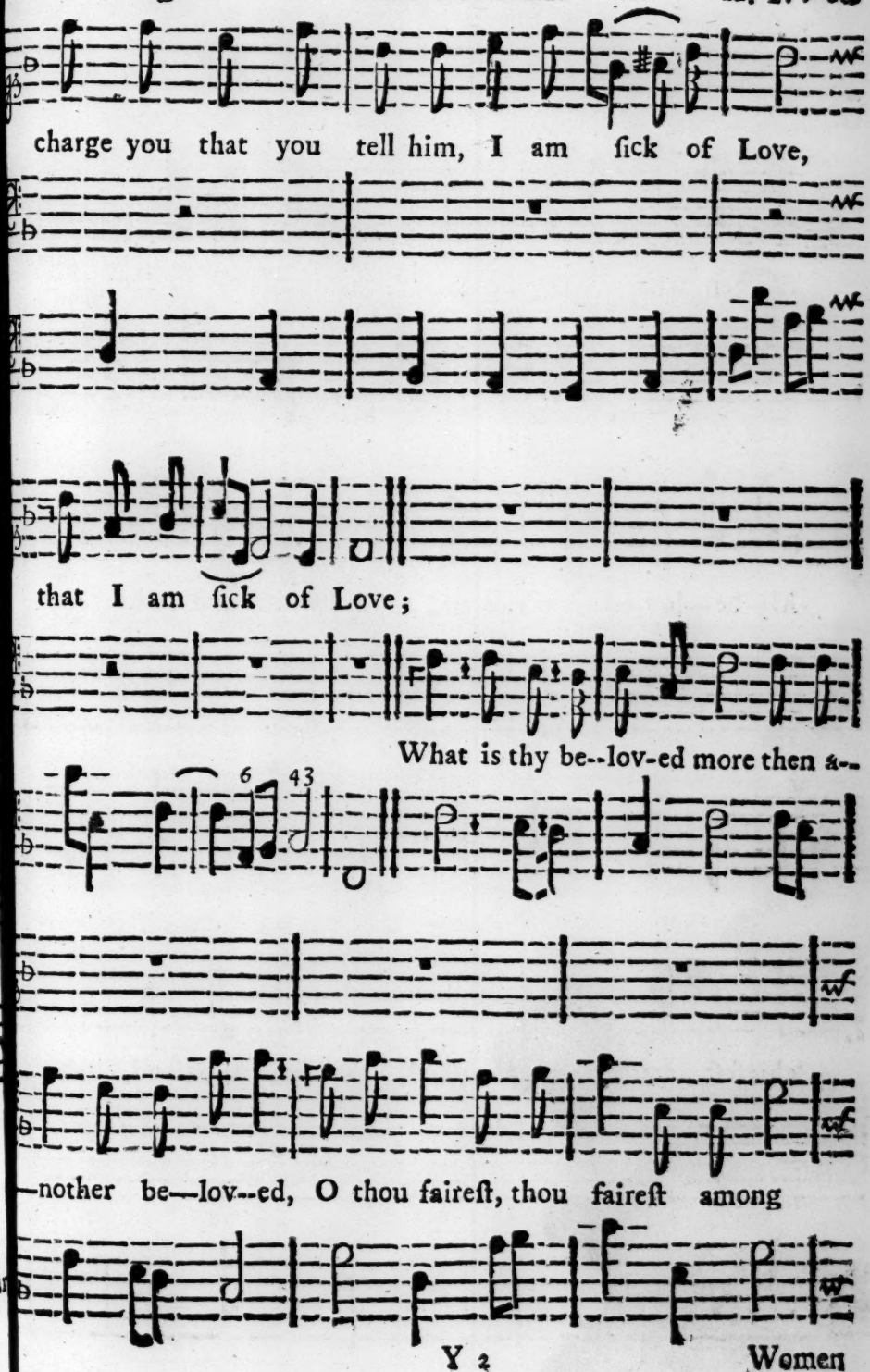
Canon 14. *A. 3. Voc.*

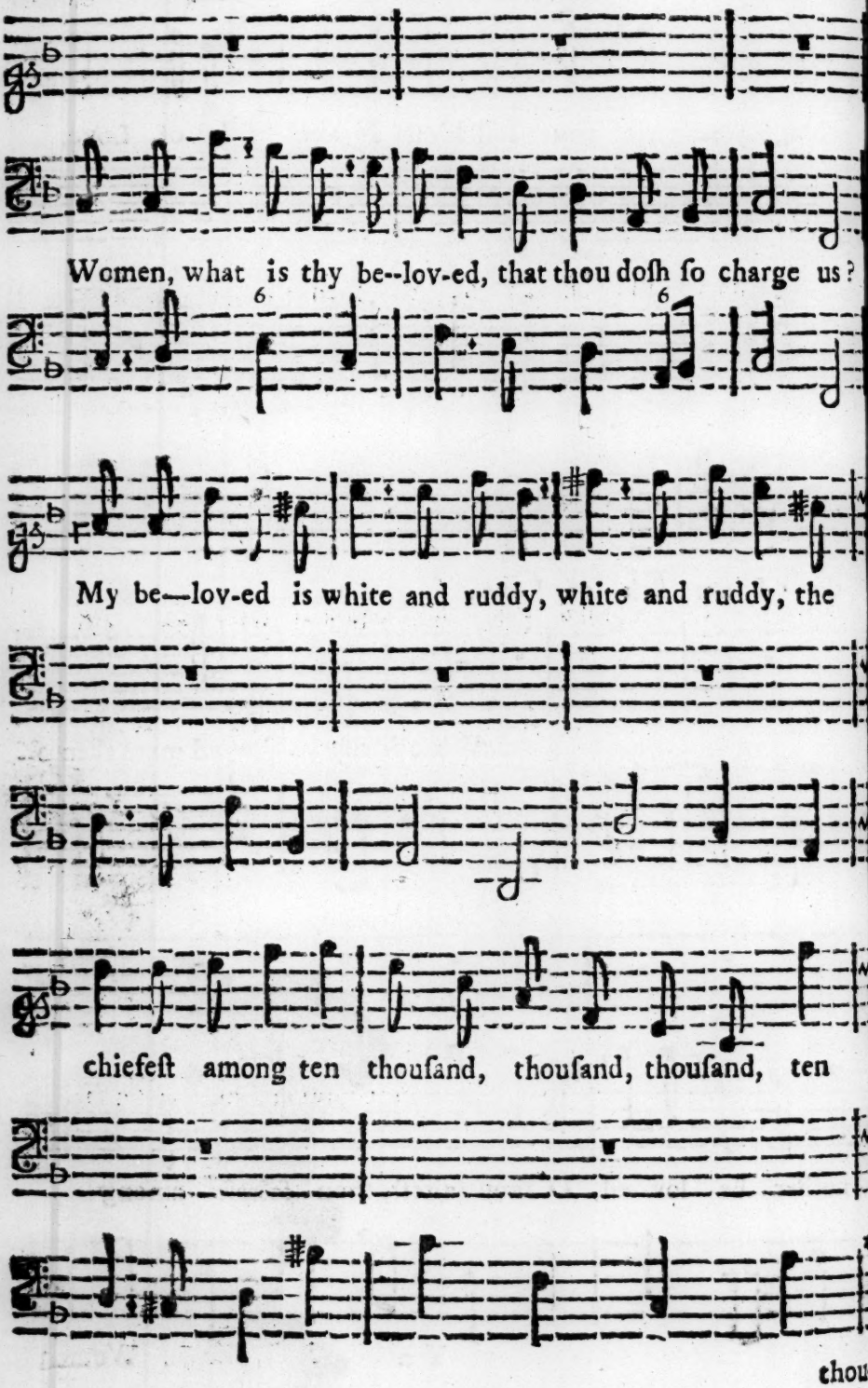


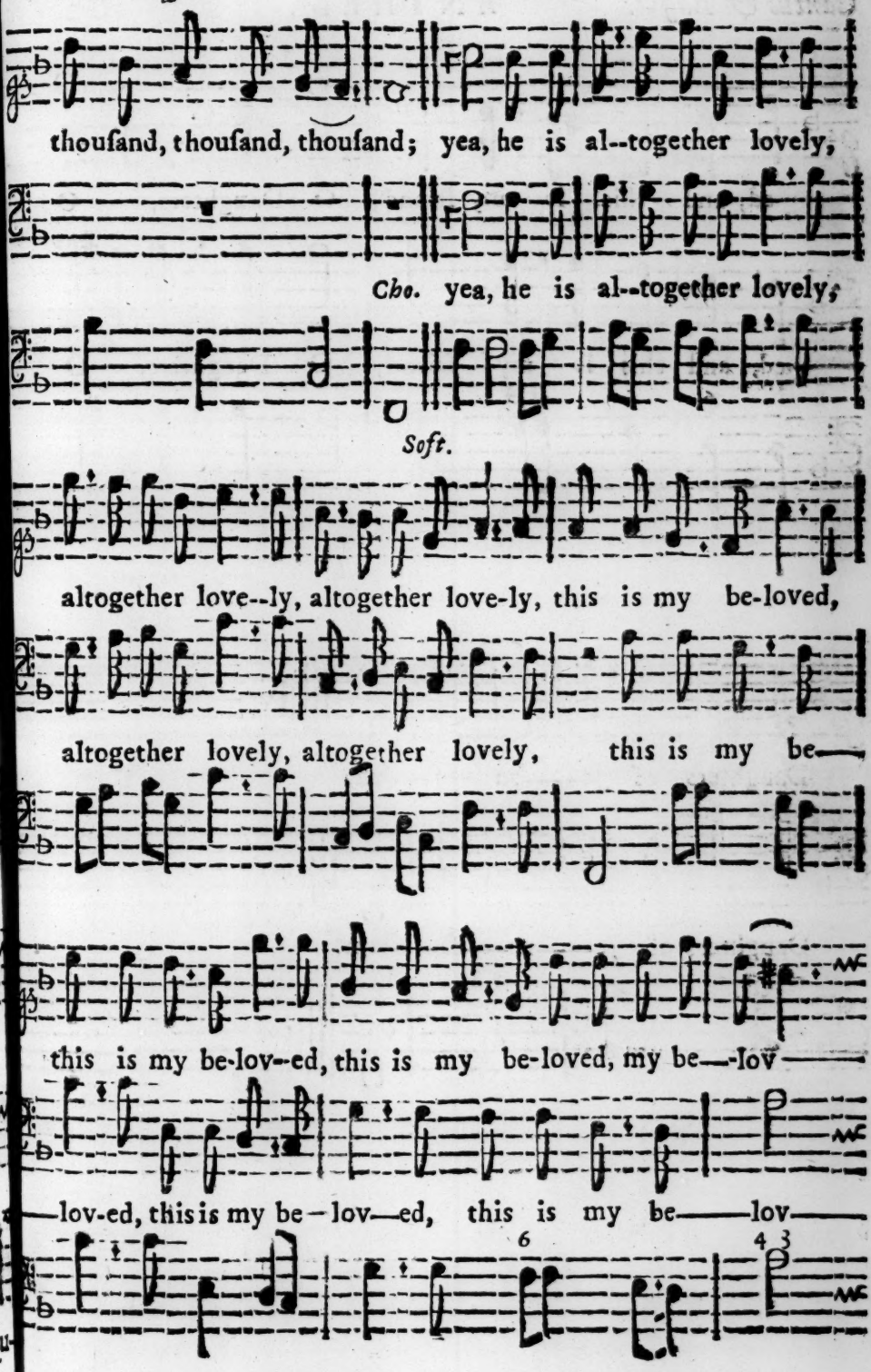
An ANTHEM, *Sett by Mr.* Mich. Wise

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A. 2. Voc*

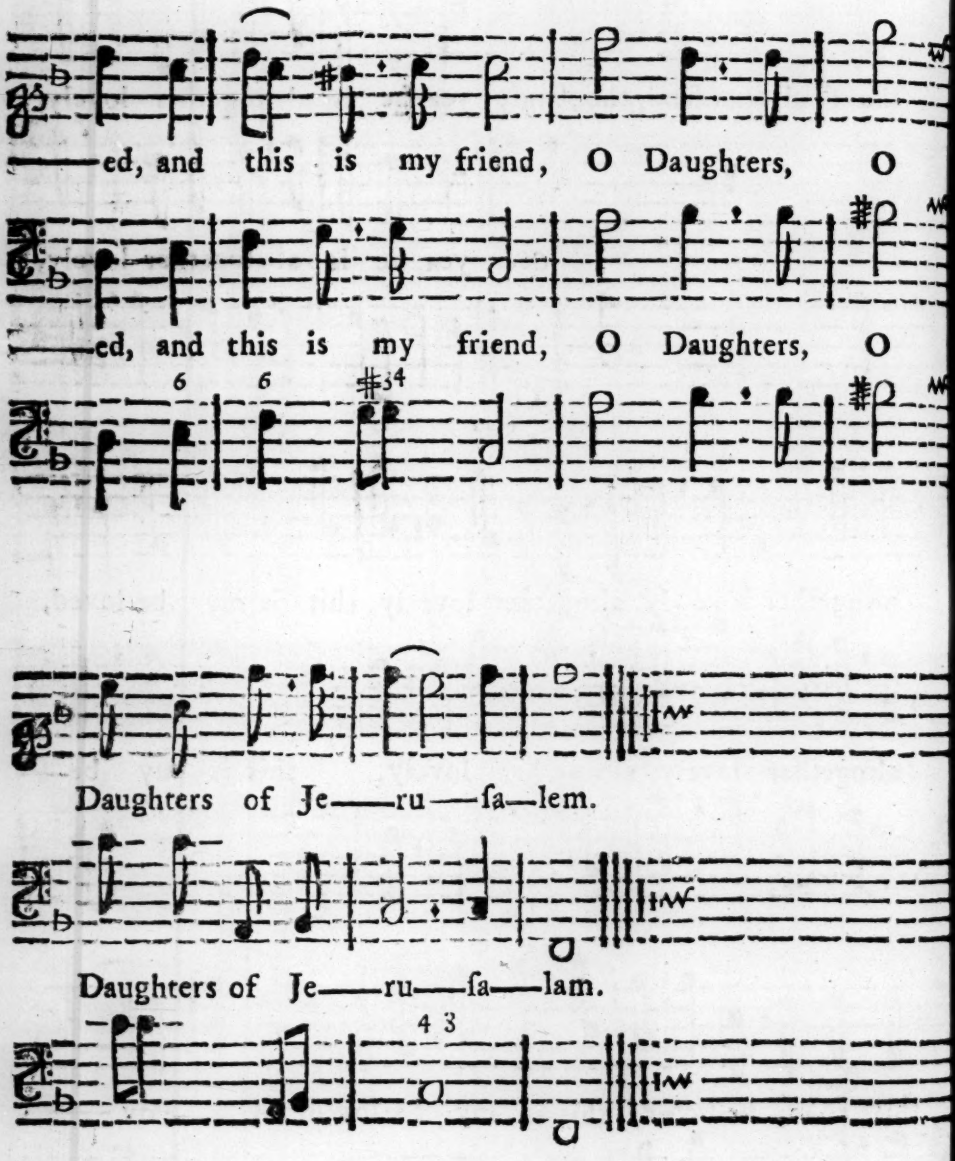



charge you that you tell him, I am ſick of Love,
that I am ſick of Love;
What is thy be--lov-ed more then a--
-nother be--lov--ed, O thou faireſt, thou faireſt among


Women, what is thy be--lov-ed, that thou doſh ſo charge us?
My be—lov-ed is white and ruddy, white and ruddy, the
chiefeſt among ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, ten
thou-

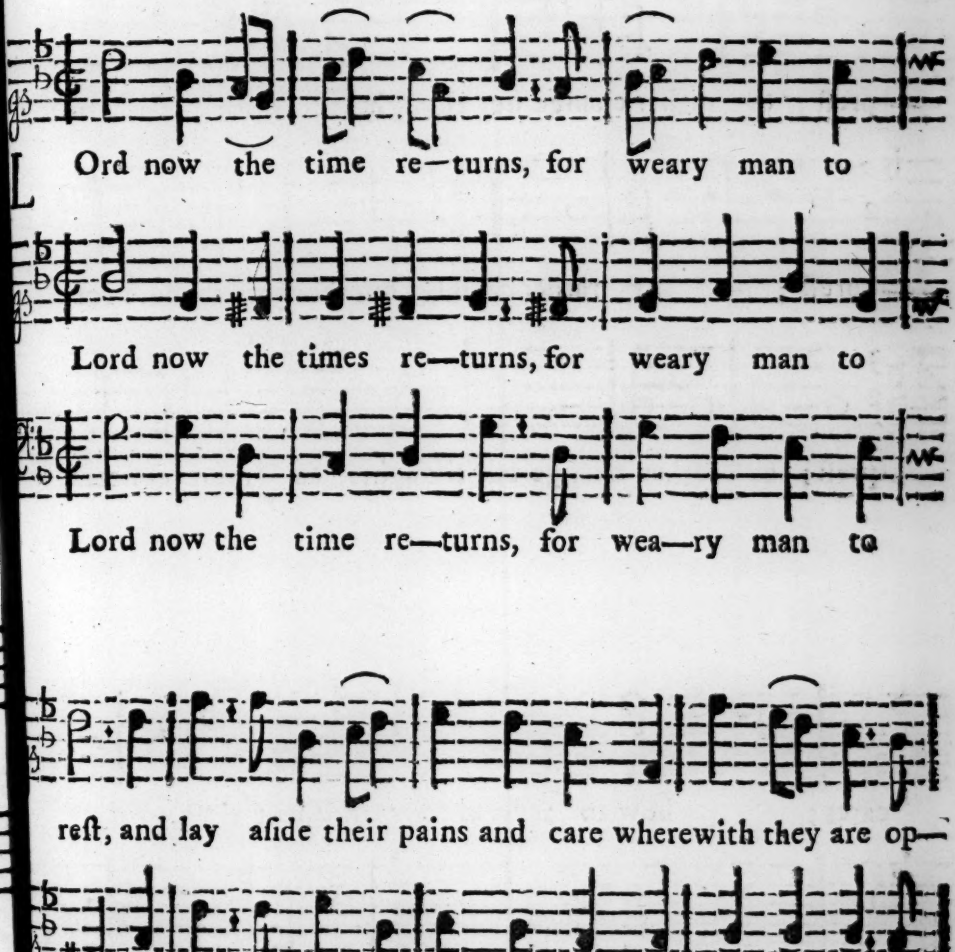

thouſand, thouſand, thouſand; yea, he is al--together lovely,
Cho. yea, he is al--together lovely,
Soft.
altogether love--ly, altogether love-ly, this is my be-loved,
altogether lovely, altogether lovely, this is my be—
this is my be-lov--ed, this is my be-loved, my be—-lov——
—lov-ed, this is my be—lov—ed, this is my be——lov——
6
4 3

Cantus & Baſſus. ANTHEM. *A. 2. Voc.*

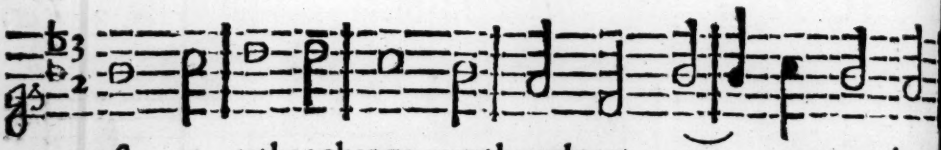


A Night HYMN *in three Parts.*

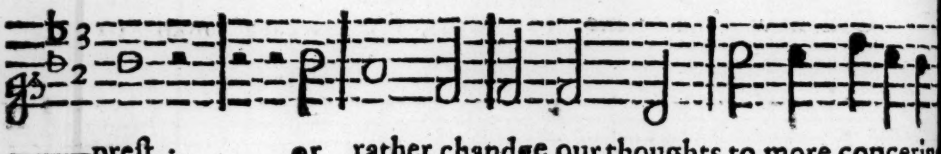
Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN. *A. 3. Voc.*



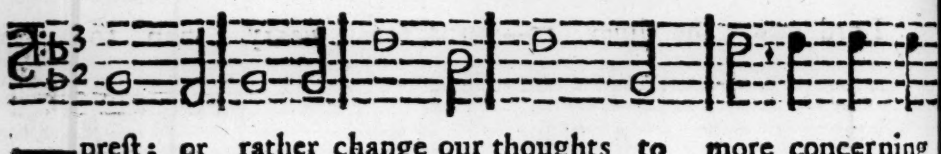
preſt



——preſt; or rather change our thoughts to more con-cern-ing

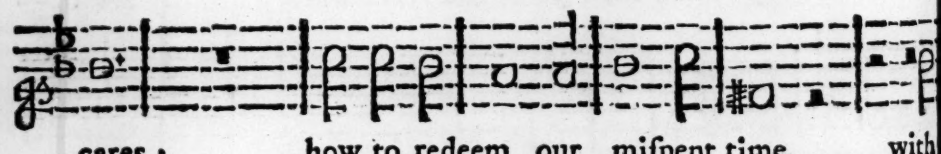


——preſt; or rather chandge our thoughts to more concerin



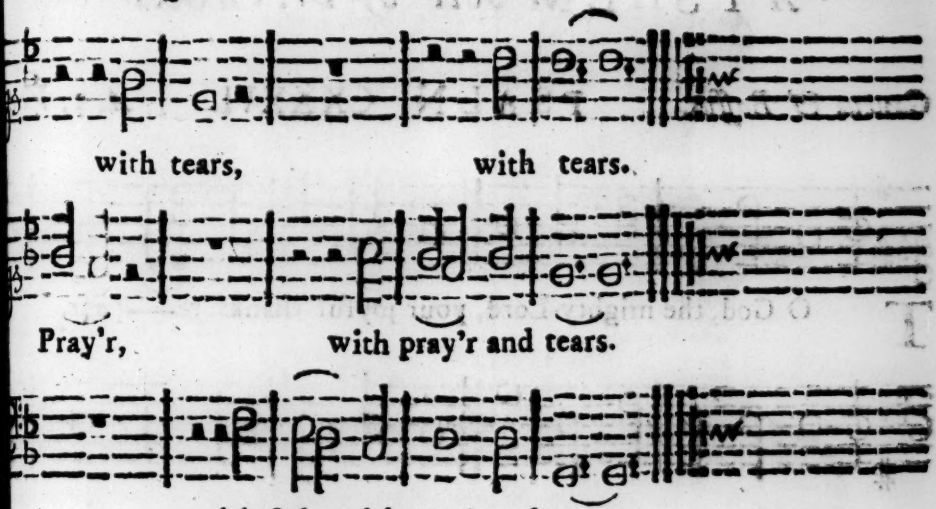
——preſt; or rather change our thoughts to more concerning

cares; how to redeem our miſpent time,



cares; how to redeem our miſpent time, with

cares; how to redeem, re—deem our miſpent time with ſighs,



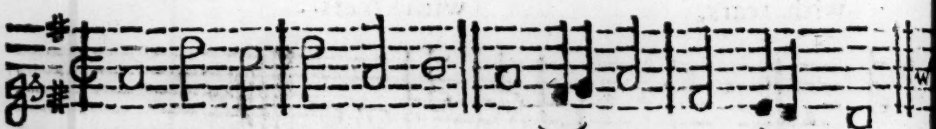
How to provide for Heaven
That place of Reſt and Peace;
Where our full joys ſhall never wane,
Our pleaſures never ceaſe.
Bleſt be thy love Dear Lord!
That taught us this ſweet way,
Only to love Thee for thy ſelf,
And thy Love obey.

O Thou! our ſouls chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly;
Where e'er we are, Thou canſt Protect,
What e'er we want, ſupply;
Whether we ſleep or wake,
Either to Thee is done;
By night we through our Eyelids peep,
As if the day was come.

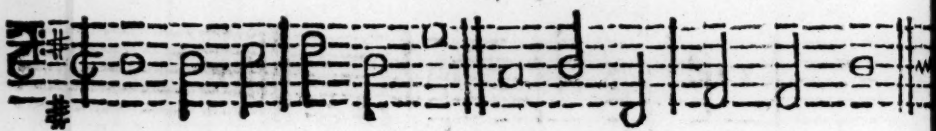
Whether we live, or dye,
Lord we ſubmit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in Death we be.
Glory to The great God,
One Coeternal Three;
To Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
Eternal glory be.

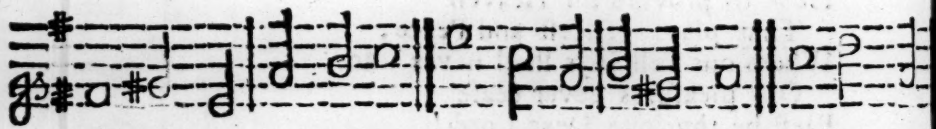
A PSALM *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

Cantus & Baſſus. PSALN CXXXVI. *A.* 1. *Voc.*

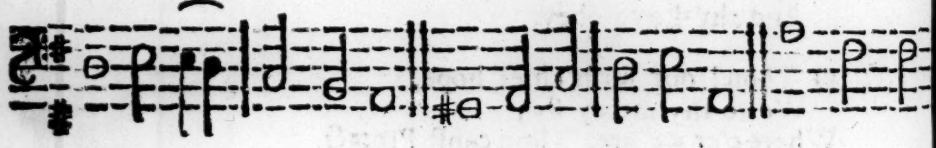


To God, the mighty Lord, your joyful thanks re——peat,

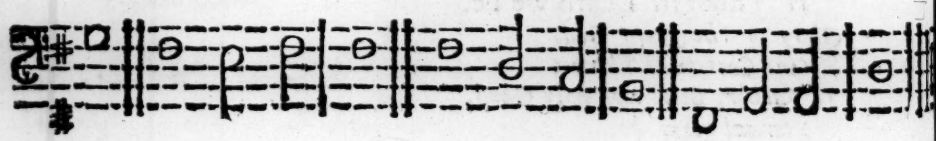




To him due praiſe afford, as good as he is great: For God does



prove our conſtant friend, his boundleſs love ſhall never end.



To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, *&c.*

By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, *&c.*

He ſpread the Ocean round,
About the ſpacious Land;
And made the riſing Ground
Above the waters ſtand.
For God, *&c.*

Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſt of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, *&c.*

He ſtruck the Firſt-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, *&c.*

By him the raging Sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle way
Thro' which his people went:
For God, *&c.*

Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud *Pharoah* and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows Loſt.
For God, *&c.*

Thro' Deſart vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

Sihon whoſe potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Sceptre ſway'd,
And *Og* whoſe ſtern Command
Rich *Baſhan*'s Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

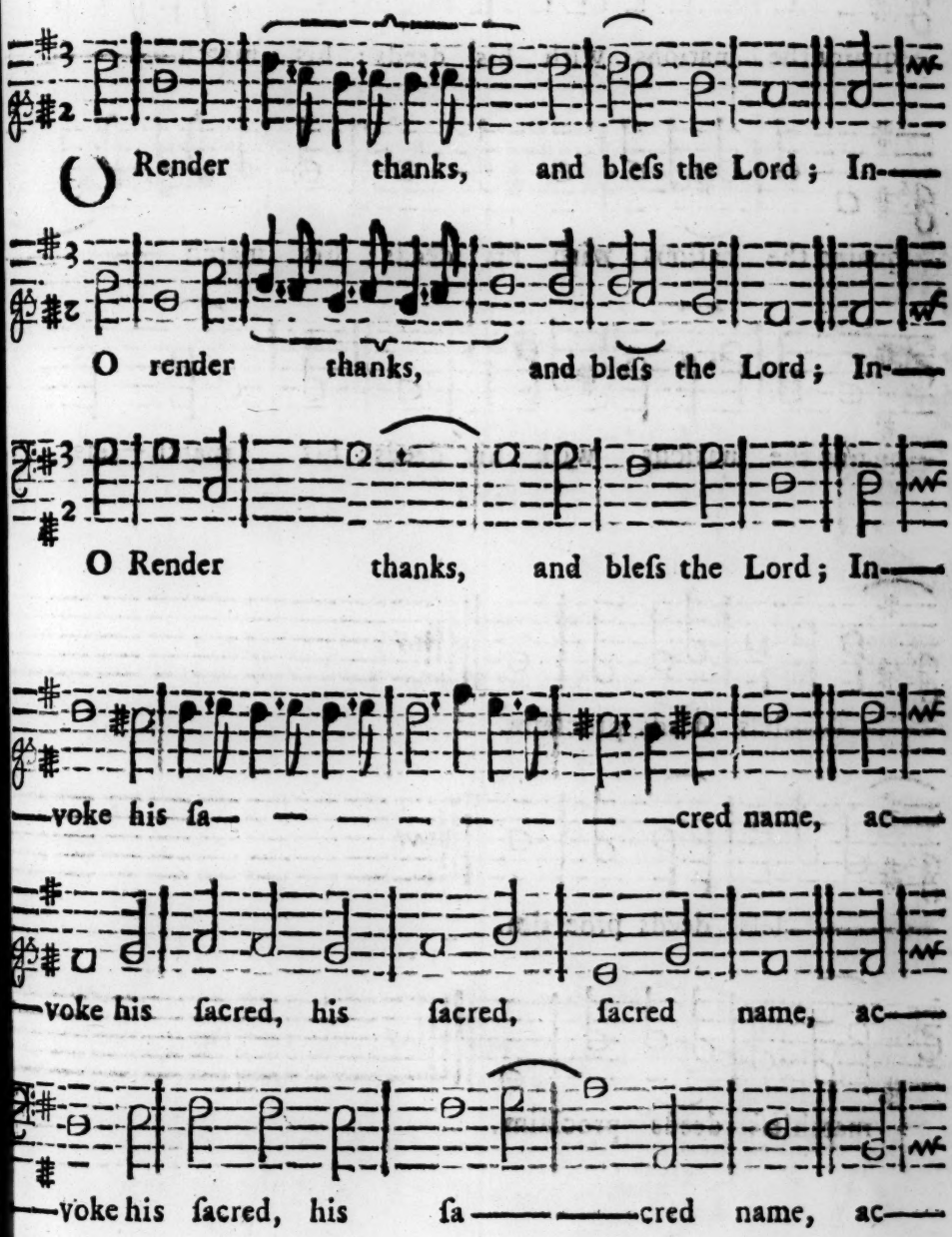
And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to *Iſr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

He, in our depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

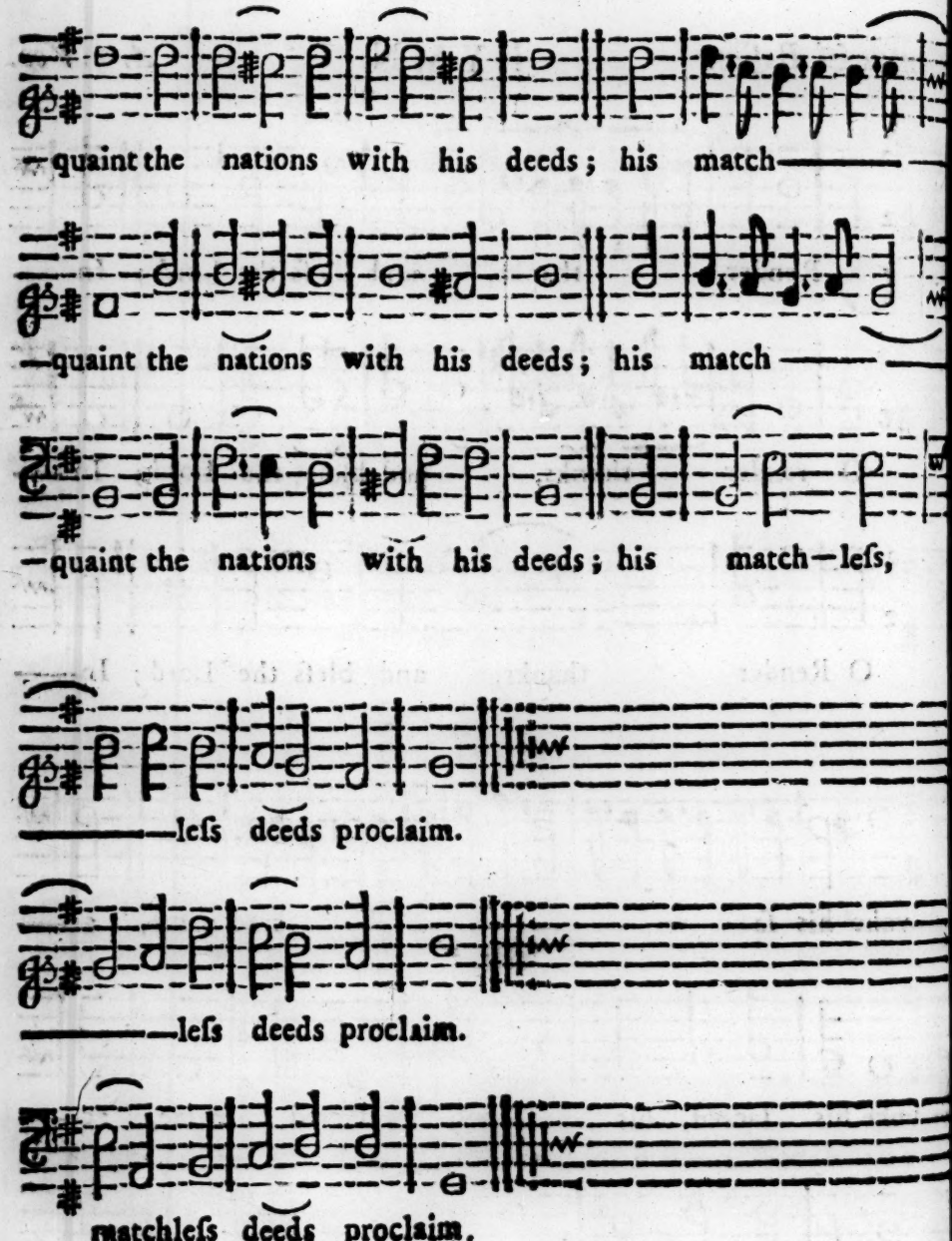
He does the Food ſupply
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on High
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall neveo end.

A HYMN *Sett by Dr.* Crofts.

Cantus & Baſſus. HYMN. *A. 3. Voc.*

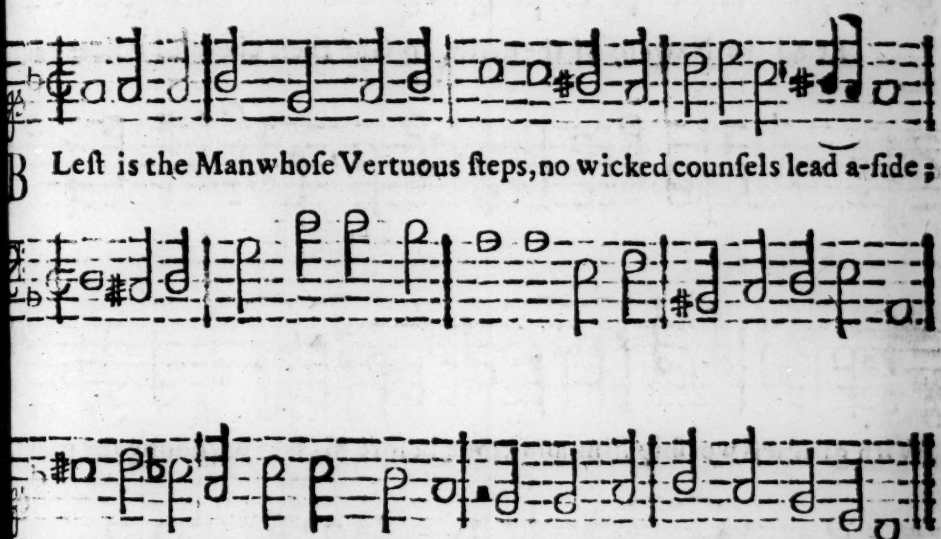


quaint


—quaint the nations with his deeds; his match——
—quaint the nations with his deeds; his match——
—quaint the nations with his deeds; his match—leſs,
——leſs deeds proclaim.
——leſs deeds proclaim.
matchleſs deeds proclaim.

The Four following New Pſalm Tunes, Sett by Dr. John Blow *in Three Prrts.*

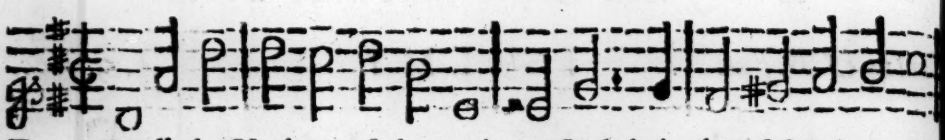
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALMI.** *A. 3. Voc.*



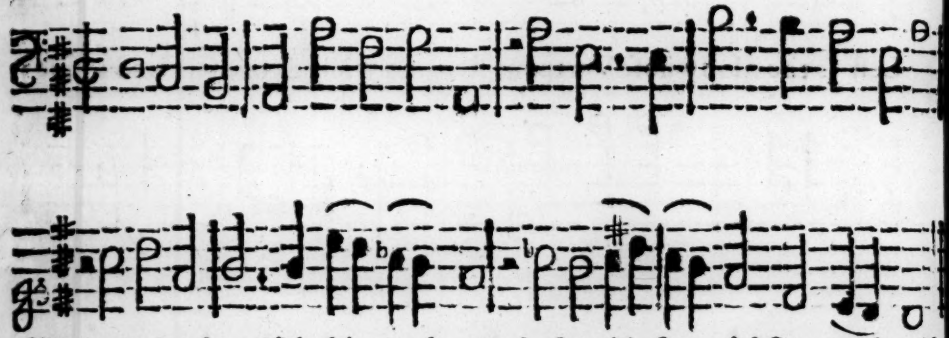
Medius. **Pſalm 1.** *A. 3. Voc.*

Cane

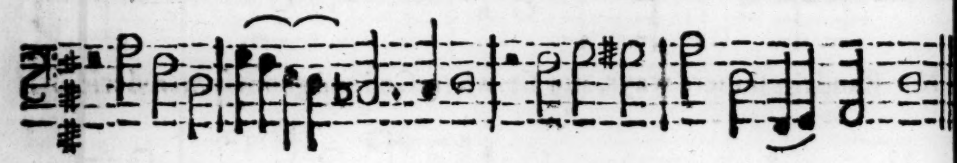
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM C.** *A. 3. Voc.*



LEt all the Nations of the earth, to God their cheerful voices raiſe;

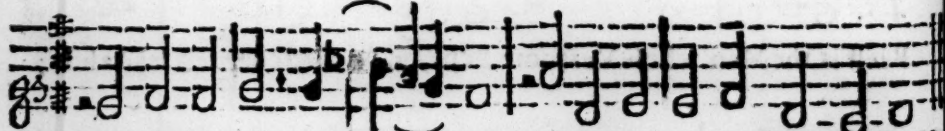


With gladneſs worſhip him, and come before his face with Songs of praiſe.



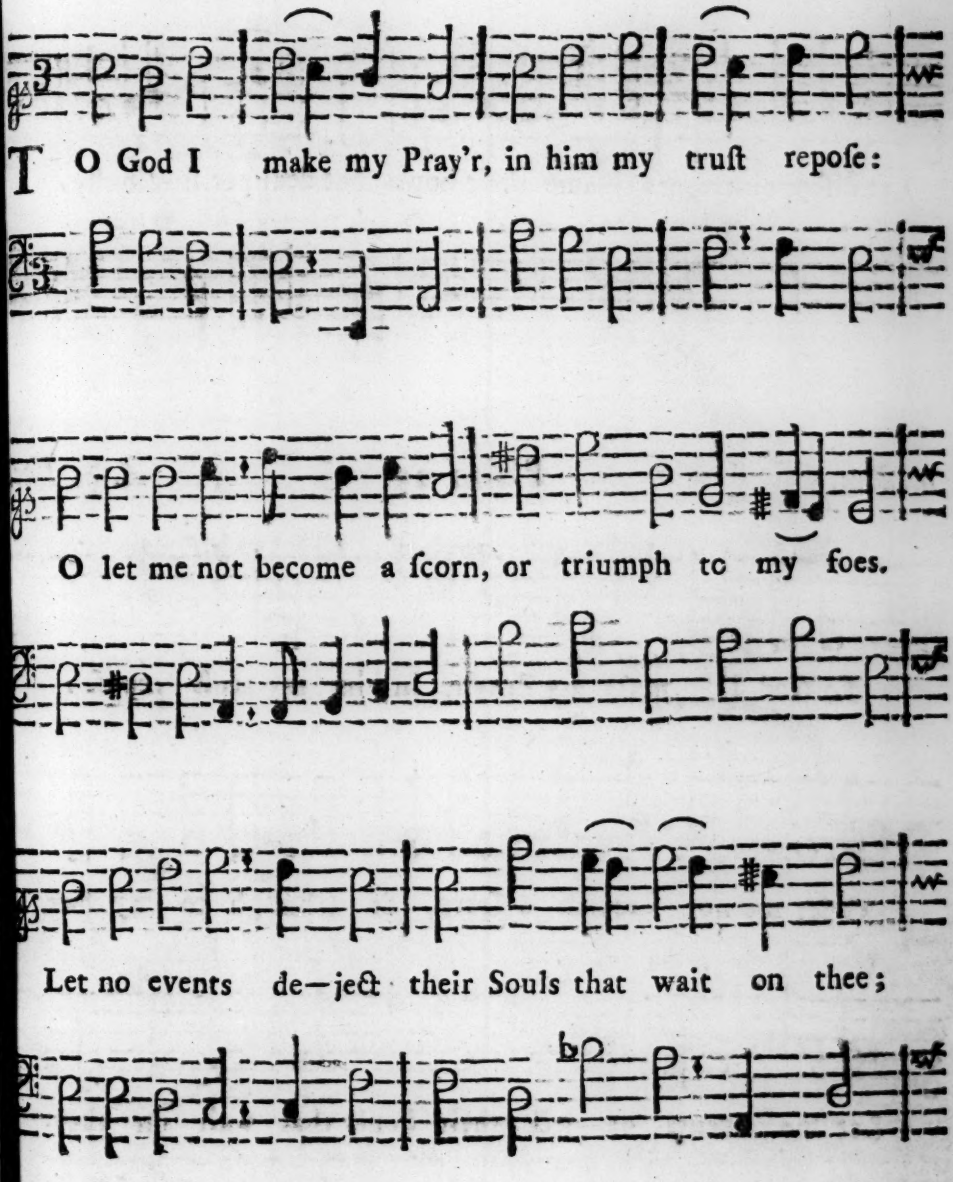
Medius. Pſalm 100. *A. 3. Voc.*

Let all the Nations of the earth, to God their cheerful voices raiſe;

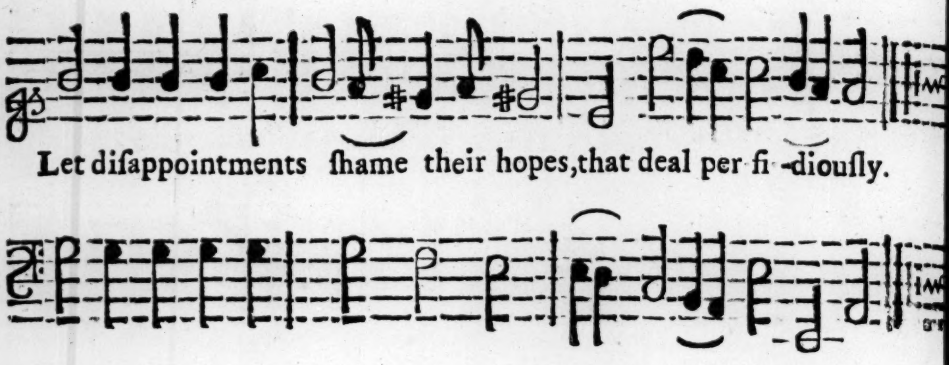


With gladneſs worſhip him, and come before his face with Songs of praiſe.

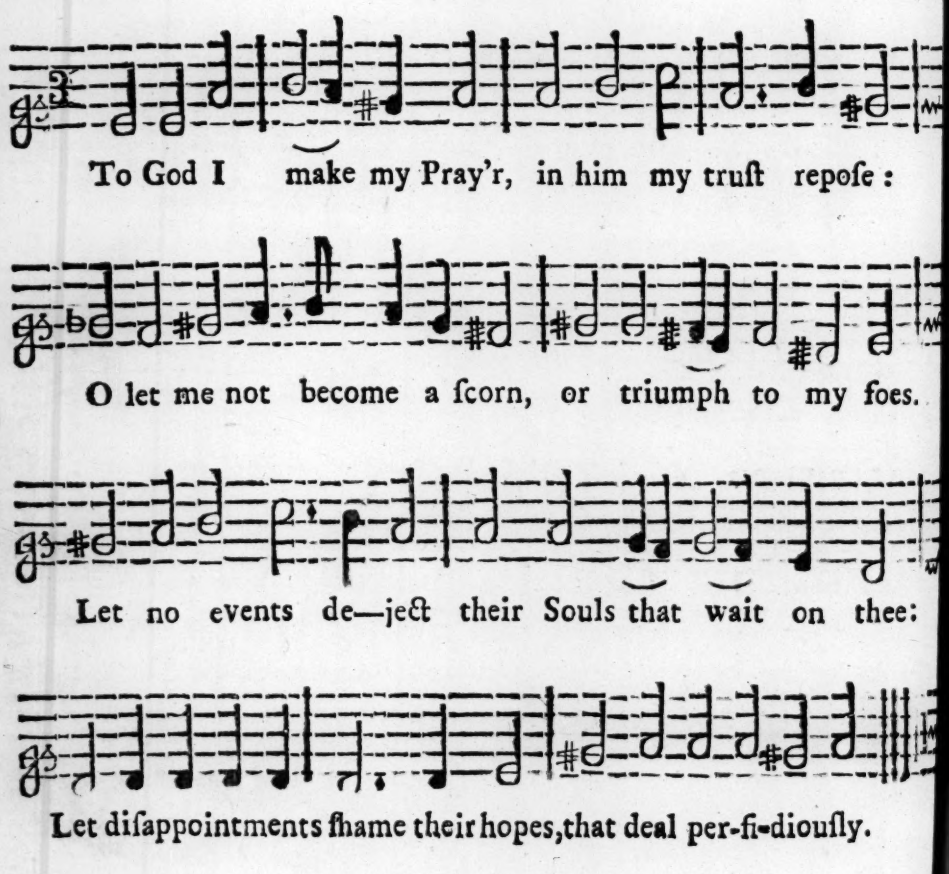
Can.


TO God I make my Pray'r, in him my truſt repoſe:
O let me not become a ſcorn, or triumph to my foes.
Let no events de—ject their Souls that wait on thee;

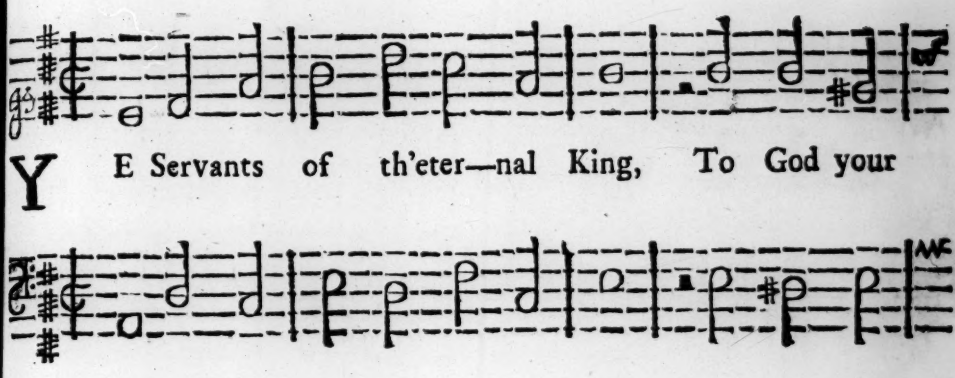
Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM XXV.** *A. 3. Voc.*



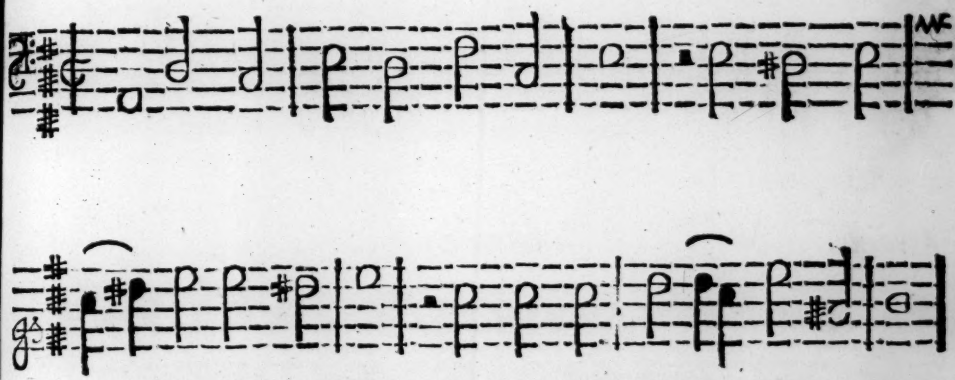
Medius. **Pſalm 25.** *A. 3. Voc.*

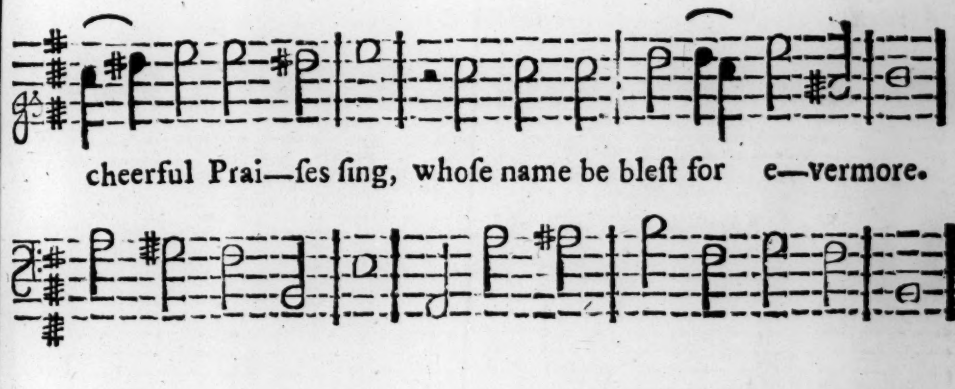


Cantus & Baſſus. **PSALM CXIII.** *A. 3. Voc.*

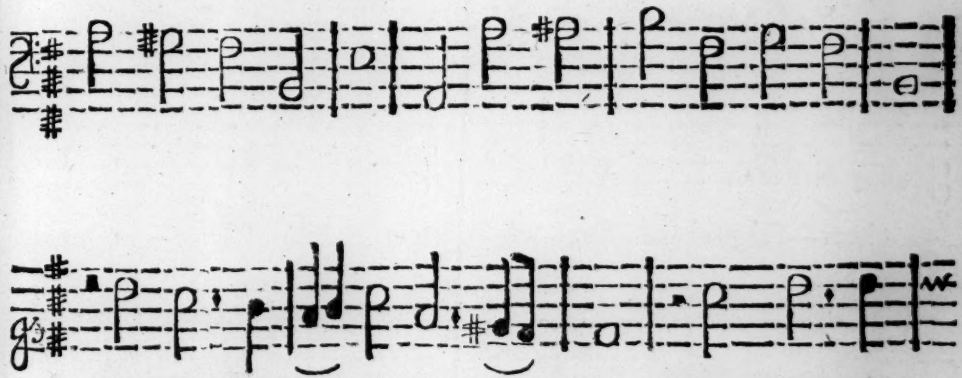


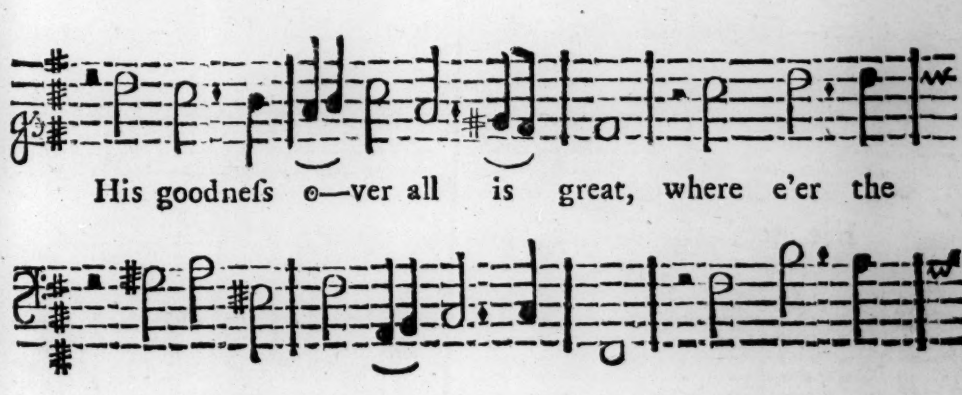
YE Servants of th'eter—nal King, To God your



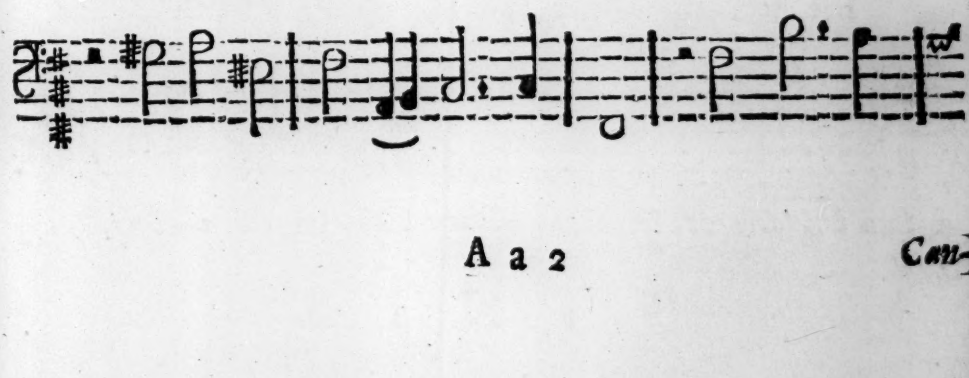


cheerful Prai—ſes ſing, whoſe name be bleſt for e—vermore.

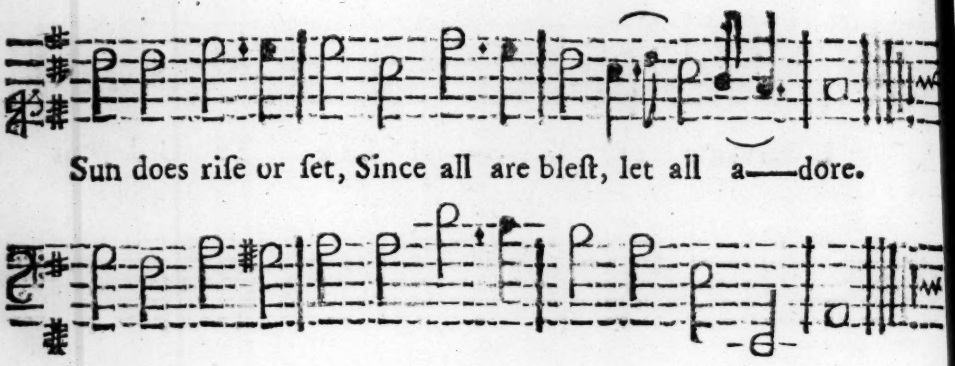




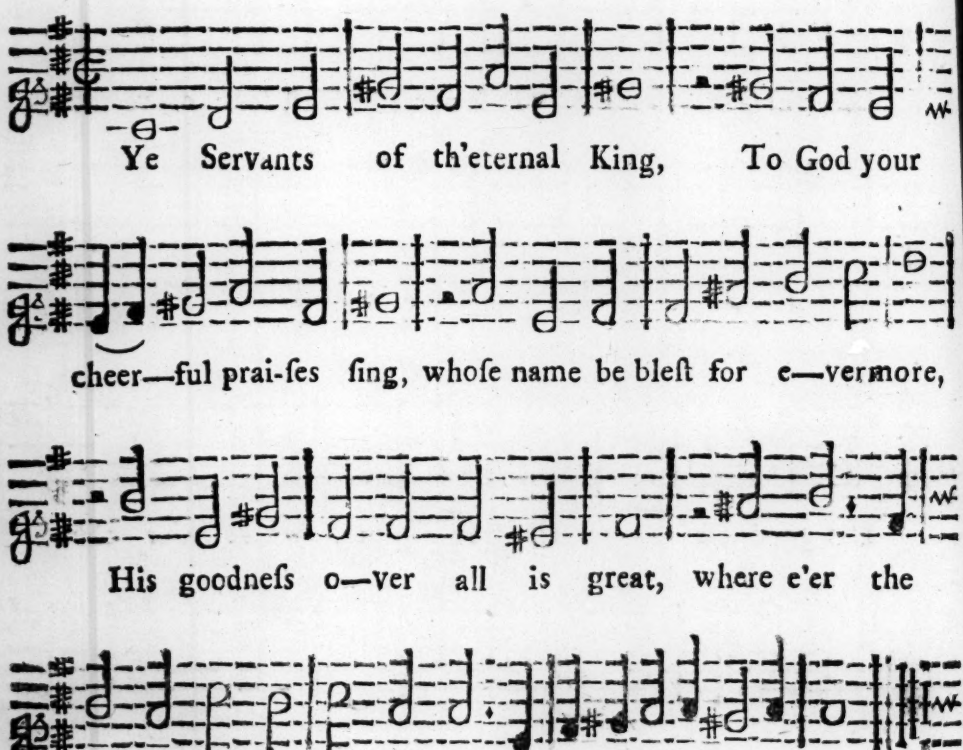
His goodneſs o—ver all is great, where e'er the



Cantus & Baſſus. PSALM CXXIII. *A. 3. Voc.*



Medius. Pſalm 113. *A. 3 Voc.*



FINIS.

AN

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